The Ballad Of Pokey McSlow

By John T. Wurzer

Refrain:

Pokey McSlow at high noon against the fastest gun in the west

It’ll probably be over real soon, though Pokey will try his best

To lay him low; to shoot him down. I know it’s so; I know this town

Businessmen will watch; the bets have all been placed

And there stands Pokey McSlow; without a look on his face.

It all started in Elmo’s cantina, with a fat old man named Clark

He was hitting on sweet Melina, in the corner smoky and dark

He was feeling her up, she was pushing him back. She threw a drink in his face to fend off his attack

And that’s when it started to get interesting. In walked a man named Parker Joe Sling

Who laid out old man Clark with just one punch

Then he ordered some lunch.

Pokey slipped in at 9:15, stood at the bar and ordered a beer

On his right sat sweet Melina, his secret love for many a year

Pokey didn’t know the man who was tickling her skirt. Melina just giggled and continued to flirt

And that’s when it started to get tense in the bar. Melina had let this go a little too far

Drinking her champagne cocktails and shots of schnapps

Pokey thought, “This is where it stops.”

Melina said, “Joe, I have to powder my nose.”, so Pokey tried to make his play

Parker Joe had is back to Pokey watching Melina walk away

Pokey grabbed Parker’s shoulder blade. Mr. Sling’s smile started to fade

And that’s when it started to get out of control. Smash, crash, crunch, the fight was taking its toll

Both men beaten and bloody when not a moment too soon

Sherriff Bob walked in and said, “You two can settle this tomorrow at noon.”

(Full refrain)

They still talk about it down in Texas; the way it went down that day

The coroner measuring the caskets; Melina sitting on a bale of hay

Pokey and Parker counting off paces; hands at their sides and sweat on their faces

The sky growing cold, dark green, and aloof; lightning bolt striking on the old courthouse roof

And shattering the concentration of big Parker Joe

Who was shot down by Pokey McSlow

Pokey McSlow at high noon against the fastest gun in the west

It turns out it was over real soon. Nobody ever would have guessed

That Parker Joe Sling would fall to his knees and then die in the dust

For the sake of a fling with a hot blooded woman that no man could trust

But Pokey shot him down; and that’s what people still say

But nobody saw the smoking gun, cooling off on that bale of hay