Billy Jack

Curtis Mayfield

Just out of Monday
I run into a friend
Down the street, down the street
Where I liveSad things begin
I could feel from within
From the message, from the message
He had to giveAbout a buddy of mine
He run out of time, his life run out of time
Somebody past noon, shot across the room
And now the man no longer livesToo bad about him
Too sad about him
Don't get me wrong, the man is gone
But it's a wonder, he lived this longUp in the city they called him Boss Jack
But down home he was an alley cat
Ah, didn't care nothing about being black
Oh, Billy JackThere can't be no fun, can't be no fun
To be shot, shot with a hand gun
Your body sprawled out, you without a doubt
Running people out, there on the floorSad bloody mess
Shot all up in his chest, shot in his chest
One sided duel, gun and a fool, ah
What a way to goUp in the city they called him Boss Jack
But down home he was a alley cat
Ah, didn't care nothin' 'bout being Black
Oh, Billy Jack

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