

Billy The Kid

Ry Cooder

(Traditional, arranged by Ry Cooder)

(G) - (D)(G) I'll sing you a true song of (D) Billy the (G) Kid

I'll (D) sing the record of (G) deeds that he did

Way out in New Mexico a long time (D) ago

When a (G) man's only friend was his (D) own forty- (G) fourNow when Billy the Kid was a very young lad

In old Silver City he went to the bad

Way out west with a knife in his hand

At the age of twelve years he killed his first manFair Mexican maidens play guitars and sing

Songs about Billy their boy bandit king

Before this young manhood reached its sad end

He'd a notch on his pistol for twenty one menIt was on one black night that poor Billy died

He said to his friends, "I'm not satisfied

There's twenty one men that I've put bullets through

And sheriff Pat Garrett's gonna make twenty-two"Well, this is how Billy the Kid met his fate

A big moon was shining and the hour was late

Shot down by Pat Garrett, Silver City's best friend

The poor outlaw's life have reached its sad end

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