Billy The Kid

Billy Dean

Strapped on my holster low across my hips
Two Colt .45's with white plastic grips
And I'd head west through our neighborhood
And they'd say, "Here comes young Billy and he's up to no good"I rode a trail through the neighbor's back yard
Shooting the bad guys through my handlebars
Known for my bravery both far and near
Being late for supper was my only fearI miss Billy the kid
The times that he had, the life that he lived
I guess he must've got caught, his innocence lost
I wonder where he is
I miss Billy the kidThese days I don't know whose side to be on
There's such a thin line between right and wrong
I live and learn, do the best I can
There's only so much you can do as a manI miss Billy the kid
The times that he had, the life that he lived
I guess he must've got caught, his innocence lost
Lord, I wonder where he is
I miss Billy the kidI miss Billy the kid
The times that he had, the life that he lived
I guess he must've got caught, his innocence lost
Lord, I wonder where he is
I miss Billy the kid

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