

Billy Get Your Guns

Bon Jovi

I just seen trouble
He's calling out your name tonight
Billy get your guns You could walk away
But I know you were born to fight
So Billy get your guns The Bandileros are strung out
In the promenade
Billy get your guns And the wind whispers softly
That the Devil's to blame
Billy get your guns Billy get your guns
The trouble's blowing like a hurricane
Billy get your guns
That's the price on your head For the price of fame
And it'll never change
Billy get your guns There's a whiskey bottle empty
Sittin' on the bar
Billy get your guns And some organ grinder singing
'Bout some sucker moving on
Billy get your guns All the whores are hanging out
Waiting to get paid
Billy get your guns From some Johnny on the spot
Who said, "Hey, keep the change, baby"
Billy get your guns Billy get your guns
The trouble's blowing like a hurricane
Billy get your guns That's the price on your head
For the price of fame
And it'll never change They christened you with whiskey
And there's fire running through your veins
Well, you're an outlaw just the same
And every night a bullet wears your name Billy get your guns
The trouble's blowing like a hurricane
Billy get your guns That's the price on your head
For the price of fame
And it'll never change I seen a hanged man dancing
'Neath the pale moonlight
Billy get your guns And every stranger that you meet
Thinks it's his lucky night
Billy get your guns I don't envy you, Billy
But I want to say
You better get your guns 'Cause every outlaw that's died

Will live to ride again
Billy get your guns Billy get your guns
The trouble's blowing like a hurricane
Billy get your guns That's the price on your head
For the price of fame
And it'll never change Billy get your guns
Billy get your guns
Billy get your guns
Billy get your guns

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