Don't Take Your Guns To Town

Steve Earle

A young cowboy named billy joe grew restless on the farm
A boy filled with wanderlust, who really meant no harm.
He changed his clothes and shined his boots,
And combed his dark hair down.
And his mother cried as he walked out
"don't take your guns to town.
Son, leave your guns at home.
Bill, don't take your guns to town."
He laughed and kissed his mom and said "your billy joe's a man.
I can shoot as quick and straight as anybody can.
But I wouldn't shoot without a cause, I'd gun nobody down."
But she cried again as he rode away,
"don't take your guns to town.
Son, leave your guns at home.
Bill, don't take your guns to town."
He sang a song as on he rode, his guns hung at his hips.
He rode into a cattle town, a smile upon his lips.
He stopped and walked into a bar, and laid his money down.

But his mother's words echoed again,
"don't take your guns to town.
Son, leave your guns at home.
Bill, don't take your guns to town."
He drank his first strong liquor then, to calm his shaking hand.
And tried to tell himself at last he had become a man.
A dusty cowpoke at his side began to laugh him down.
And he heard again his mother's words:
"don't take your guns to town.
Son, leave your guns at home.
Bill, don't take your guns to town."
Filled with rage then, billy joe reached for his gun to draw.
But the stranger drew his gun and fired, before he even saw.
As billy joe fell to the floor, the crowd all gathered round.
And wondered at his final words,
"don't take your guns to town.
Son, leave your guns at home.
Bill, don't take your guns to town."

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/