

# Billy The Kid

## Woody Guthrie

I'll sing you a true song of Billy the Kid,  
I'll sing of the desperate deeds that he did,  
Way out in New Mexico, long long ago  
When a man's only chance was his own 44.  
When Billy the Kid was a very young lad  
In the old Silver City he went to the bad  
Way out in the West with a gun in his hand  
At the age of twelve years he first killed his man.  
Fair Mexican maidens play guitars and sing  
A song about Billy, the boy bandit king  
How ere his young manhood had reached its sad end  
He'd a notch on his pistol for twenty-one men.  
'Twas on the same night when poor Billy died  
He said to his friends: "I am not satisfied.  
There are twenty-one men I have put bullets through  
And sheriff Pat Garrett must make twenty-two."  
Now this is how Billy the Kid met his fate,  
The bright moon was shining, the hour was late  
Shot down by Pat Garrett, who once was his friend  
The young outlaw's life had now come to its end.  
There's many a man with a face fine and fair  
Who starts out in life with a chance to be square,  
But just like poor Billy he wanders astray  
And loses his life in the very same way.

Songwriters

DEAN, BILLY/NELSON, PAUL /Published by

Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing, Universal Music Publishing Group, BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US,  
LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>