Billy the Kid

Charlie Daniels Band

In the southern part of Texas, east and west of EL Paso
Where the mighty Franklin Mountains guard the trail to Mexico
There's a new made widow crying and a hearse a rolling slow
I guess that Devil's passed this way againThere's a lathered Sorrel Stallion running threw the Joshua trees
And a young man in the saddle with his coat tails in the breeze
He's got a six gun on his right hip and a rifle at his knees
And he's dealing in a game that he can't winPoor Billy Bonny, you're only twenty one
Pat Garrett's got your name on every bullet in his gun
Each notch you carved on your six gun
Has a bloody tale to tell
You're a mile ahead of Garrett and a step outside of HellThem fancy clothes your wearing and the women in your bed
Can't take away the faces of the men that you've left dead
As you ride across the bad lands with a price upon your head
And now the wheel of fortune starts to turnYou're reputation's grown till it's the biggest in the land
And there ain't a lot of people left who want to call your hand
And I guess you'll go down shooting and like all branded men
When you shake hands with the Devil you get burnedPoor Billy Bonny, you're only twenty one
Pat Garrett's got your name on every bullet in his gun
Each notch you carved on your six gun
Has a bloody tale to tell
You're a mile ahead of Garrett and a step outside of Hell

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