

Billy The Kid

Chris LeDoux

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

And I guess that Devil's passed this way again
There's a lathered Sorrel Stallion running through the Joshua
Trees

A young man in the saddle with his coat tails in the breeze

Got a six gun on his right hip and a rifle at his knee

And he's dealing in a game that he can't win
Poor Billy Bonney, you're only twenty one

Pat Garrett's got your name on every bullet in his gun

Each notch you carved on your six guns, got a bloody tale to tell

Well, you're a mile ahead of Garrett and a step outside of Hell
Them fancy clothes you're wearing and the
women in your bed

Can't take away the faces of the men that you left dead

As you ride across the badlands with a price upon your head

Now that wheel or fortune starts to turn
Your reputation's grown 'til it's the biggest in the land

And there ain't a lot of people left who wanna call your hand

And I guess you go down shooting, just like all branded men

And when you shake hands with the Devil, you get burned
Poor Billy Bonney, you're only twenty one

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Songwriters

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