

# Billy Austin

## Steve Earle & The Dukes

My name is Billy Austin  
I'm Twenty-Nine years old  
I was born in Oklahoma  
Quarter Cherokee I'm told  
Don't remember Oklahoma  
Been so long since I left home  
Seems like I've always been in prison  
Like I've always been alone  
Didn't mean to hurt nobody  
Never thought I'd cross that line  
I held up a filling station  
Like I'd done a hundred times  
The kid done like I told him  
He lay face down on the floor  
guess I'll never know what made me  
Turn and walk back through that door  
The shot rang out like thunder  
My ears rang like a bell  
No one came runnin'  
So I called the cops myself  
Took their time to get there  
And I guess I could'a run  
I knew I should be feeling something  
But I never shed tear one  
I didn't even make the papers  
'Cause I only killed one man  
but my trial was over quickly  
And then the long hard wait began  
Court appointed lawyer  
Couldn't look me in the eye  
He just stood up and closed his briefcase  
When they sentenced me to die  
Now my waitin's over  
As the final hour drags by  
I ain't about to tell you  
That I don't deserve to die  
But there's twenty-seven men here  
Mostly black, brown and poor  
Most of em are guilty

Who are you to say for sure?  
So when the preacher comes to get me  
And they shave off all my hair  
Could you take that long walk with me  
Knowing hell is waitin' there  
Could you pull that switch yourself sir  
With a sure and steady hand  
Could you still tell yourself  
That you're better than I am  
My name is Billy Austin  
I'm twenty-nine years old  
I was born in Oklahoma  
Quarter Cherokee I'm told

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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