

## Blue Highway

### "Wild bill"

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He rode out from Old Fort Hays alone  
Thinkin' 'bout the one left behind but not for long  
Then he was gone

James Butler Hickock was his name  
He never knew just why they called him 'Bill'  
or 'Wild,' since he never liked to kill

The youngest son of a Baptist preacher man  
His mother said 'Don't take up the gun  
or you're always on the run'

'Don't go James,' she cried  
and he told her that he wouldn't but he lied  
'I'm looking for my fortune and it ain't in Illinois  
but they say that farther West it's open wide'

So he started off across the endless plains  
and he soon became a jack of every trade  
But some men are born not made

Nichols came to Springfield riding high  
looking for a dime-store Galahad  
but Bill was all he had

Six foot three in a tall Prince Albert frock  
He let his blond hair flow down behind  
Two ivory-handled pistols at his side

The lies they built a legend 'round his head  
They stared at him like the Son of God come down  
That usually meant a good night on the town

Agnes Lake was a beauty so they say  
She rendezvoused with Bill in old Cheyenne  
and soon he won her hand

Nearly blind he married her that spring  
Their love like fragrant blossoms grew  
But deep inside she knew

?Don?t go Bill,? she cried  
and he told her that he wouldn?t but he lied  
?We could make a fortune in the Black Dakota Hills  
where a reputation keeps a man alive?  
But she never saw that man again alive

Jack McCall was a drifter and a bum  
He shot Bill in the back of the head  
Aces and eights the dead man?s hand

The legend and the man are not the same  
but the man died in Deadwood all alone  
The legend still lives on

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