

Hazell Dean

"Billy The Kid"

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Strapped on my holster low across my hips,
Two Colt .45's with black plastic grips;
And I'd head west through our neighborhood,
And they'd say,
"Here comes young Billy and he's up to no good."
I rode a trail through the neighbor's backyard,
Shootin' the Bad Guys through my handlebars.
Known for my bravery both far and near,
Bein' late for supper was my only fear.

I miss Billy the Kid!
The times that he had!
The life that he lived!
I guess he must've got caught,
His innocence lost...
I wonder where he is?
I miss Billy the Kid!

These days I don't know whose side to be on;
There's such a thin line between Right and Wrong.
I live and learn, do the best I can,
But there's only so much you can do as a man.

I miss Billy the Kid!
The times that he had!
The life that he lived!
I guess he must've got caught,
His innocence lost...
Lord, I wonder where he is?
I miss Billy the Kid!

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