

## **Kris Kristofferson** **"Billy Dee"**

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Billy Dee was seventeen when he turned twenty-one  
fooling with some foolish things he could've left alone  
but he had to try to satisfy a thirst he couldn't name  
driven towards the darkness by the devil in his veins  
all around the honky tonks, searching for a sign  
gettin' by on gettin' high on women, words and wine  
some folks called him crazy, Lord, and others called  
him free  
but we just called us lucky for the love of Billy Dee

Busy goin' his own way and speakin' his own words  
facin' and forgettin' every warnin' that he heard  
makin' friends and takin' any crazy chance he could  
gettin' busted for the bad times and believin' in the  
good  
Billy took a beatin' from a world he meant no harm

the score was written in the scars up on his arm  
some felt he was payin' for the life he tried to lead  
but all we felt was sorry for our good friend Billy Dee

It may be his soul was bigger than a body's oughta be  
singin' songs and bringin' laughter to the likes of you  
and me  
cause the world he saw was sadder than the one he  
hoped to find  
but it wasn't near as lonesome as the one he left  
behind  
yesterday they found him on the floor of his hotel  
reachin' towards the needle, Lord, that drove him down  
to hell  
some folks called it suicide, others blame the speed  
but we all called it crucified when Billy Dee O.D.'d

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