

Charlie Daniels Band

"Billy the Kid"

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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

I guess that Devil's passed this way again

There's a lathered Sorrel Stallion running threw the
Joshua trees

And a young man in the saddle with his coat tails in the
breeze

He's got a six gun on his right hip and a rifle at his
knees

And he's dealing in a game that he can't win

Poor Billy Bonny, you're only twenty one

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

Each notch you carved on your six gun

Has a bloody tale to tell

You're a mile ahead of Garrett and a step outside of
Hell

Them fancy clothes your wearing and the women in
your bed

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

As you ride across the bad lands with a price upon your
head

And now the wheel of fortune starts to turn

You're reputation's grown till it's the biggest in the land
And there ain't a lot of people left who want to call your
hand

And I guess you'll go down shooting and like all
branded men

When you shake hands with the Devil you get burned

Poor Billy Bonny, you're only twenty one

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

Each notch you carved on your six gun

Has a bloody tale to tell

You're a mile ahead of Garrett and a step outside of

Hell

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