

## **Chris Ledoux** **"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

And I guess that Devil's passed this way again

There's a lathered Sorrel Stallion running through the  
Joshua Trees

A young man in the saddle with his coat tails in the  
breeze

Got a six gun on his right hip and a rifle at his knee  
And he's dealing in a game that he can't win

Poor Billy Bonney, you're only twenty one

Pat Garrett's got your name on every bullet in his gun  
Each notch you carved on your six guns, got a bloody  
tale to tell

Well, you're a mile ahead of Garrett and a step outside  
of Hell

Them fancy clothes you're wearing and the women in  
your bed

Can't take away the faces of the men that you left dead  
As you ride across the badlands with a price upon your  
head

Now that wheel or fortune starts to turn

Your reputation's grown 'til it's the biggest in the land  
And there ain't a lot of people left who wanna call your  
hand

And I guess you go down shooting, just like all branded  
men

And when you shake hands with the Devil, you get  
burned

Poor Billy Bonney, you're only twenty one

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Each notch you carved on your six guns, got a bloody  
tale to tell

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

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tale to tell  
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