

Marty Robbins **"Billy The Kid"**

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I'll sing you a true song of Billy the Kid
I'll sing of some desperate deeds that he did
'Way out in New Mexico long long ago
When a man's only chance was his own forty-four
When Billy the Kid was a very young lad
In old Silver City he went to the bad
'Way out in the West with a gun in his hand
At the age of twelve years he did kill his first man

There's Mexican maidens play guitars and sing
Songs about Billy, their boy bandit king
'Ere his young manhood has reached his sad end
With a notch an his pistol for twenty one men
Was on a sad night when poor Billy died
He said to his friend, "I'm not satisfied
There's twenty one men I have put bullets through
Sheriff Pat Garrett must make twenty two!"

I'll sing you how Billy the Kid met his fate
The bright moon was shinin', the hour was late
Shot down by Pat Garrett who once was his friend
The young outlaw's life is now come to an end
There's many a man with a face fine and fair
Who start out in life with a chance to be square
Just like poor Billy they wander astray
They'll lose their lives in the very same way

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