

Pat Boone**"Me & Billy The Kid"**

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Me and Billy the Kid, we never got along. I didn't like
the way he cocked his
Hat and he wore his gun all wrong. We had the same
girlfriend and he never
Forgot it. She had a quite little chiwawa 'till one day he
up and shot it. He
Road the hard country, down the New Mexico line. He
had a silver pocket watch
He never did wind. He crippled a piano player for playin
his favorite song. Yah
Me and Billy the Kid, we never got along.

Me and Billy the Kid, we never got along. I didn't like
the way he buckled his
Belt and wore his gun all wrong. He was bad to the
bone, all hopped up on
Speed. I would'a left him alone if it weren't for that
sinorita, but he gave
Her silver and he paid her hotle bills. It was knew that
she loved him she said
She always will. Well I'd go and see her, whenever Billy
was gone. Yah Me and
Billy the Kid, we never got along.

Yah Me and Billy the Kid, we never got along. I didn't
like the way he tied his
Shoes and he wore his gun all wrong. One day I told
Billy man I got this
Foolproof scheme, we're gonna rob the Wells fargo,
she's bustin at the seams.
Well I new that I'd framed him but didn't feel bad,
cause the way that I was
Livin was drivin me mad. Billy went for his gun, but his
gun was on all wrong.
Yah Me and Billy the Kid, we never got along.

Yah Me and Billy the Kid, we never got along. I sure
liked the way he swayed in
The wind when I played his favorite song. And my
girlfriend sings harmony to La
Cuca Ratcha. We sit and wind that pocket watch and we

pet her new chiwawa.
Moved into a hotle, got a room with a shower. I lie and
listen to that watch
Tick hour after hour. And outside the wind, it's bolwin
on so sound. Yah Me and
Billy the Kid, we never got along.

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