

Pat Green "Me & Billy The Kid (Live)"

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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 qute 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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