

Billy The Kid

Chris LeDoux

In the southern part of Texas, east and west of El Paso
Where the mighty Franklin Mountains guard the trail to Mexico.

Theres a new made widow cryin and a hurse a-rollin slow,
And I guess that Devils passed this way again.

Theres a lathered sorrel stallion runnin through the Joshua Tre
es,
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 hes dealin in a game that he cant win.

Poor Billy Bonney, youre only twenty-one,
Pat Garretts got your name on every bullet in his gun.
Each notch you carved on your six-
guns got a bloody tale to tell
Well, youre a mile ahead of Garrett and a step outside of hell.

Them fancy clothes youre wearin and the women in your bed,
Cant 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 reputations grown till its the biggest in the land,
And there aint a lot of people left who wanna call your hand.

And I guess youll go down shootin just like all branded men,
And when you shake hands with the Devil you get burned.

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