

BILLY THE KID

Traditional

D Em7 A7
I'LL SING YOU A TRUE SONG OF BILLY THE KID; I'LL
D Em7 A7
SING OF THE DESPERATE DEEDS THAT HE DID. WAY
D D7 G G#dim D
OUT IN NEW MEXICO LONG, LONG AGO, WHEN A MAN'S ONLY CHANCE
A7 D
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 HIS GUN IN HIS HAND,
AT THE AGE OF TWELVE YEARS, HE KILLED HIS FORST MAN.

FAIR MEXICAN MAIDENS PLAY GUITARS AND SING,
A SONG ABOUT BILLY, THEIR BOY BANDIT KING.
HOW ERE HIS YOUNG MAN-HOOD HAD REACHED ITS SAD END,
HE'D A NOTCH ON HIS PISTOL FOR TWENTY-ONE MEN.

'T WAS ON THE SAME NIGHT, WHEN POOR BILLY DIED,
HE SAID TO HIS FRIENDS, "I AM NOT SATISFIED;
THERE ARE TWENTY-ONE MEN I HAVE PUT BULLETS THROUGH,
AND SHERIFF PAT GARRETT WILL MAKE TWENTY-TWO."

NOW THIS IS HOW BILLY THE KID NET HIS FATE:
THE BRIGHT MOON WAS SHINING, THE HOUR WAS LATE,
SHOT DOWN BY PAT GARRETT, WHO ONCE WAS HIS FRIEND.
THE YOUNG OUTLAW'S LIFE HAD COME TO AN END.

THERE'S MANY A MAN WITH A FACE FINE AND FAIR,
WHO STARTS OUT IN LIFE WITH A CHANCE TO BE SQUARE.
BUT JUST LIKE POOR BILLY, HE WANDERS ASTRAY,
AND LOSES HIS LIFE IN THE VERY SAME WAY.