

Billy The Kid

Dia Frampton

Now once upon a time when the West was old
A ma saw her son was a sight to behold
He could shoot his daddy's gun like a straight arrow
He wrestled with the rattlesnakes before he walked
Ya, he grew up fast with a hardened grit
And he had the pluck and he had the wit
Ya his mamma called him William till he up and quit
And in these here parts he's known as Billy the Kid

I've had you in my sights, my arms for so long.
Where did you go? I didn't know.
I've been around here waiting for so long, so long
And I'll wait for you.

He was as tough as nails, barging in the saloon
Missing an eye, gun glowed in the moon
He called out to the crowd, "I don't want no fuss.
See, I'm looking for a runaway, who looks like this!"
And he slammed the paper down, it was covered in dust,
But the crowd kept silent, sure, he looked real tough,
But they knew the portrait well, and they knew not to,
Mess with Billy the Kid and his gang of thugs

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[x2]

The sheriff knocked on the door of a pretty girl
Tipped his hat, said, "We gotta have a look around.
We'll give you cash if you tip off the fugitive."
She bit her lip, she was in love and acted clueless.
He grabbed her arm and said, "We heard you been a harborin'.
Give him up, I give my word I'll keep your name clean."
She steered 'em clear of the cracks in the floorboards and
Said, "You'll never find him, you'll never find him!"

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