

## Billy Dee

Kris Kristofferson

Billy Dee was seventeen when he turned twenty-one  
Fooling with some foolish things he could've left alone  
But he had to try to satisfy a thirst he couldn't name  
Driven toward the darkness by the devils in his veins

All around the honky-tonks, searching for a sign  
Gettin' by on gettin' high on women, words and wine  
Some folks called him crazy, Lord, and others called him free  
But we just called us lucky for the love of Billy Dee

Busy goin' his own way and speakin' his own words  
Facin' and forgettin' every warnin' that he heard  
Makin' friends and takin' any crazy chance he could  
Gettin' busted for the bad times and believin' in the good

Billy took a beatin' from a world he meant no harm  
The score was written in the scars upon his arm  
Some felt he was payin' for the life he tried to lead  
But all we felt was sorry for our good friend Billy Dee

It may be his soul was bigger than a body's ought to be  
Singin' songs and bringin' laughter to the likes of you and me  
'Cause the world he saw was sadder than the one he hoped to find  
But it wasn't near as lonesome as the one he left behind

Yesterday they found him on the floor of his hotel  
Reachin' toward the needle, Lord, that drove him down to hell  
Some folks called it suicide, others blame the speed  
But we just called it crucified when Billy Dee O.D.'d