

## Billy 4

Bob Dylan

There's guns across the river about to pound you  
There's a lawman on your trail like to surround you  
Bounty hunters are dancing all around you  
Billy, they don't like you to be so free.

Camping out all night on the veranda  
Walking in the streets down by the hacienda  
Up to Boot Hill the like to send you  
Billy, don't you turn your back on me.

There's mills inside the minds of crazy faces  
Bullet holes and rifles in their cases  
There is always one more notch in four more aces  
Billy, and you're playing all alone.

Playing around with some sweet signorita  
Into her dark chamber she will greet you  
In the shadows of the maizes she will lead you  
Billy, and you're going all alone.

They say that Pat Garrett's got your number  
So sleep with one eye open, when you wander  
Every little sound just might be thunder  
Thunder from the barrel of his gun.

There's always another stranger sneaking glances  
Some trigger-happy fool willing to take chances  
Some old whore from San Pedro'll make advances  
Advances on your spirit and your soul.

The businessmen from Taos want you to go down  
So they've hired mister Garrett, he'll force you to slow down  
Billy, don't let it make you feel so low down  
To be hunted by the man who was your friend.

So hang on to your woman, if you got one  
Remember in El Paso once you shot one  
I'll be in Santa Fe about one  
Billy, you've been running for so long.

Gypsy queens will play your grand finale  
Way down in some Tularosa alley  
Maybe in La Rio Pecos valley  
Billy, you're so far away from home  
Billy, you're so far away from home