

Billy the Kid

Charlie Daniels

In the southern part of Texas, east and west of El Paso
Where the mighty Franklin Mountains guard the trail to Mexico
There's a new-made widow crying and a hearse a-rollin' slow
I guess the devil's passed this way again.

There's a lathered sorrel stallion running through the Joshua trees
And a young man in the saddle with his coat tails in the breeze
. . .
He's got a six gun on his right hip and a rifle at his knees
And he's dealing in a game that he can't win.

Poor Billy Bonney, you're only 21,
Pat Garrett's got your name on every bullet in his gun.
Every notch you carve on your six gun
Has a bloody tale to tell.
You're a mile ahead of Garrett and a step outside of Hell.

Those fancy clothes you're wearin' and the women in your bed
Can't take away the traces of the men that you've left dead
As you ride across the badlands with a price upon your head
And now the Wheel of Fortune starts to turn.

Your reputation's grown 'til it's the biggest in the land
And there ain't a lot of people left who want to call your hand
And I guess you'll go down shootin' and like all branded men
When you shake hands with the devil you get burned.

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