

Ballad of Billy the Kid

Michael Martin Murphey

I'll sing you a true song of Billy the Kid
I'll sing of some desperate deeds that he did
Way out in New Mexico long years ago
When a man's only protection was a big 44

When Billy the Kid was a very young lad
In old Silver City he went to the bad
Way out in the west with a gun in his hand
At the age of twelve years he killed his first man

There Mexican maidens play guitars and sing
All about Billy their boy bandit king
Ere his young manhood has reached his sad end
With a notch on his pistol for twenty one men

It was on the same morning when young Billy died
Said to his friends boys I'm not satisfied
Twenty one men I've put bullets through
Sheriff Pat Garrett's gonna make twenty two

In this way Billy the Kid met his fate
Moon it was high and the hour was late
Shot down by Pat Garrett who once was his friend
This way Billy the Kid met his end

Now there's many a young man with a face fine and fair
Who started out life with a chance to be square
Just like Billy he wanders astray
And loses his life in the very same way

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