

## Me And Billy The Kid

Pat Green

Me and Billy the Kid, we never got along. I didn't like the way  
he cocked his  
hat and he wore his gun all wrong. We had the same girlfriend and  
he never  
forgot it. She had a cute little chihuahua 'till one day he up and  
shot it. He  
rode the hard country, down the New Mexico line. He had a silver  
pocket watch  
he never did wind. He crippled a piano player for playin his fa  
vorite song. Yah  
Me and Billy the Kid, we never got along.

Me and Billy the Kid, we never got along. I didn't like the way  
he buckled his  
belt and wore his gun all wrong. He was bad to the bone, all ho  
pped up on  
speed. I would'a left him alone if it weren't for that sinorita  
, but he gave  
her silver and he paid her hotle bills. It was knew that she lo  
ved him she said  
she always will. Well I'd go and see her, whenever Billy was go  
ne. Yah Me and  
Billy the Kid, we never got along.

Yah Me and Billy the Kid, we never got along. I didn't like the  
way he tied his  
shoes and he wore his gun all wrong. One day I told Billy man I  
got this  
foolproof scheme, we're gonna rob the Wells fargo, she's bustin  
at the seams.  
Well I new that I'd framed him but didn't feel bad, cause the w  
ay that I was  
livin was drivin me mad. Billy went for his gun, but his gun wa  
s on all wrong.  
Yah Me and Billy the Kid, we never got along.

Yah Me and Billy the Kid, we never got along. I sure liked the  
way he swayed in  
the wind when I played his favorite song. And my girlfriend sin  
gs harmony to La  
Cuca Ratcha. We sit and wind that pocket watch and we pet her n  
ew chihuahua.  
Moved into a hotle, got a room with a shower. I lie and listen  
to that watch  
tick hour after hour. And outside the wind, it's bolwin on so s  
ound. Yah Me and  
Billy the Kid, we never got along.