

Billy, Boney and Ma

Townes Van Zandt

Well, Billy went down to the battleground
To find a little trinket he could call his own
Didn't see nothin' lying around
He decided he'd dig awhile
Well he dug her up and he dug her down
'Fore too long he found some bones
Poor little Billy couldn't make a sound
When the bones sat up and smiled

Oh Billy you seem like a fine young man
No reason to be a tremblin' soul
Come over here and shake my hand
Make my proud acquaintance
Well Billy he was stunned he could hardly stand
Whether he could move he didn't know
But he knew he had to formulate some kinda plan
Or try the boneman's patience

The first thing he wanted to do was breathe
So he gulped in some of that battleground air
Next thing he wanted to do was leave
But Billy wasn't raised up rude
Well the boneman grunted and he gave a heave
All of a sudden he was loomin' there
Shakin' off dirt and actin' pleased
Things didn't look too good

Well Billy decided what the hell
You don't meet a boneman every day
A little bit skinny but you never can tell
He might be a pretty good guy
Well they started off with the old soft sell
'Fore too long they were jawin' away
By the time the darkness fell
They were seein' socket to eye

They decided right then on a life of crime
With the boneman's looks and Billy's brains
They could scare old Scrooge out of his last dime
Might as well have a go
Billy he would pick the place and time
From the corner store to the railroad train
Boney'd flash him a smile sublime
And Billy he'd grab the dough

They decided they might as well start right then
Time's awastin' so they say
They headed for the park
Where the lights are dim
And only the foolish tread
He was whistlin' a tune
When they spotted him strollin' along
So plump and gay
Boney gave him a great big grin
And Billy snagged his bread

Next come a lady of the night

Boney saddled up and said hello
Gave the poor thing such a terrible fright
She fainted dead away
Billy lifted her purse and her earrings bright
Diamond rings and watch you know
Couldn't figure out try as they might
Why they'd ever worked a single day

Billy's plans ended up in ruin you know
They were workin' a quaint little neighborhood
Spied an old lady about eighty or so
Almost looked too easy
Boney put on a pretty good show
The little ol' lady didn't see too good
My kind Sir your all bones you know
You need something hot and greasy

Grabbed ol' Boney drug him inside
Billy peeked in through the window sill
She fed him boiled and baked and fried
Ol' Boney he's chewin like crazy
He gobbled up everything he tried
Pounds added on like you know they will
Billy laid down in the dirt and cried
Watchin Boney Gettin fat and lazy

Well Billy's back workin his job by day
Sleep'n nights it ain't so bad
Never liked stealin anyway
Kinda gives a guy the willies
Boney and Ma got a new cafe
Best baked beans you ever had
Ma's expecting any day
And they say they're gonna name him Billy