

## Billy The Kid

Billy Dean

Strapped on my holster low across my hips  
Two Colt .45's with white plastic grips  
And I'd head west through our neighborhood  
And they'd say 'Here comes young Billy  
And he's up to no good'... yeah

I rode a trail through the neighbor's back yard  
Shooting the bad guys through my handlebars  
Known for my bravery both far and near  
Being late for supper was my only fear

I miss Billy the kid  
The times that he had  
The life that he lived  
I guess he must've got caught  
His innocence lost  
I wonder where he is  
I miss Billy the kid

These days I don't know whose side to be on  
There's such a thin line between right and wrong  
I live and learn, do the best I can  
There's only so much you can do as a man

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