

# Billy 1

Bob Dylan

There's guns across the river aimin' at ya  
Lawman on your trail, he'd like to catch ya  
Bounty hunters, too, they'd like to get ya  
Billy, they don't like you to be so free.

Campin' out all night on the berenda  
Dealin' cards 'til dawn in the hacienda  
Up to Boot Hill they'd like to send ya  
Billy, don't you turn your back on me.

Playin' around with some sweet senorita  
Into her dark hallway she will lead ya  
In some lonesome shadows she will greet ya  
Billy, you're so far away from home.

There's eyes behind the mirrors in empty places  
Bullet holes and scars between the spaces  
There's always one more notch and ten more paces  
Billy, and you're walkin' all alone.

They say that Pat Garrett's got your number  
So sleep with one eye open when you slumber  
Every little sound just might be thunder  
Thunder from the barrel of his gun.

Guitars will play your grand finale  
Down in some Tularosa alley,  
Maybe in the Rio Pecos valley  
Billy, you're so far away from home.

There's always some new stranger sneakin' glances  
Some trigger-happy fool willin' to take chances  
And some old whore from San Pedro to make advances  
Advances on your spirit and your soul.

The businessmen from Taos want you to go down  
They've hired Pat Garrett to force a showdown.  
Billy, don't it make ya feel so low-down  
To be shot down by the man who was your friend?

Hang on to your woman if you got one  
Remember in El Paso, once, you shot one.  
She may have been a whore, but she was a hot one  
Billy, you been runnin' for so long.

Guitars will play your grand finale  
Down in some Tularosa alley  
Maybe in the Rio Pecos valley  
Billy, you're so far away from home.