

Billy 7

Bob Dylan

Spend the night with some sweet señorita
Into her dark hallway she will lead ya
In some lonesome shadow she might greet ya
Billy, you're so doggone far away from home.

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

Maybe you will find yourself tomorrow
Drinkin' in some bar to hide your sorrow
Spendin' the time that you borrow
Figuring a way to get back home.