

## 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.