

Billy was a young boy
what he cared her first guitar
He was dream about the bigtown
And the known to be a star
Mama was proud to help him
She was proud to watch him plays
but you thin thing Billy someday
were turn an walk away
saved by a window when was open all the time
Billy's calling home, by a street phone yard
All she's got it on memories
And has letter on his hands.
It said
Mama don't care, Mama don't you cry
I'm still you little good boy
And I try to get a ride
Mama don't give up,
when believe it's getting tough
wherever I'll be do I'll be thinking
Thinking about your love
Billy is got a trouble,
He's got dim jump and the spear
no was nobody who relieve him
the words he has her swear
it was too late to make a phone call
Say Mama help me please
He just drove another letter
say Mama you're my dream
these is it another long
And she's wait for her little boy
Coming home, to feel so lone
Listen to the radio
It seems the Billy' song
It said
CHORUS
what about love, you gave all this years
you ain't get anything bad,
that's a little chance, to make it on and down
i give you the love of this song
I owe you
CHORUS FINAL DOBLE