Billy Jack

Curtis Mayfield

Just out of Monday
Run into a friend
Down the street, down the street
Where I live
Ah! Ah! Sad things begin
I could feel from within
From the message
From the message
He had to give

'Bout a buddy of mine
Running out of time
His life's running out of time
Somebody past noon
Shot across the room
And now the man no longer lives

Too bad about him
Too sad about him
Don't get me wrong
The man is gone
But it's a wonder he lived this long

Up in the city they called him Boss Jack
But down home he was a alley cat
Ah! didn't care nothing about being black
Ah! Billy Jack

Can't be no fun
Can't be no fun
To be shot, shot with a hand gun
Body sprawled out, you without a doubt
Running people out, there on the floor

Ah! Ah! Bad bloody bloody mess
Shot all up in his chest
Shot all up in his chest
One sided duel, gun and a fool
What a way to go

Up in the city they called him Boss Jack
But down home he was a alley cat
Ah! Didn't care nothin' bout being Black
Ah, Ah, Billy Jack
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!