

Billy Get Your Guns

Jon Bon Jovi

I've just seen trouble: he's calling out your name tonite
Billy get your guns
You could walk away but I know you were born to fight
So Billy get your guns
The bandileros are strung out in the promenade
Billy get your guns
And the wind whispers softly that the devil's to blame
Billy get your guns
Billy get your guns, there's trouble blowing like a hurricane
Billy get your guns, that's the price on your head
For the price of fame and it'll never change... Billy get your guns

There's a whiskey bottle empty sittin' on the bar
Billy get your guns
And some organ grinder singing about some sucker moving on
Billy get your guns
All the whores are hanging out waiting to get paid
Billy get your guns
From some Johnny on the spot who said, "Hey, keep the change baby"
Billy get your guns

They christened you with whiskey
And there's fire running through your veins
Well you're an outlaw just the same
And every night a bullet wears your name

I've seen hangman dancing 'neath the pale moonlight
Billy get your guns
And every stranger that you meet thinks it's his lucky night
Billy get your guns
I don't envy you, Billy, but I want to say you better get your guns
'Cause every outlaw that's died will live to ride again
Billy get your guns