

## Billy the Kid

Marty Robbins

I'll sing you a true song of Billy the Kid  
I'll sing of some desperate deeds that he did  
Way out in New Mexico long long ago  
When a man's only chance was his own forty-four.  
When Billy the Kid was a very young lad  
In old Silver City he went to the bad  
Way out in the West with a gun in his hand  
At the age of twelve years he did kill his first man.

There's Mexican maidens play guitars and sing  
Songs about Billy, their boy bandit king  
Ere his young manhood has reached his sad end  
With a notch an his pistol for twenty one men!  
Was on a sad night when poor Billy died  
He said to his friend, "I'm not satisfied  
There's twenty one men I have put bullets through  
Sheriff Pat Garrett must make twenty two!"

I'll sing you how Billy the Kid met his fate  
The bright moon was shinin', the hour was late  
Shot down by Pat Garrett who once was his friend  
The young outlaw's life is now come to an end.  
There's many a man with a face fine and fair  
Who start out in life with a chance to be square  
Just like poor Billy they wander astray  
They'll lose their lives in the very same way!