

Me And Billy The Kid

Pat Green

Me and Billy the Kid, we never got along. I didn't like the way
he cocked his
hat and he wore his gun all wrong. We had the same girlfriend and
he never
forgot it. She had a cute little chihuahua 'till one day he up and
shot it. He
rode the hard country, down the New Mexico line. He had a silver
pocket watch
he never did wind. He crippled a piano player for playin his fa-
vorite song. Yah
Me and Billy the Kid, we never got along.

Me and Billy the Kid, we never got along. I didn't like the way
he buckled his
belt and wore his gun all wrong. He was bad to the bone, all hopped
up on
speed. I would've left him alone if it weren't for that sinorita
, but he gave
her silver and he paid her hotel bills. It was known that she loved
him she said
she always will. Well I'd go and see her, whenever Billy was gone.
Yah Me and
Billy the Kid, we never got along.

Yah Me and Billy the Kid, we never got along. I didn't like the
way he tied his
shoes and he wore his gun all wrong. One day I told Billy man I
got this
foolproof scheme, we're gonna rob the Wells Fargo, she's bustin
at the seams.
Well I knew that I'd framed him but didn't feel bad, cause the way
that I was
livin was drivin me mad. Billy went for his gun, but his gun was
on all wrong.
Yah Me and Billy the Kid, we never got along.

Yah Me and Billy the Kid, we never got along. I sure liked the
way he swayed in
the wind when I played his favorite song. And my girlfriend sings
harmony to La
Cucacha. We sit and wind that pocket watch and we pet her new
chihuahua.
Moved into a hotel, got a room with a shower. I lie and listen
to that watch
tick hour after hour. And outside the wind, it's blowin on so
loud. Yah Me and
Billy the Kid, we never got along.