

# Billy The Kid

Ry Cooder

I'll sing you a true song of Billy the Kid  
I'll sing the record of deeds that he did  
Way out in New Mexico a long time ago  
When a man's only friend was his own forty- four

Now when Billy the Kid was a very young lad  
In old Silver City he went to the bad  
Way out west with a knife in his hand  
At the age of twelve years he killed his first man

Fair Mexican maidens play guitars and sing  
Songs about Billy their boy bandit king  
Before this young manhood reached its sad end  
He'd a notch on his pistol for twenty one men

It was on one black night that poor Billy died  
He said to his friends, "I'm not satisfied  
There's twenty one men that I've put bullets through  
And sheriff Pat Garrett's gonna make twenty-two"

Well, this is how Billy the Kid met his fate  
A big moon was shining and the hour was late  
Shot down by Pat Garrett, Silver City's best friend  
The poor outlaw's life have reached its sad end