

## Billy The Kid

Tex Ritter

I'll sing you a true song of Billy the Kid  
I'll sing of the desperate deeds that he did  
Out in New Mexico long time 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 killed his first man

Fair Mexican maidens play guitars and sing  
A song about Billy, their boy bandit king  
Who ere his young man-hood had reached its sad end  
Had a notch on his pistol for twenty-one men

'Twas on the same night, when poor Billy died  
He said to his friends, 'I am not satisfied  
Twenty-one men I have put bullets through  
Sheriff Pat Garrett must make twenty-two'

Now this is how Billy the Kid met his fate  
The bright moon was shining, the hour was late  
Shot down by Pat Garrett, who once was his friend  
The young outlaw's life had now come to its end

There's many a man with a face fine and fair  
Who starts out in life with a chance to be square  
But just like poor Billy, he wanders astray  
And loses his life in the very same way