Billy Joel, The Ballad Of Billy The Kid

From a town known as Wheeling, West Virginia Rode a boy with a six-gun in his hand And his daring life of crime Made him a legend in his time East and west of the Rio Grande

Well, he started with a bank in Colorado In the pocket of his vest, a Colt he hid And his age and his size Took the teller by surprise And the word spread of Billy the Kid

Well, he never traveled heavy Yes, he always rode alone And he soon put many older guns to shame And he never had a sweetheart And he never had a home But the cowboy and the rancher knew his name

Well, he robbed his way from Utah to Oklahoma And the law just could not seem to track him down And it served his legend well For the folks, they'd love to tell 'Bout when Billy the Kid came to town

Well, one cold day a posse captured Billy And the judge said, "String 'im up for what he did!" And the cowboys and their kin Like the sea came pourin' in To watch the hangin' of Billy the Kid

Well, he never traveled heavy Yes, he always rode alone And he soon put many older guns to shame And he never had a sweetheart But he finally found a home Underneath the boothill grave that bears his name

From a town known as Oyster Bay, Long Island Rode a boy with a six-pack in his hand And his daring life of crime Made him a legend in his time East and west of the Rio Grande