

Jon Bon Jovi, Billy Get Your Guns

I just seen trouble
He's calling out your name tonight
Billy get your guns
You could walk away
But I know you were born to fight
So Billy get your guns
The bandileros are strung out
In the promenade
Billy get your guns
And the wind whispered something
That the Devils to blame
Billy get your guns

Chorus
Billy get your guns
There's trouble blowing like a hurricane
Billy get your guns
There's the price on your head for the
Price of fame
And it'll never change
Billy get your guns

There's a whiskey bottle empty
Sittin' on the bar
Billy get your guns
And some organ grinder singing
About some sucker moving on
Billy get your guns
All the whores are hanging out
Waiting to get paid
Billy get your guns
From some Johnny on the spot
Who said hey keep the change baby
Billy get your guns

Billy get your guns
There's trouble blowing like a hurricane
Billy get your guns
There's the price on your head for the
Price of fame
And it'll never change

They christened you with whiskey
And there's fire running through your veins
But you're an outlaw all the same
And every night a bullet wears your name

Billy get your guns
There's trouble blowing like a hurricane
Billy get your guns
There's the price on your head for the
Price of fame
And it'll never change

Seen a hangman dancin' 'neath the pale moon light
Billy get your guns
And every stranger that you meet thinks its his lucky night
Billy get your guns
I don't envy you Billy but i wanna say
You better get your guns
Cause every outlaw thats died will live to ride again
Billy get your guns

Billy get your guns

There's trouble blowing like a hurricane
Billy get your guns
There's the price on your head for the
Price of fame
And it'll never change