

# Lenny Kravitz, Billy Jack

Just out of Monday  
Run into a friend  
Down the street, down the street  
Where I live  
Ah! Ah! Sad things begin  
I could feel from within  
From the message, from the message  
He had to give  
'Bout a buddy of mine  
Running out of time  
Somebody past noon, shot across the room  
And now the man no longer lives  
Too bad about him,  
Too sad about him  
Don't get me wrong, the man is gone  
But it's a wonder he lived this long  
Up in the city they called him Boss Jack  
But down home he was a alley cat  
Ah! didn't care nothing about being black  
Ah! Billy Jack  
Can't be no fun ( can't be no fun )  
To be shot, shot with a hand gun  
Body sprawled out, you without a doubt  
Running people out, there on the floor, oh oh oh  
Ah! Ah! Bad bloody bloody mess  
Shot all up in his chest  
One sided duel, gun and a fool  
What a way to go  
Up in the city they called him Boss Jack  
But down home he was a alley cat  
Ah! Didn't care nothin' bout being Black  
Ah, Ah, Billy Jack  
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!