

Pat Green, Me And Billy The Kid

Me and Billy the Kid, we never got along. I didn't like the way he cocked his hat and he wore his gun all wrong. We had the same girlfriend and he never forgot it. She had a cute little chiwawa 'till one day he up and shot it. He road the hard country, down the New Mexico line. He had a silver pocket watch he never did wind. He crippled a piano player for playin his favorite song. Yah Me and Billy the Kid, we never got along.

Me and Billy the Kid, we never got along. I didn't like the way he buckled his belt and wore his gun all wrong. He was bad to the bone, all hopped up on speed. I would'a left him alone if it weren't for that sinorita, but he gave her silver and he paid her hotle bills. It was knew that she loved him she said she always will. Well I'd go and see her, whenever Billy was gone. Yah Me and Billy the Kid, we never got along.

Yah Me and Billy the Kid, we never got along. I didn't like the way he tied his shoes and he wore his gun all wrong. One day I told Billy man I got this foolproof scheme, we're gonna rob the Wells fargo, she's bustin at the seams. Well I new that I'd framed him but didn't feel bad, cause the way that I was livin was drivin me mad. Billy went for his gun, but his gun was on all wrong. Yah Me and Billy the Kid, we never got along.

Yah Me and Billy the Kid, we never got along. I sure liked the way he swayed in the wind when I played his favorite song. And my girlfriend sings harmony to La Cuca Ratcha. We sit and wind that pocket watch and we pet her new chiwawa. Moved into a hotle, got a room with a shower. I lie and listen to that watch tick hour after hour. And outside the wind, it's bolwin on so sound. Yah Me and Billy the Kid, we never got along.