

# Woody Guthrie, Billy The Kid

I'll sing you a true song of Billy the Kid  
I'll sing of the desperate deeds that he did  
Way out in New Mexico, long long ago  
When a man's only chance was his own  
When Billy, the kid was a very young lad  
In the 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 first killed his man

Fair Mexican maidens play guitars and sing  
A song about Billy, the boy bandit king  
How ere his young manhood had reached its sad end  
He'd 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  
There are twenty-one men I have put bullets through  
And 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