Billy The Kid

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    C                          G
I'l l sing you a true song of Billy the Kid,
     C           (Am)     Dm            G
I'll sing of the desperate deeds that he did;
 G7  C          C7    F
 Way out in New Mexico long, long ago,
       C          (Em)      G7     C
When a man's only chance was his old forty-four.
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When Billy the Kid was a very young lad,
In 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 killed his first man.

Fair Mexican maidens play guitars and sing,
A song about Billy, their boy bandit king;
How, ere his young manhood had reached its sad end,
Had a notch on his pistol for twenty-one men.

'Twas on the same night that poor Billy died,
He said to his friends, "I'm not satisfied;
"There are twenty-one men I've 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 Garret who once was his friend,
The young outlaw's life had come to its end.

There's many a man with 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 the very same way.