

**Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics**  
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**Billy the Kid**

I'll sing you a true song of Billy the Kid  
I'll sing of the reckless deeds that he did  
Way out in New Mexico a long time ago  
When a man's only friend was his own forty-four

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 knife in his hand  
At the age of twelve years he killed his firstman

Fair Mexico maidens play guitars and sing  
Songs about Billy their boy bandit king  
Now here is young manhood that reached its sad end  
He'd notch on his pistol for twenty-one men

Now 'twas on the same night that poor Billy died  
He said to his friends: "I'm not satisfied  
It's twenty-one men that I've put bullets through  
And sheriff Pat Garrett's gonna make twenty-two"

Now this is how Billy the Kid met his fate  
The bright moon was shining, and the hour was late  
Shot down by Pat Garrett who once was his friend  
The poor outlaw's life had reached its sad end

Now this is the true song of Billy the Kid  
these were the reckless deeds that he did

Way out in New Mexico, a long time ago  
When a man's only friend was his own forty-four

There's many a fine boy 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  
Then he loses his life in the very same way