

Bob Dylan - Billy The Kid

Tom: G

G C G
 There's guns across the river aimin' at ya
 G C G
 Lawman on your trail, he'd like to catch ya
 C G
 Bounty hunters, too, they'd like to get ya
 D G
 Billy, they don't like you to be so free.

Campin' out all night on the berenda
 Dealin' cards 'til dawn in the hacienda
 Up to Boot Hill they'd like to send ya
 Billy, don't you turn your back on me.

Playin' around with some sweet senorita
 Into her dark hallway she will lead ya
 In some lonesome shadows she will greet ya
 Billy, you're so far away from home.

There's eyes behind the mirrors in empty places
 Bullet holes and scars between the spaces
 There's always one more notch and ten more paces
 Billy, and you're walkin' all alone.

They say that Pat Garrett's got your number
 So sleep with one eye open when you slumber
 Every little sound just might be thunder
 Thunder from the barrel of his gun.

Guitars will play your grand finale
 Down in some Tularosa alley,
 Maybe in the Rio Pecos valley
 Billy, you're so far away from home.

There's always some new stranger sneakin' glances
 Some trigger-happy fool willin' to take chances
 And some old whore from San Pedro to make advances
 Advances on your spirit and your soul.

The businessmen from Taos want you to go down
 They've hired Pat Garrett to force a showdown.
 Billy, don't it make ya feel so low-down
 To be shot down by the man who was your friend?

Hang on to your woman if you got one
 Remember in El Paso, once, you shot one.
 She may have been a whore, but she was a hot one
 Billy, you been runnin' for so long.

Guitars will play your grand finale

Down in some Tularosa alley
 Maybe in the Rio Pecos valley
 Billy, you're so far away from home.

 and then the is the second version known as "billy 4"

Bob Dylan - Billy 4 Lyrics

There's guns across the river about to pound you
 There's a lawman on your trail like to surround you
 Bounty hunters are dancing all around you
 Billy, they don't like you to be so free.

Camping out all night on the veranda
 Walking in the streets down by the hacienda
 Up to Boot Hill the like to send you
 Billy, don't you turn your back on me.

There's mills inside the minds of crazy faces
 Bullet holes and rifles in their cases
 There is always one more notch in four more aces
 Billy, and you're playing all alone.

Playing around with some sweet signorita
 Into her dark chamber she will greet you
 In the shadows of the maizes she will lead you
 Billy, and you're going all alone.

They say that Pat Garrett's got your number
 So sleep with one eye open, when you wander
 Every little sound just might be thunder
 Thunder from the barrel of his gun.

There's always another stranger sneaking glances
 Some trigger-happy fool willing to take chances
 Some old whore from San Pedro'll make advances
 Advances on your spirit and your soul.

The businessmen from Taos want you to go down
 So they've hired mister Garrett, he'll force you to slow down
 Billy, don't let it make you feel so low down
 To be hunted by the man who was your friend.

So hang on to your woman, if you got one
 Remember in El Paso once you shot one
 I'll be in Santa Fe about one
 Billy, you've been running for so long.

Gypsy queens will play your grand finale
 Way down in some Tularosa alley
 Maybe in La Rio Pecos valley
 Billy, you're so far away from home
 Billy, you're so far away from home

Acordes

