

Matanza - Don't Take Your Guns To Town

Tom: **Bb**

Bb
A young cowboy named Billy Joe
F **Bb**
Grew restless on a farm.

Bb
A boy filled with wonder lust
F **Bb**
To really met no harm.

Eb
He changed his clothes and shined his boots
Eb
And calmed his dark hair down.

Bb
And his mother cried as he walked out
Eb **Bb**
Don't take your guns to town, son.
Eb **Bb**
Leave your guns at home, Bill,
Eb **Bb**
Don't take your guns to town...

He left and kissed his mom and said:
"Your Billy Joe's a man.
I can shoot as quick and straight
as anybody can.
But I wouldn't shoot without a cause
I'd gun nobody down."

But she cried again as he rode away
Don't take your guns to town, son.
Leave your guns at home, Bill,

Don't take your guns to town...

He sang his song as on he rode,
His guns hung at his hips.
He rode into a cattle town,
A smile upon his lips.
He stopped and walked into a bar
And laid his money down

But his mother's words echoed again
Don't take your guns to town, son.
Leave your guns at home, Bill,
Don't take your guns to town...
He drink his first strong liqueur then
To calm his shaking hands
And tried to tell himself at last
He had become a man.
A dusty couple cards his side
Began to laugh him down.

And he heard again his mother's words
Don't take your guns to town, son.
Leave your guns at home, Bill,
Don't take your guns to town...

Bill with rage than Billy Joe
Reached for his gun to draw
But the stranger drew his gun and fired
Before he even saw
As Billy Joe fell to the floor
The crowd all gathered round
And wondered at his final words
Don't take your guns to town, son.
Leave your guns at home, Bill,
Don't take your guns to town...

Acordes

