

# 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

