Bob Dylan - Billy The Kid

Tom: G

 G
 C
 G

 There's guns across the river aimin' at ya
 G
 G

 G
 C
 G

 Lawman on your trail, he'd like to catch ya
 G

 C
 G

 Bounty hunters, too, they'd like to get ya
 G

 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.

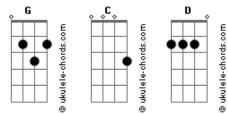
There's always some new stranger sneakin' glances Some trigger-happy fool willin' to take chances And some old whore from San Pedro to make advances Advances on your spirit and your soul.

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

Acordes



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" $% \left({{{\left({{{{}_{{\rm{s}}}} \right)}}} \right)$

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 Pecas valley Billy, you're so far away from home Billy, you're so far away from home