Billy 7

Bob Dylan

There's guns across the river aimin' at ya Lawman on your trail, he'd like to catch ya Bounty hunters, too, they'd like to get ya 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 señorita 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

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