

A young cowboy named Billy Joe grew **restless** on the **farm**
A boy filled with wanderlust, who **really** meant no **harm**
He **changed** his clothes and shined his boots and combed his dark hair down
And his **mother** cried as he walked out ...

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“Don't **take** your guns to **town** son

Leave your guns at **home** Bill

Don't **take** your guns to **town**”

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He laughed and kissed his mom and said, "**Your** Billy Joe's a **man**
And **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 ...

He **sang** a song as he rode along, 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 ...

He **drank** his first strong liquor then to **calm** his shakin' **hand**
He **tried** to tell himself at last **he** had become a **man**
A **dusty** cowpoke at his side began to laugh him down
And he **heard** again his mother's words ...

Filled with rage, 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 ...