

Intro: A A

A E A
A young cowboy named Billy Joe grew restless on the farm,
E A
a boy filled with wanderlust, who really meant no harm.

D
He changed his clothes and shined his boots and combed his dark hair down.

A
And his mother cried as he walked out,

D A
"don't take your guns to town, son.

D A
Leave your guns at home, Bill.

D A
Don't take your guns to town."

A E A
He laughed and kissed his mom and said, "your Billy Joe's a man.

E A
I can shoot as quick and straight as anybody can

D
But I wouldn't shoot without a cause, I'd gun nobody down."

A
But she cried again as he rode away,

D A
"don't take your guns to town, son.

D A
Leave your guns at home, Bill.

D A
Don't take your guns to town."

A E A
He sang as on he rode, his guns hung at his hips.

E A
He rode into a cattle town, a smile upon his lips.

D
He stopped and walked into a bar and laid his money down.

A
But his mother's words echoed again:

D A
"don't take your guns to town, son.

D A
Leave your guns at home, Bill.

D A
Don't take your guns to town."

A E A

He drank his first strong liquor then to calm his shaking hand,

D
A dusty cowpoke at his side began to laugh him down.

D A
"don't take your guns to town, son."

Don't take your guns to town."

but the stranger drew his gun and fired before he even saw.

A
and wondered at his final words:

D A
Leave your guns at home, Bill.