

The Skies Of Lincoln County

Dave Stamey

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Dm-C-Dm-C-Dm

Dm **C**
My name is William Bonny and I have some things to tell

Dm **C**
All about my life n death and the way things are in Hell

Bb **Dm** **Bb** **F**
And lies they told about me after Garrett shot me down

C
In Mexico, in 1881

Dm **C**
Twenty one were the lives that Garrett said I took

Dm **C**
That was just another lie he wrote down in his book

Bb **Dm** **Bb** **F**
For he had to make it seem as though I were the Devils seed

C
but the lives I took, they were three

Bb **F**
And the skies of Lincoln County were as blue as blue could be

Bb **F** **C**
And the sun that shines on you, well it used to shine on me

Bb **F**
And I knew the smell of woodsmoke and I liked the taste of beer

C
The only difference now, is I m not here

Bb **Dm**
I m in New Mexico and it s 1881

Dm **C**
A man who d lie to save his skin won t look you in the eye

Dm **C**
Garrett never saw my face when he let those bullets fly

Bb **Dm** **Bb** **F**
And I died there in Pete Maxwell s room, no boots upon my feet

C
In the dark, and all alone

Dm **C**
They had themselves an inquest, and then they buried me

Dm **C**
They made me into something that I never meant to be
Bb **Dm** **Bb** **F**
And the vultures came and chipped away the headstone on my grave
C
And then took it home, for souvenirs

Bb **F**
And the skies of Lincoln County were as blue as blue could be
Bb **F** **C**
And the sun that shines on you, well it used to shine on me
Bb **F**
And I knew the smell of woodsmoke and I liked the taste of beer
C
The only difference now, is I m not here

Bb **Dm**
I m in New Mexico and it s 1881

Bb **F**
History books are written by the ones who survive
Bb **F**
Garrett was the one who came out of that room alive
Bb **Dm** **Bb** **F**
And he harnessed up my ghost, made it sing and dance
C
And I am dancing still, I m dancing still

Dm **C**
The corridors of my Hell, they never ever change
Dm **C**
I am doomed forever to this little piece of range
Bb **Dm** **Bb** **F**
Trapped here by a legend that s no making of my own
C
I look around, and I see.

Bb **Dm**
It s still New Mexico and it s 1881

Bb **F**
And the skies of Lincoln County were as blue as blue could be
Bb **F** **C**
And the sun that shines on you, well it used to shine on me
Bb **F**
And I knew the smell of woodsmoke and I liked the taste of beer
C
The only difference now, is I m not here

Bb **Dm**
I m in New Mexico and it s 1881

Bb **Dm**

It s still New Mexico and it s 1881