

**Don't Take Your Guns To Town**  
**Matanza**

**A#**

A young cowboy named Billy Joe

**F**

**A#**

Grew restless on a farm.

**A#**

A boy filled with wonder lust

**F**

**A#**

To really met no harm.

**D#**

He changed his clothes and shined his boots

**D#**

And calmed 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...

He left and kissed his mom and said:

Your Billy Joe s a man.

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

Don t take your guns to town, son.

Leave your guns at home, Bill,

Don t take your guns to town...

He sang his song as on he rode,

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

Don t take your guns to town, son.

Leave your guns at home, Bill,

Don t take your guns to town...

He drink his first strong liqueur then

To calm his shaking hands  
And tried to tell himself at last  
He had become a man.  
A dusty couple cards his side  
Began to laugh him down.

And he heard again his mother s words  
Don t take your guns to town, son.  
Leave your guns at home, Bill,  
Don t take your guns to town...

Bill with rage than 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  
Don t take your guns to town, son.  
Leave your guns at home, Bill,  
Don t take your guns to town...