

Ranch, Billy

Billy left on Friday night with twenty dollars cash
Had a thousand more and a diamond on his hand
When he got back
I don't know just where Billy got that dough
Saturday he spent in style
Drinks were on the house
Lincoln here, and a Jackson there
Suspensions were aroused
A dime was dropped and a name was named
A body soon was found
A travelin' Bible salesman on his monthly trip to town
Three bullet holes
A .38 done took his soul
What do you know
No diamond ring no money roll
A quick investigation
They dragged Billy to the station
And broke him down with the third degree
His alibi unraveled
Judge Riley banged his gavel
A 12-man jury all agreed
So he must be guilty
I knew Billy spent that night
Winning big at cards
And the salesman was a married man
Who broke my sister's heart
Billy sits in Leavenworth
Waiting for the gas
And I know lots of other things
But no one ever asked
So they'll never know
Swear to God they'll never know
Case is closed, that's how the story will be told