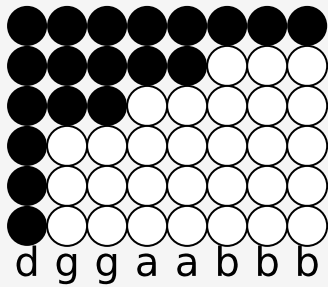
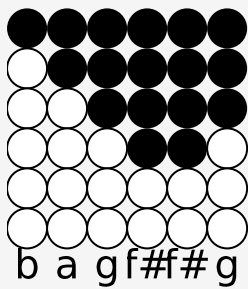


Tin whistle tabs for: Don't Take Your Guns To Town

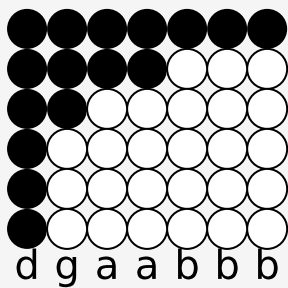
Author/Performer: Johnny Cash



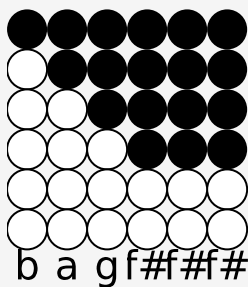
A young cow-boy named Bil-ly Joe



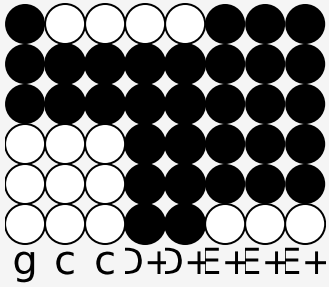
grew rest-less on the farm



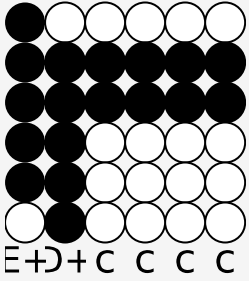
A boy filled with wan-der-lust



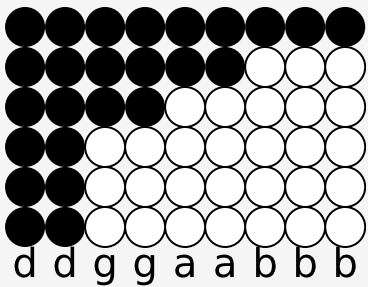
who real-ly meant no harm



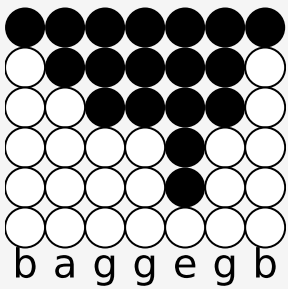
He changed his clothes and shined his boots



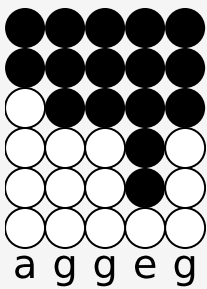
And combed his dark hair down



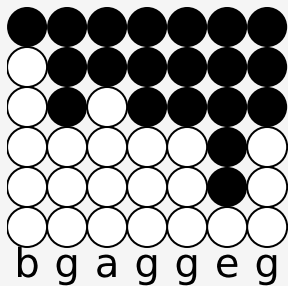
And his moth-er cried as he walked out



Don't take your guns to town son



Leave your guns at home



Bill don't take your guns to town
He laughed 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 a 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 drank his first strong liquor then to calm his shaking hand
And tried to tell himself he had become a man
A dusty cowpoke at his side began to laugh him down
And he heard again his mothers words
Don't take your guns to town son
Leave your guns at home Bill
Don't take your guns to town
Filled with rage then
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