

**Billy's Bandana** (Matt Watroba) © 2010

Gather around and I'll sing you a song  
Of young Billy a cowboy so mild  
Cut down by the reaper  
This story's a weeper  
On account of a pigtailed young child

He could think his way clean through a problem it seems  
He always knew just what to do  
With a good natured smile and with uncommon style  
He never just bullied on through

There's talk of a box supper auction  
In a nearby town called Cowboy Rose  
The girls made the meals and to sweeten the deal  
Wrapped them pretty with paper and bows

Bill he was tardy to the dance supper party  
He was met at the door by young Jane  
Through the hoopla and cheers, he could see only tears  
Falling down her small freckles like rain

He asked the girl what was the matter  
She looked down at the dish in her hand  
She spoke with frustration, there's no decoration  
Like the rules of this supper demand

He quickly untied his bandana with pride  
And draped it on Janie's dessert  
Strawberries and crème, the 12 year old beamed  
No longer dejected and hurt

The auctioneer started the bidding  
He held Jane's dish up there with glee  
He thought it silly that a man such as Billy  
Would buy it for double the fee

Bill he got back his bandana and sat  
And talked with young Jane as he ate  
They remained close friends right up to the sad end  
When they both met a terrible fate

He spent his spare time with her family  
With Jane and her young brother Brad  
Then Jane she took ill with both fever and chills

Which saddened her mother and dad

One night as she lay in the sick room so ill  
She beckoned Bill close to her side  
She whispered so meekly, "Come visit me next week"  
In the moment before Janie died

In seven days Bill got the sickness  
That dragged Janie over the edge  
He said he would see her and soon Billy's fever  
Allowed him to keep this grim pledge

All the ranch hands attended the funeral that day  
A cowboy learns not to ask why  
They hide their eyes under their hats as they wonder  
Why a good man like Bill had to die

This was the song of young Billy  
Come down from the north in a swirl  
Cut down by the reaper, this tale was a weeper  
For the love of a pigtailed young girl