Bill

Emay

I used to dream that I'd discover
The perfect lover someday
I knew I'd recognize him
If ever he came 'round my way
I always used to fancy then
He'd be one of those god-like kind of men
With a giant brain and a noble head
Like the heroes bold in the books I read

But along came Bill
Who's not the type at all
You'll meet him on the street and never notice him
His form and face
His manly grace
Are not the kind that you would find in a statue

And I can't explain
It's surely not his brain that makes me thrill
I love him because he's wonderful
Because he's just my Bill

He's just my Bill
An ordinary boy
He hasn't got a thing that I can brag about
And yet to be
Upon his knee
So comfy and roomy, seems natural to me

And I can't explain
It's surely not his brain that makes me thrill
I love him because he's

I don't know

Because he's just my Bill

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