

Billy-a-dick

Bette Midler

Every night while I'm undressin'
Sayin' my prayers and lightly confessin'
I can hear hot licks
From a set of drums upstairs Well, it couldn't be Johnny 'cause he isn't there
Johnny's overseas, we no not where
But, believe it or not, every night on the dot
I can hear a tenor drum say Billy-a-dick, Billy-a-dick, tick, tack
When's that character comin' back?
When's that kid in the G.I. lid
Gonna choo-choo down the track? Poor ol' me, I'm beat as can be
And my rim has even started to rust
Look at these sticks tryin' to take out the licks
They're covered with an inch of dust, beep-a-dust Billy-a-dick, Billy-a-dick, tick, tack
When's that character comin' back?
When's that boy with the jumpin' joy
Gonna launch that last attack? If he'll roll, roll, roll like a drumstick
Chewin', chewin', chewin' on a gumstick
Jack, we'll soon have a Japanese derby
And beat it like a cymbal on a music rack Billy-a-dick, Billy-a-dick, tick, tack
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Billy-a-dick, Billy-a-dick, tick, tack
When's that character comin' back, Mom?

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