Bill Bailey

Bob French

It's time you went home, Bill Bailey
It's time you went home
You got a woman there that moans the whole night long
She said she'd do the cooking, Billy
Said she'd pay the rent
She realizes that she done you wrong, yeah

Stop thinking about that lonely evening
That she drove you out
With nothing but a fine-tooth comb
Oh, then I know that's a shame, Bill
Maybe you're to blame, Bill
So Bailey, go on home

It's time you went home, Bill Bailey
It's time you went home
You got a woman there, she's moaning and a groaning
The whole night long
Said she'd do that cooking, Billy
Pay the telephone bill and the rent
She realizes that she done you wrong

Stop thinking about that lonely evening
That she drove you out
And remember, remember she didn't let you leave
Without that fine-tooth comb

And I know, I know
I know it's a shame, maybe you're to blame, Bill
And Bailey, won't you go on home
Bailey, won't you get on home
Bailey, go on home

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