

# Bill Bailey

## Luther Henderson

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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