

# Bill

## Svata pravda

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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