Billy Jones

The Waifs

We grew up together in an urban town
Just me and Bill Jones always hanging around
A mumma's little boy he was an only child
His clothes were always neat and his hair carefuly styledOf all the games we'd play I could'nt understad why
I'd have to be the groom and let Billy be the bride
all those pretty dresses he would love to wear
I'd wear a floppy hat and he'd put flowers in his hairHe'd even wear my underwearA few year later we drifted apart
My family moved south to make a new start
I missed Billy, mum said that was wrong
Dad said 'that boy just don't know where he belongs'
Where does he belong?A few years later i was working in a bar
It was all smokey and dark, There was a bluesman playing guitar
When in walked a woman wearing emerald green
With a voluptuous figure, She was beautiful and lean
She was looking pretty meanA full martini shaken not stirred
It was only until about after her third
I started looking closely, Man i should of knowen
It was my old friend, You guessed it, Billy Jones
Oh my god Billy Jones! Oh shit Billy Jones!Tears filled our eyes as we began to speak
He'd been living a lie, a life so descreet
It made me feel sad to hear him say
In a voice so sweet 'Honey you can call me Jane'As the night wore on we spoke of yesterday
And how Billy had always knowen that he was gay
I never knew how much a person could change
From little Billy Jones to lean, lusious JaneBilly Jane Jones This Comes From My Heart
I hope your nights are filled with a thousand stars
But don't waste your sweetness in the empty air
'Cause you don't know how cold and dark it is out thereThat's the ballad Of Billy Jane Jones

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