

Billy Bayou

Roger Miller

Back about eighteen hundred and some
A Louisiana couple had a red headed son
 No name suited him, Jim, Jack or Joe
So they just called him Billy BayouBilly, Billy Bayou, watch where you go
 You're walkin' on quicksand and walk slow
 Billy, Billy Bayou, watch what you say
A pretty girl'll get you one of these daysBilly was a boy kinda big for a size
 Red hair and freckles and big blue eyes
 Thirteen years from the day he was born
Billy fought the battle of the Little Big HornBilly, Billy Bayou, watch where you go
 You're walkin' on quicksand and walk slow
 Billy, Billy Bayou watch what you say
A pretty girl'll get you one of these daysOne sad day Billy cried, "Ho, ho
 I can whip the feathers of Geronimo"
 He smarted off, the chief got mad
That like, ended our Louisiana ladBilly, Billy Bayou, watch where you go
 You're walkin' on quicksand and walk slow
 Billy, Billy Bayou, watch what you say
A pretty girl'll get you one of these daysOne day in 1878
 A pretty girl walked through Bill's front gate
 He didn't know whether to stand there and run
He wound up married 'cause he did neither oneBilly, Billy Bayou, watch where you go
 You're walkin' on quicksand and walk slow
 Billy, Billy Bayou, watch what you say
 A pretty girl'll get you one of these days

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