

# Billy-A-Dick

## Bette Midler

Every night while I'm undressin'  
Sayin' my prayers and lightly confessin'  
I can hear hot licks  
From a set of drums upstairs Well, it couldn't be Johnny 'cause he isn't there  
Johnny's overseas, we no not where  
But, believe it or not, every night on the dot  
I can hear a tenor drum say Billy-a-dick, Billy-a-dick, tick, tack  
When's that character comin' back?  
When's that kid in the G.I. lid  
Gonna choo-choo down the track? Poor ol' me, I'm beat as can be  
And my rim has even started to rust  
Look at these sticks tryin' to take out the licks  
They're covered with an inch of dust, beep-a-dust Billy-a-dick, Billy-a-dick, tick, tack  
When's that character comin' back?  
When's that boy with the jumpin' joy  
Gonna launch that last attack? If he'll roll, roll, roll like a drumstick  
Chewin', chewin', chewin' on a gumstick  
Jack, we'll soon have a Japanese derby  
And beat it like a cymbal on a music rack Billy-a-dick, Billy-a-dick, tick, tack  
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Billy-a-dick, Billy-a-dick, tick, tack  
When's that character comin' back, Mom?

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