

Bill

Nana Mouskouri

Along come Bill
Who's not the type at all.
You'd meet him on the street
And never notice him.
His form and face
His manly grace
Is not the kind that you
Would find in a statue
Yet 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.
I used to dream that I would 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 would be of the God-like kind of men
With the giant strength
And the noble head
Like the heroes bold
In the books I've read
And along come 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
Feels natural to me
Oh I
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.

