

## Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey?

Harry Connick, Jr.

On one summer's day,  
The Sun was shinin' fine,  
The lady love of old Bill Bailey  
Was hangin' clothes on the line  
In her back yard,  
And weepin' hard.

She married a B&O brakeman  
That took and throwed her down,  
Bellerin' like a prune-fed calf  
With a big gang hanging round  
And to that crowd,  
She hollered loud

R: Won't you come home, Bill Bailey  
Won't you come home?  
She moans the whole day long.  
I'll do the cookin', darling  
I'll pay the rent,  
I know I've done you wrong;  
'member that rainy eve that  
I threw you out,  
With nothing but a fine-tooth comb?  
I know I'm to blame,  
Well, ain't that a shame  
Bill Bailey won't you please come home.

Bill drove by that door  
In an automobile,  
A great big diamond, coach and footman  
Hear that lady squeal.  
He's all alone  
I heard her groan.

She hollered through the door  
Bill Bailey, is you sore?  
Stop a minute, listen to me  
Won't I see you no more?  
Bill winks his eye  
As he heard her cry

R: