

## Billy Jones

The Waifs

Well we grew up together in an urban town  
Just me and Billy Jones always hanging around  
He was a Mumma's little boy, he was an only child  
His clothes were always neat and his hair carefully styled

All the games we'd play I couldn't understand why  
I'd have to play the groom and let Billy be the bride  
All those pretty dresses that he's love to wear  
I'd wear a floppy hat Billy he'd put flowers in his hair  
He'd even wear my underwear and put flowers in his hair

A few years later you know we kinda 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 smoky and dark, there was a blues man playing guitar  
When in walked a woman wearing emerald green  
With a voluptuous figure, she was beautiful and lean  
She was looking pretty mean

A full martini shaken not stirred  
It was only until about after her third  
I started looking closely, man I should have known!  
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 discreet  
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 has always known that he was gay  
I never knew how much a person could change  
From little Billy Jones to lean, luscious Jane

Billy 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 there