

## Harry Connick, Jr. "Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey ?"

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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

[Chorus:]  
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

[Chorus]

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