

Nana Mouskouri

"Bill"

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But along came Bill, who's not the type at all
You meet him on the street and never notice him
His form and face, his manly grace
Are not the kind that you would find in a statue

But I can't explain, it surely not his brain
That makes me thrill
I love him because he's wonderful
Because he's just my Bill

But along came Bill, who's not the type at all
He'd meet me in the street and never notice it
His form and face, his manly grace
Are not the kind that you would find in a statue

But I can't explain, it really not his brain
That makes me thrill
I love him because he's, I don't know
Because he's just my Bill

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