

Allison Crowe

"Bill"

Visit "[Bill](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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'd be one of the God-like kind of men
With a giant brain and a noble head
Like the heroes bold
In the books I've read.

But along came Bill
Who's quite the opposite of all
The men in storybooks
In grace and looks
I know that Apollo
Would beat him
All hollow

And 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.

He can't play golf or tennis or polo,
Or sing a solo, or row.
He isn't half as handsome
As dozens of men that I know.
He isn't tall or straight or slim
And he dresses far worse than Ted or Jim.
And I can't explain why he should be
Just the one, one man in the world for me.

He's just my Bill, an ordinary man,
He hasn't got a thing that I can brag about.
And yet to be
Upon his knee
So comfy and roomy
Seems natural to me.
Oh, 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.

Visit [Allison Crowe](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.