

# Nana Mouskouri, Bill

Along come Bill  
Who's not the type at all.  
You'd meet him on the street  
And never notice him.  
His form and face  
His manly grace  
Is not the kind that you  
Would find in a statue  
Yet 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.  
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 would be of the God-like kind of men  
With the giant strength  
And the noble head  
Like the heroes bold  
In the books I've read  
And along come Bill  
An ordinary boy  
He hasn't got a thing  
That I can brag about  
And yet to be  
Upon his knee  
So comfy and roomy  
Feels natural to me  
Oh I  
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.