

# Unknown Artist, A Horse Named Bill

## A HORSE NAMED BILL

I had a horse, his name was Bill  
And when he ran, he couldn't stand still  
He ran away, one day And also, I ran with him  
He ran so hard he couldn't stop  
He ran into a barber's shop  
He fell exhausted, with his teeth In the barber's left shoulder  
Oh I went out into the woods last year  
To hunt for beer and not for deer  
I am, I ain't A great, sharp shooter  
At shooting birds, I am a beaut  
There is no bird I cannot shoot  
In the eye, in the ear, in the finger  
In Frisco Bay there lives a whale  
And she eats porkchops by the bale  
By the hatbox, by the pillbox, by the hogshead, by the schooner  
Her name is Lena, she is a peach  
But don't leave food within her reach  
Or babies, or nursemaids, or chocolate ice cream sodas  
She loves to laugh and when she smiles  
You just see teeth for miles and miles  
And tonsils, and spareribs, and things to fierce to mention  
She knows no games so when she plays  
She rolls her eyes for days and days  
She vibrates, she yodels, and breaks the ten commandments  
Oh wheat can you do in a case like that  
Oh what can you do but stamp on your hat  
Or on an eggshell, or a toothbrush, or anything that's helpless  
(Collected by Sandburg)  
to Dixie  
filename( HORSEBIL  
DC  
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