

# A Bad Goodbye, Billy A Dick

Every night while I'm undressin',  
sayin' my prayers and lightly confessin',  
I can hear hot licks  
from a set of drums upstairs.  
Well, it couldn't be Johnny 'cause he isn't there;  
Johnny's overseas. We no not where.  
But, believe it or not, every night on the dot  
I can hear a tenor drum say:  
Billy-a-dick, Billy-a-dick, tick, tack.  
When's that character comin' back?  
When's that kid in the G.I. lid  
gonna choo-choo down the track?  
Poor ol' me, I'm beat as can be,  
and my rim has even started to rust.  
Look at these sticks tryin' to take out the licks,  
they're covered with an inch of dust, beep-a-dust.  
Billy-a-dick, Billy-a-dick, tick, tack.  
When's that character comin' back?  
When's that boy with the jumpin' joy  
gonna launch that last attack?  
If he'll roll, roll, roll like a drumstick;  
Chewin', chewin', chewin' on a gumstick.  
Jack, we'll soon have a Japenese derby  
and beat it like a cymbal on a music rack.  
Billy-a-dick, Billy-a-dick, tick, tack.  
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Billy-a-dick, Billy-a-dick, tick, tack.  
When's that character comin' back, Mom?