

# Jane Monheit, Bill

I used to dream that I&#039;d discover  
The perfect lover someday  
I knew I&#039;d recognize him  
If ever he came &#039;round my way  
I always used to fancy then  
He&#039;d be one of those god-like kind of men  
With a giant brain and a noble head  
Like the heroes bold in the books I read

But along came Bill  
Who&#039;s not the type at all  
You&#039;d 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

And I can&#039;t explain  
It&#039;s surely not his brain that makes me thrill  
I love him because he&#039;s wonderful  
Because he&#039;s just my Bill

[Instrumental break]

He&#039;s just my Bill  
An ordinary boy  
He hasn&#039;t got a thing that I can brag about  
And yet to be  
Upon his knee  
So comfy and roomy, seems natural to me

And I can&#039;t explain  
It&#039;s surely not his brain that makes me thrill  
I love him because he&#039;s...

I don&#039;t know...

Because he&#039;s just my Bill