

BILL BAILEY

Traditional.

F	%	%	%	%	%	C7	%
C7	%	%	%	%	%	F	C7
F	%	%	%	F7	%	Bb	%
Bb	Fdim	F	D7	G7	C7	F	%

Won't you come home, Bill Bai-ley, won't you come home?
 She moans the whole day long.
 I'll do the cook-ing, dar-lin', I'll pay the rent,
 I know I've done you wrong.
 'Mem-ber that rain-y eve that I threw you out, with
 noth-ing but a fine tooth comb? I
 know I'm to blame, well, ain't that a shame? Bill
 Bai-ley, won't you please come home?

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