

BILL BAILEY

(F) (C7) (F)8

F

Won't you come home, Bill Bailey,

Won't you come home.

C7

She moans the whole day long.

I'll do the cooking honey,

I'll pay the rent.

F

I know I've done you wrong.

Remember that rainy evening I threw you out,

Bb

With nothing but a fine tooth comb.

G7

I know I'm to blame, well,

F

D7

Ain't that a shame.

G7

C7

F(4)

Bill Bailey, won't you please come home.