## Bill

## Nana Mouskouri

But along came Bill, who's not the type at all You 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

But I can't explain, it surely not his brain That makes me thrill I love him because he's wonderful Because he's just my Bill

But along came Bill, who's not the type at all He'd meet me in the street and never notice it His form and face, his manly grace Are not the kind that you would find in a statue

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