

Billy Bayou

Roger Miller

Back about eighteen hundred and some
A louisiana couple had a redheaded son
No name suited him, jim, jack or joe
So they just called him billy bayou

Billy, billy bayou, watch where you go
You're walking on quicksand, walk slow
Billy, billy bayou, watch what you say
A pretty girl'll get you one of these days

Now bill was a boy kind of big for his size (..kinda big boy size)
Red hair and freckles, and big blue eyes
Thirteen years from the day he was born
Bill fought the battle of the little big horn

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Now one sad day billy cried "ho! ho!
I whipped the feathers off of geronimo" (i could whip..)
He smarted off, the chief got mad
This like to ended our louisiana lad (that likely ended..)

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And one day in eighteen seventy-eight
A pretty girl walked through bill's front gate
He didn't know whether to stand there or run
He wound up married 'cause he did neither one

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