

Bill Bailey

Am E7 Am E7
It was on a Sunday's morning, the sun was shinin' fine,

C
Lady love of old Bill Bailey's hangin' clothes on the line

G7 C
In her back yard and weepin' hard.

Repeat (C7)

Chorus

F
Won't you come home, Bill Bailey, won't you come home?

C7
She moans the whole day long.

(C7)
I'll do the cookin', darling, I'll pay the rent,

F Dm7 Gm C7
I know I've done you wrong;

F
'member that rainy eve that I threw you out,

Bb Am Gm
With nothing but a fine-tooth comb?

Bb Ab dim F F# D7
I know I'm to blame, Well, ain't that a shame

G7 C7 F (Dm7 Gm C7)
Bill Bailey won't you please come home.