

Go, but it's great after being out late, Walking my baby back home,  
 Arm in arm, over meadow and farm, walking my baby back home We go  
 along harmonizing a song, or reciting a poem, owls go by, and they give  
 me the eye, walking my baby back home. We stop for awhile— she gives  
 me a smile, and snuggles her head to my chest. We start in to pet, and  
 that's when I get her talcum all over my vest. After I kind-a straighten  
 my tie, she has to borrow my comb. One kiss, and then I continue again,  
 walking my baby back home.

Won't you come home Bill Bailey, won't you come home? She means the whole  
 day long. I'll do the cooking, darling, I'll pay the rent, I know I've  
 done you wrong. Remember that rainy night that I drove you out with  
 nothing but a fine tooth comb! I know I'm to blame, well ain't that a  
 shame? Bill Bailey won't you please come home?

Crusing down the river, on a Sunday afternoon. With one you love, the  
 sun above, waiting for the moon. The old accordian playing a sentimental  
 tune. Crusing down the river on a Sunday afternoon. The birds above  
 all sing of love, a gentle sweet refrain. The winds around all make a  
 sound like softly falling rain. Just two of us together, we'll plan a  
 honeymoon. Crusing down the river on a Sunday afternoon.

Though April showers may come your way, they bring the flowers that bloom  
 in May. So if it's raining, have no regrets, because it isn't raining  
 rain you know, (it's raining violets,) And where you see clouds upon the  
 hills, you soon will see crowds of daffodils. So keep on looking for a  
 bluebird and listening for his song, whenever April showers come along.

You made me love you. I didn't want to do it, I didn't wanna do it,  
 You made me want you, and all the time you knew it I guess you always  
 knew it. You made me happy sometime, you made me glad, but there  
 were times, dear, you made me feel bad. You made me sigh for, I didn't  
 wanna tell you, I didn't wanna tell you. I want some love that's true,  
 Yes I do, 'deed I do, you know I do, Gimme, gimme what I cry for,  
 You know you've got the brand of kisses that I'd die for.  
 You know you made me love you.

Ain't she sweet? See her coming down the street! Now I ask you very  
 confidentially ain't she sweet? Ain't she nice? Look her over once or  
 twice. Now I ask you very confidentially ain't she nice? Just cast an  
 eye in her direction. Oh me! oh my! Ain't that perfection? I repeat,  
 don't you think that's kind of neat? And I ask you very confidentially  
 ain't she sweet?