MY BILL FROM LOUISVILLE

Words by
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Music by
TED SNYDER

Moderato

You all know my old beau,
He's so nice, oh, so nice,

Every body used to call him Lov-ey Joe;
He made me mad,

When you love him once you want to love him twice;
My ba-by doll

he made me sad,
When I found he only loved me for my dough. But
is six feet tall,
But I'd love him if he had no feet at all. . . . . When

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I've got another man, He don't come from Birmingham.
I meet my October, Oh Lord-y how we will

I knew some day the Lord would hear my voice, And
If he don't come, something will happen soon, I'm

so he sent a man who is my choice, He comes from Louisville, K-
waiting for that loving honey moon, He is the man can cure my

And that's what makes me cry, That's why I'll say again.

Bill From Louisville
My Bill from Louisville, Thinking 'bout him all day long, I can't keep still; He's the doctor that can cure my 

One kiss from his lips is like a heavenly pill.

My Bill from Louisville Says he'll leave Ken-tuck-y, and I
trust he will, 'Cause I'm craving, my kisses

saving, With love I'm slaving, excuse my

raving, 'Bout my lovin' man, My Bill from Louis-

ville, ville,