

## Bob White (Whatcha Gonna Swing Tonight?)

Bing Crosby

I was talking to the Whippoorwill  
He says you got a corny trill  
Bob White  
I'm gonna swing tonight

I was talking to the Mockingbird  
He says you are the worst he's heard  
Bob White  
I'm gonna swing tonight

Even the owl, tells me you're fowl  
Singing those lullaby notes  
Well, he's a bring down  
He never could swing down  
He ain't got my high notes

There's the lotta talk about you, Bob  
Good  
They're sayin' you're off the cart  
Why, that's hearsay, I'll sue

Make it, Mr Bing  
Here goes  
Take it, while only  
Bob White  
We're gonna break it up tonight

Now here's a wild upon the whippoorwill  
(You mean my open bill)  
He says that you have got a mellow trill  
(Oh, oh, oh, yes, I have)  
Bob White  
We're in the groove tonight

Now here's another from the Mockingbird  
What does he have to say?  
That you're the best he's heard  
Oh, oh, that's too absurd  
Bob White  
We really soul tonight

Even the owl, threw in the towel  
After you sing, staccato  
And the Flamingo, hollered by jingo  
What a Vibrato

Now the consensus of opinion is  
Oh, oh, oh, what does the consensus say?  
That you're a solid will  
Oh, oh, oh, yes, I is

Sing on, Mister Bing  
I'm gonna swing on merrily  
Bob White  
We really broke it up tonight  
Bob