

Bob White

Johnny Mercer

Just listen to the Bob White
He never could sing right
You should hip it to the latest sound
And the talk that's goin' 'round

Well, I was talking to the parakeet
And he said, "Man, now about that beat"
(How about that beat?)
"Hey Bob White, ain't you gonna swing tonight?"

Several people heard the Albatross
(Yes)
Whisper Robin is on the sauce
(I know for a fact he's on the wagon)
Bob White, nothing but a neophyte
(John, what does that word mean?)
(Amateur)

Even the Pheasant found it unpleasant
Hearing you hit that flat note
Whereas the Sparrow froze to his marrow
When he heard that note

The opinion of the Tufted Grouse
Is you play to an empty house
(Could happen to anybody, sure could)
Get up, off that pair
Shape up, make it dare
Bob White, you gotta sing it out tonight

Take a letter to the Meadowlark
In reply to his rude remark
(Well, the mails must go through)
Bob White, invites you to a bash tonight
(My tux isn't even pressed)

Take a wire to the Nightingale
Tell him Bob ain't begun to wail
Bob White's gonna put him down for spite
(Circulate the word)

Call up the Catbird
Tell that old fat bird
He's gonna sing a storm up
Hip the Canary, it'll be scary
After the warm up

Man, he's even gonna gas the goose
He'll be a' looser than Dr. Seuss
(Wait a minute John, do I detect a note
Of meaning that he's gonna be 'right in tune?)
Man, I'm telling you, he's gonna be 'on the moon
(I see)

Bob White
He's gonna ball it up tonight
Oh, he's in there

Guy whistles pretty
Yeah, like a bird, what?

Here's a wire from the Albatross
(Sounds urgent)
It reads, 'Robin is still the boss'
(Well, thank you very much folks)
Bob White, he was in the groove tonight
(Ha ha ha)

I quote directly from the Whoopin' Crane
He says, "Man, it was like insane"
(He made it plain)
Bob White really fought a groovy fight
I thought I had him dead in the third round

Hey, old poppa Red Bird
Who is the head bird
Says you were in there swingin'
(He was tryin')
Even the Jackdaw
Flew out the back door
Buckin' and wingin'

You instigated such a swingin' gig
That all them quadrapeds wanna dig
(Here, here, you mean)
Here come, the moose and elk
And there goes Lawrence Welk

Bob White, Bob White, Bob White
You really sang it out tonight
(Aw, it's for the birds)