

## 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)