

Bob the Drummer

Dada

See I'm tryin' to start this rock band
And my drummer really needed a kit
He's really into Bonham and Ozzy
You know he really likes to hit
So we spent our days lookin' at drum ads
'Cause neither one of us had a job
We circles this one cool offer
"Cheap drums ask for Bob"
We jumped into my pinto
And we flew over to his place
We ran up the stairs and knocked on the door
Enter Robert's face
Now ol' Bob was a drummer
He lived with his kit in Glendale
Weddings and bar mitzvahs
He'd do any gig for half-scale
With his five-piece 'slingerland
Silver two-tone glitter
He played her skins like a gentleman
He didn't like to hit her

Like a mime with a megaphone
Like snow comin' down in summer
Like Dr. king with a submachine
Like rock n' roll and Bob the drummer
Bob the drummer

Now he fixed us both some coffee
He let me play his snare
He lied about the good old days
And how he ended up here
We let him go on for hours
Talkin' 'bout one-night stands
He said you gotta pay your dues son
I said I think I understand
He didn't give a crap about the Grateful Dead
Green Day or Pink Floyd
But when he got down behind that set
Old Bob could make some noise
Bob the drummer

We wondered where the time went
And did I still want to buy some drums
My throat went dry and I felt kinda sick
When I offered him two hundred ones
He said he guessed he wasn't ready to sell her
You never know when there might be a gig
He shot me his best Mona Lisa
And took the last drag off his cig
With his Mr. Rogers sweater
And his velvet Elvis eyes
He stared into oblivion and said
Oh how time flies