

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