

Bob White

Bobby Darin

Just listen to the Bob White
He never could sing right.

You should hip him to the latest sound
And the talk that's goin' 'round.

Well, I was talkin' to the parakeet
And he said, "Man, now about that beat?"

How about that beat?

Hey, Bob White
Ain't ya gonna swing tonight?

Several people heard the albatross

Yes.

Whisper Robert 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
Hearin' 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'll play to an empty house.

Could happen to anybody!

Sure could.

Get up off that pad
Shape up make it, Dad
Bob White
You gotta sing it out tonight.

Take a letter to the meadow lark
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 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 tellin' ya... he's gonna be on the moon!

I see.

Bob White
He's gonna ball it up tonight.

Oh, he's in there.

Ah, he whistles pretty.

Yeah, like a bird!

What?!

Hear the wire from the albatross

Sounds urgent!

It reads Robert is still the boss

Well, thank you very much, folks.

Bob White
He was in the grove tonight.

I quote directly from the whoopin' crane
He says, "Man it was like insane."

He made it plain

Bob White
Reelin' for a groovy fight

I thought I had him dead in the third round.

Hey, old papa redbird
Who is the head bird
Says you were in there swingin'

He was tryin'.

Even a jackdaw
Flew out the back door
Buckin' and wingin'.

You instigated such a swingin' gig
That all them quadrupeds wanna dig.

Here, here, you mean...

Here come the moose and elk!

There goes Lawrence Welk!

Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!
You really sang it out tonight!

Ah, it's for the birds.