

Bob White

Carmen McRae

I was talking to the whippoorwill
He says you've got a corny trill
Bob White, whatcha gonna swing tonight?

I was talking to the mockingbird
He says you are the worst he's heard
Bob White, whatcha gonna swing tonight?

Even the owl tells me you're foul singing those lullaby notes
Don't be a bring down if you can swing down
Give me those high notes

There's a lotta talk about you, Bob
And they're saying you're off the cob
Fake it, Mister B
Take it, follow me, Bob White

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And they're saying you're off the cob
Fake it, Mister B
You better take it, follow me, Bob White

We're gonna break it up tonight
We're gonna break it up tonight