

# 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