Bobby

M. Ward

I was walking through the forest
Having some fun
When I saw that New York critic
All slumped over a stump, yeah
All of my friends had a swinging axe to grind
They themselves about who should be the first in line

'Cause you made a living off dying to a-chop us down
Better turn your head, old man Bobby, 'cause it's your turn now

I said, Now wait a minute my friends now now not so fast
Ain't there some kind of better way for us to get back?
Let's give him a guitar and see if he can write a song
And if he gets an F well I guess that'll be his swan song

'Cause you made a living off dying to chop us down
Better turn your head, old man Bobby, 'cause it's your turn now

You're just a critic in a critical time (old man Bobby)
And I know that your head's on the line (old man Bobby)
Well listen Bobby now I've got a new song
That you ain't gonna like

You're just a critic in a critical time (old man Bobby)
And I know that your head's on the line (old man Bobby)
Oh but Bobby listen I got a new song
That's gonna blow your mind

Hendrix was there with his axe in the air
He said, "Fight like a bomber now" (fight like a bomber now)

McCartney was there with his axe in the air
He said, "We can't work it out" (we can't work it out)

Thurston was there with his axe in the air
Saying, "Expressway to your skull" (expressway)

But Lennon was the hero of the working class
He set down his guitar and he picked up an axe
And he sang, "Instant karma, Bobby, ain't it coming down fast?
"

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