

Bobby Darin, Bob White

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

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

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

Johnny: How about that beat?

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

Johnny:
Several people heard the albatross

Bobby:
Yes.

Johnny:
Whisper Robert is on the sauce

Bobby:
I know for a fact he's on the wagon.

Johnny:
Bob White
Nothing but a neophyte.

Bobby:
John, what does that word mean?

Johnny:
Amateur!

Bobby:
Even the pheasant
Found it unpleasant
Hearin' you hit that flat note.

Johnny:
Whereas the sparrow
Froze to his marrow
When he heard that note.

Bobby:
The opinion of the tufted grouse
Is you'll play to an empty house.

Johnny:
Could happen to anybody!

Bobby:
Sure could.

Both:
Get up off that pad
Shape up make it, Dad
Bob White

You gotta sing it out tonight.

Johnny:
Take a letter to the meadow lark
In reply to his rude remark

Bobby:
Well, the mails must go through.

Johnny:
Bob White
Invites you to a bash tonight.

Bobby:
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.

Johnny:
Circulate the word!

Call up the catbird
Tell that old fat bird
He's gonna sing a storm up.

Bobby:
Hip the canary
It'll be scary
After the warm up.

Johnny:
Man, he's even gonna gas the goose
He'll be looser than Dr. Seuss

Bobby:
Wait a minute, John, do I detect a note of meaning that he's gonna be right in tune?

Johnny:
Man, I'm tellin' ya ... he's gonna be on the moon!

Bobby:
I see.

Both:
Bob White
He's gonna ball it up tonight.

Johnny:
Oh, he's in there.

Bobby:
Ah, he whistles pretty.

Johnny:
Yeah, like a bird!

Bobby:
What?!

Johnny:
Hear the wire from the albatross

Bobby:
Sounds urgent!

Johnny:
It reads Robert is still the boss

Bobby:
Well, thank you very much, folks.

Johnny:
Bob White
He was in the grove tonight.

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

Johnny:
He made it plain

Bobby:
Bob White
Reelin' for a groovy fight

I thought I had him dead in the third round.

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

Bobby:
He was tryin'.

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

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

Bobby:
Here, here, you mean ...

Johnny:
Here come the moose and elk!

Bobby:
There goes Lawrence Welk!

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

Bobby:
Ah, it's for the birds.