

# 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, &quot;Man it was like insane.&quot;

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.