## Dada, Bob The Drummer

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 CIRCLED 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 '69 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 DUMMER 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 DAMN ABOUT THE GRATEFUL DEAD
SABBATH 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 WANNA BUY SOME DRUMS
MY THROAT WENT DRY AND I FELT KINDA SICK
WHEN I OFFERED HIM TWO HUNDRED ONES
HE SID 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