

# Jimmy Buffett, Bob Robert's Society Band

Well, You've heard about the alligators sleepin' in the shade  
You've heard about the sugar barons screwin' up the 'glades,  
It's a melting pot existence  
That is hard to contemplate  
And a never ending battle in the Sunshine State.  
But far, far away from the front page news,  
Far, far away from the headline blues,  
Down a secondary road that severely shows its age  
The forties comes to life on a make-shift stage.  
It's the Bob Robert's Society Band.  
Playing every Sunday at the Orange Grove Stand.  
They don't play grunge and they don't play loud.  
It's the magic of the music that still draws a crowd.  
Well, the word goes out  
From Melbourne to the Keys.  
The faithful get the message  
Like it's written on the breeze.  
Young folks, old folks,  
'Bout to cut a rug  
Fox Trot, Bunny Hop,  
Do the Jitterbug,  
To the Bob Robert's Society Band.  
Playing every Sunday at the Orange Grove Stand.  
They don't play grunge and they don't play loud.  
It's the magic of the music that still draws a crowd.  
I saw mini vans from Boca,  
Buses from Perrine.  
There were people speaking Hindu  
In the Bar-B-Que line.  
A couple on their honeymoon  
Looked a bit confused.  
But the boys in the band put 'em right in the mood.  
They played.....  
A lady dressed in purple started dancing all alone  
Then she sauntered oh so gently to the vacant microphone.  
She sounded like she's someone and never missed a beat.  
By the time the number ended they were dancin' in the street.  
They'd died and gone to heaven,  
That lively little crowd,  
Trombones and saxophones  
Sent 'em through the clouds.  
It could have gone all night  
But the party had to stop.  
When they blew the circuit breaker  
In the souvenir shop.  
It's the Bob Robert's Society Band  
Playing every Sunday at the Orange Grove Stand  
They don't play grunge and they don't play loud  
It's the magic of the music that still draws a crowd.  
It's the Bob Robert's Society Band  
Playing every Sunday down at the Orange Grove Stand  
They don't play grunge and they don't play loud  
It's the magic of the music that still draws a crowd.