

# Jim Dale, Come Follow The Band

Come follow the band, wherever it's at let both of your feet beat time to the drum and  
Let your heart go rat a tat tat  
A flag in your hand a plume in your hat  
Battalions of brass pass and catch the light  
Is there a sight that's sweeter than that?

See the pretty lady toss that baton high  
Ain't she cute as a daisy?  
Watch the fella with the big base drum go by  
Ain't you glad that you stayed?  
Hear the tuba play that oom pah pah  
Oh my, ain't it drivin' you crazy  
Don't you be so darn lazy  
Better hurry and join that big parade

Up outta your seat down offa the stand  
Step out to the sweet beat the bugle plays  
A sound that you'll remember all your days  
And when you see that leader proudly raise his hand  
Just follow the band

Hear the trumpet blast hear the cornet blare  
Hear the boom of the bass and the rattle of the snare  
With the sweetest burst of melody I know  
Goes the piccolo  
Hear the silver tone of the xylophone  
Hear the glide and the bellow of the slide trombone  
Then a burst of crystal listen to it peel  
It's the glockenspiel

With the most majestic manner you'll remember all your life  
Come melophone come saxophone  
Comes sousaphone comes fife  
Then the brass sings out the woodwinds sigh  
The trumpets shout and the drum reply  
With a crash and a bang as the whole she bang goes by