

## Walter Becker

# "Bob Is Not Your Uncle Anymore"

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This old house looks just the way it was  
Just a tumbledown of pine and river stone  
But it's only just a shadow of the place you knew before  
Because Bob's just not your uncle anymore

Winter's here and the day don't last too long  
Barely thimbles full of sunshine to go on  
And there's an ocean full of midnight rolling right up to  
the door  
I guess Bob's just not your uncle anymore

And I say it without pride and without shame  
That the dopey Irish Setter dog Regan's still his name  
Well, he looks right glad to see you  
But he might not want to be you  
Even though he loves you madly from before  
Before Bob was not your uncle anymore

Good old games like they play them back in town  
Where the wayward daughter's luck runs strong and  
pure  
You might feel like you're a winner but you never know  
for sure  
Now that Bob's just not your uncle anymore

So we see that you can find your way back home  
And that maybe when you get there, there's a lock on  
every door  
Now you know for certain what the big wide world is  
good for  
And that Bob's just not your uncle anymore  
I said now you know for certain what the big wide world  
is good for  
And that Bob's just not your uncle anymore

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