

Colin Hay "What Would Bob Do?"

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Looks like this may well be it, yeah we're goin' down
Ocean's fast approaching, and there's this screeching
sound
They found that little ol' black box, that they all listened
to
The last words that were spoken were, "What would
Bob do?"

What would Bob do? What would Bob do?
What would Bob do? What would Bob do?

I was knocking on the pearly gates, made of precious
stone
Looked kind of other worldly, inside there was a throne
I was let in by a stranger, who I'd seen somewhere
before
I thought, well it'll come to me, here in the evermore
Suddenly from out of nowhere, a vision did appear
It was my old granddaddy, he said "Son, what are you
doin' here?"
"Well it wasn't in my plans you know, I done come
unstuck
I played out all my hand and I just ran all out of luck"
He said, "Well if you can't pot the black, and you know
it's not the cue
It may be time to ask yourself, what would Bob do?"

What would Bob do? What would Bob do?
What would Bob do? What would Bob do?

Now you may well just find yourself, on the ballroom
floor
You know you cannot get away, you cannot reach the
door
Just try to relax yourself, and sit down on your hips
You don't have to move too much, and try no to lick
your lips
If things seem to be working, and she hasn't moved
away
You can breathe a little easier, and think of what to say
If you spin around and she is gone, and you know it's
not with you

Then you have to ask yourself "What would Bob do?"

What would Bob do? What would Bob do?
What would Bob do? What would Bob do?

I was standing by a house at night, going up in flames
and smoke

I was losing everything, it really was no joke
To cap it off I'm naked, and there's people all around
I could see an old dog barking, but I couldn't hear the
sound
The only thing that I could hear, which came out of the
blue
Was the voice inside my own head, saying, "What
would Bob do?"

What would Bob do? What would Bob do?
What would Bob do? What would Bob do?

As luck would sometimes have it, the good Lord was in
my dream
He was smiling sweetly, and was wearing Lincoln green
I asked if he would come again, if the rumours were all
true,
He thought awhile and spoke and said, now "What
would Bob do?"

What would Bob do? What would Bob do?
What would Bob do? What would Bob do?

And as the lights they all came down, I was standing by
the stage
He was cloaked in darkness, and his face it showed no
age
I took one step closer, just to get a better view
I swear I saw him smile and say now "What would Bob
do?"

What would Bob do? What would Bob do?
What would Bob do? What would Bob do?

Then I suddenly awakened, and I simply can't pretend,
To understand the way of things, and how it all may
end
But if the question's simple say, do I wear red, or blue
Now they're are times you ask yourself, "What would
Bob do?"

What would Bob do? What would Bob do?
What would Bob do? What would Bob do?

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