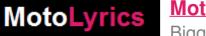
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## Bobs ''Bulky Rhythm''

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I've got a bulky rhythm in my soul

I'm much too happy for rock and roll

I don't like funk, I can't stand punk

My toes go limp with all that trendy junk

I got a bulky rhythm in my soul

I got a bulky rhythm in my feet

I wanna put my handclaps on the downbeat

Drum machines and synthesizers, I can't take it no more

Please, please make make it simple, like two-four!

I got a bulky rhythm in my feet

The Fat Room, the Fat Room

That's where I find that bulky rhythm

The Fat Room, the Fat Room

Just roll out the barrel

And let's all dance

Accordions will wheeze and play

And then we'll dance the night away

His lederhosen fit real tight

We'll two-step till the morning light

I got a bulky rhythm in my memory

Since the night I met my Henry

He caught my eye standing over the band

He took me in his arms and said a-one and a-two and

I got a bulky rhythm in my memory

The Fat Room, the Fat Room

That's where I find that bulky rhythm

The Fat Room, the Fat Room

Just roll out the barrel

And let's all dance

Accordions will wheeze and play

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