

## **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  
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 soul

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