

Bobs

"Mopping Mopping Mopping"

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Hurricane Bob is petering out

And Charlotte's on the way

She's taking Amtrak

And I'm mopping, mopping, mopping

My Ford Fiesta floats O.K.

It's in the garage, not in the bay

And Charlotte's on the way

And I'm mopping, mopping, mopping

Oh, no

Charlotte's on the way

Oh, no

Must it be today?

She puts the mascara on the eye of the storm

The lines are down -- Bees are beginning to swarm

Help me, Help me!

And Charlotte's on the way!

And I'm mopping, mopping, mopping

Oh, no

Charlotte's on the way

Oh, no

Must it be today?

Oh, I gotta

Keep on mopping

Gotta clean up

I gotta, I gotta, I gotta!

I am a palm tree

But I'm down on my knees with the last of the sponges

I don't think that I can take it

Oh, no

and Charlotte's on the way

And I'm mopping, mopping, mopping

Oh, no

Charlotte's on the way..

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