

Jimmy Buffett

"Bob Robert's Society Band"

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[transcribed by linda h]

Bob roberts society band

By: jimmy buffett

1996

Well, you've heard about the alligators sleepin' in the shade

You've heard heard about the sugar barons screwin' up the 'glades,

It's a melting pot existance

That is hard to contemplate

And a never ending battle in the sunshine state.

But far, far away from the front page news,

Far, far away from the headline blues,

Down a secondary road that severely shows it's age

The forties comes to life on a make-shift stage.

It's the bob roberts society band.

Playing every sunday at the orange grove stand.

They don't play grunge and they don't play loud.

It's the magic of the music that still draws a crowd.

Well, the word goes out

From melbourne to the keys.

The faithful get the message

Like it's written on the breeze.

Young folks, old folks,

'bout to cut a rug

Fox trot, bunny hop,

Do the jitterbug,

To the bob roberts society band.

Playing every sunday at the orange grove stand.

They don't play grunge and they don't play loud.

It's the magic of the music that still draws a crowd.

I saw mini vans from boca,

Buses from perrine.

There were people speaking hindu

In the bar-b-que line.

A couple on their honeymoon

Looked a bit confused.
But the boys in the band put 'em right in the mood.
They played.....

A lady dressed in purple started dancing all alone
Then she sauntered oh so gently to the vacant
microphone.
She sounded like she's someone and never missed a
beat.
By the time the number ended they were dancin' in the
street.

They'd died and gone to heaven,
That lively little crowd,
Trombones and saxophones
Sent 'em through the clouds.
It could have gone all night
But the party had to stop.
When they blew the circuit breaker
In the souvenir shop.

It's the bob roberts society band
Playing every sunday at the orange grove stand
They don't play grunge and they don't play loud
It's the magic of the music that still draws a crowd.

It's the bob roberts society band
Playing every sunday down at the orange grove stand
They don't play grunge and they don't play loud
It's the magic of the music that still draws a crowd.

Oh-yea-a-a-ah!

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