

# Uncle Bob

## Tommy Igoe and the Birdland Big Band

Uncle Bob, you're a drunken slob  
Daddy brought home a real winner, yeah  
Wake the guest, drink the tea  
For his holiday dinnerUncle Bob walked through the door  
He was built  
He was fucking galoreThe strength of his body  
Was kind of a shock  
The first time  
He put Mike in a headlockHe crossed the line  
Put his feet on the chair  
Oh my God  
How can we [Incomprehensible]Uncle Bob, you're a drunken, fucking slob  
Uncle Bob, you're a drunken slobIs there anybody out there who can fuck my face?  
I have got a big, fat, ugly face  
I want you to fuck it  
Aww, alright

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