

Uncle Bob

Tommy Igoo 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 dinner Uncle Bob walked through the door
He was built
He was fucking galore The strength of his body
Was kind of a shock
The first time
He put Mike in a headlock He 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 slob Is 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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