

Bob Is Not Your Uncle Anymore

Walter Becker

This old house looks just the way it was
Just a tumbledown of pine and river stone
But it's only just a shadow of the place you knew before
Because Bob's just not your uncle anymore Winter's here and the day don't last too long
Barely thimbles full of sunshine to go on
And there's an ocean full of midnight rolling right up to the door
I guess Bob's just not your uncle anymore And I say it without pride and without shame
That the dopey Irish Setter dog Regan's still his name
Well, he looks right glad to see you
But he might not want to be you
Even though he loves you madly from before
Before Bob was not your uncle anymore Good old games like they play them back in town
Where the wayward daughter's luck runs strong and pure
You might feel like you're a winner but you never know for sure
Now that Bob's just not your uncle anymore

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