## Jimmy Buffett, Bob Robert's Society Band

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 existence

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 its age

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

It's the Bob Robert's 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 Robert's 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 Robert's 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 Robert's 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.