

# The Dodos, Bob

I've got a lot to prove, I mean to tell you  
I've played the part of cool, that's what I sell you

I listen good, I listen well  
You're old and you have much to tell  
So come out of your quiet spell

I've heard her scream, I know she yells  
I've seen it too, I know it well  
So while she's gone I'll entertain you

There's not a lot that I could write about you  
Your name is Bob, you smoke a pipe  
That's what it amounts to

But we're the same  
We all want peace  
We're victims of the same disease  
You deal with her, I'll deal with these

You sit and stare off into space  
You've got much more to think than say  
I know you won't  
But you want to

You spend your time, you spend my life  
stuck in your room  
I take it hard because I tried  
To get you out to  
To have a stroll, to have a talk  
About your world, about the laws  
That keep you stuck, that keep you locked

I know it's hard for you to change  
Before we part our separate ways  
You need to know  
I understand you