

Zappa Frank

"200 Years Old"

Visit "[200 Years Old](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I was sittin' in a breakfast room in Allentown,
Pennsylvania, six

o'clock in the morning, got up to early, it was a terrible

mistake... sittin' there face-to-face with a 75 cent glass
of orange

juice about as big as my finger and a bowl of horribly
foreshortened

cornflakes, and I said to myself: "This is the life!"...

She's 200 years old,

so mean, she couldn't grow no lips

Boy, she'd be in trouble if she tried to grow a mustache

She's two hundred years old

Squattin' down & pockin' up

In front of the juke box

just like she had True Religion.. BOY!

She's two hundred years old

Hoy!, hoy!, in 200 years,

half of this, none of that,

one.. fifty.. oh squattin',

Yeah-ah, ain't she got

Oohhh, she got religion now, boy.

Oohhhh, ?? ?? ??

Oohhhh, she's just mean,

she just, she just can't grow no lips.

Squat.. down, so mean she can't grow no lips.

200 years old, so mean she can't grow no lips

Visit [Zappa Frank](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.