

Zappa Frank

"Advance Romance"

Visit "[Advance Romance](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

No more credit
From liquor store
Suit is all dirty, boy
Shoes is all wore
Tired and lonely, my
Heart is all sore
Advance romance
I can't stand it no more
Told me she loved me
I believed what she said
Took me for a sucker, boy
All corn-fed
Next thing I knew
She had a bolt on the door
Advance romance
I can't use it no more
She took George's watch
Like they always do
(It was a Timex, too!)
No more money, boy
I shoulda knew

The way she do me, boy

She might do you, too

Advance romance

People I am through!

Potato-head Bobby

was a friend of mine

Open three of his eyes

In the food stamp line

Open four of his eyes

In the food stamp line

Open five of his eyes

In the food stamp line

Open six of his eyes

In the food stamp line

Said she might be a devil

But she sure was fine

Advance romance

He wanna try it one time

Later that night

He drop on by

Told her all he wanna do

Was step up and say "Hi"

Half an hour later

She had frenched his fry

Advance romance

Bobby, say good-bye

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

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