

Zappa Frank

"Brown Shoes Don't Make It (in album Tinseltown Reb)"

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Frank Zappa (lead guitar, vocals)
Ike Willis (rhythm guitar, vocals)
Ray White (rhythm guitar, vocals)
Steve Vai (rhythm guitar, vocals)
Warren Cucurullo (rhythm guitar, vocals)
Denny Walley (slide guitar, vocals)
Tommy Mars (keyboards, vocals)
Peter Wolf (keyboards)
Bob Harris (keyboards, trumpet, vocals)
Ed Mann (percussion)
Arthur Barrow (bass, vocals)
Vinnie Colaiuta (drums)

Brown shoes don't make it
Brown shoes don't make it
Quit school, why fake it
Brown shoes don't make it
TV dinner by the pool
Watch your brother grow a beard
Got another year of school
You're okay, he's too weird
Be a plumber
He's a bummer
He's a bummer every summer
Be a loyal plastic robot
For a world that doesn't care
That's right
Smile at every ugly
Shine on your shoes and cut your hair

Be a jerk - go to work
Be a jerk - go to work
Be a jerk - go to work
Be a jerk - go to work
Do your job, and do it right
Life's a ball
TV tonight
Do you love it
Do you hate it
There it is
The way you made it

A world of secret hungers
Perverting the men who make your laws
Every desire is hidden away
In a drawer in a desk by a Naugahyde chair
On a rug where they walk and drool
Past the girls in the office

Hratche-plche, hratche-plche
Hratche-plche...

We see in the back
Of the City Hall mind
The dream of a girl about thirteen
Off with her clothes and into a bed
Where she tickles his fancy
All night long

His wife's attending an orchid show
She squealed for a week to get him to go
But back in the bed his teen-age queen
Is rocking and rolling and acting obscene
Baby baby...
Baby baby...

Gimme them cakes now, uh!
If I do, I'm gonna lose my...

And he loves it, he loves it
It curls up his toes
She wipes his fat neck
And it lights up his nose
But he cannot be fooled
Old City Hall Fred
She's nasty, she's nasty
She digs it in bed
That's right

Do it again, ha
And do it some more
Hey, that does it, by golly
And she's nasty for sure
Nasty nasty nasty
Nasty nasty nasty
Only thirteen, and she knows how to nasty
She's a dirty young mind, corrupted
Corroded
Well she's thirteen today
And I hear she gets loaded
If she were my daughter, I'd...
What would you do, Frankie?

Well, if she were my daughter, I'd...
What would you do, Frankie?
If she were my daughter, I'd...
What would you do, Frankie?
Check this out
Smother my daughter in chocolate syrup
And strap her on again, oh baby
Smother that girl in chocolate syrup
And strap her on again
She's my teen-age baby
She turns me on
I'd like to make her do a nasty
On the White House lawn
Smother my daughter in chocolate syrup
And boogie 'til the cows come home

Time to go home
Madge is on the phone
Gotta meet the Gurneys and a dozen grey attorneys TV
dinner by the pool I'm so glad I finished school Life is
such a ball I run the world from City Hall

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