

Zappa Frank

"Dental Hygeine Dilemma"

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Mark Volman (vocals)
Howard Kaylan (vocals)
Ian Underwood (keyboards, woodwinds)
Aynsley Dunbar (drums)
George Duke (keyboards, trombone)
Martin Lickert (bass)
Ruth Underwood (orchestra drum set)
Jim Pons (vocals)

Bad Conscience:
han min noon toon han toon han

Good Conscience:
No, Jeff!

Bad Conscience:
han toon ran toon ran toon fran min han toon ran toon
nan toon fram

Good Conscience:
No no no!

Jeff Simmons:
Man! This stuff is great! It's just as if Donovan himself
had appeared on my very own TV with words of peace,
love, and eternal cosmic wisdom. Leading me. Guiding
me. On paths of everlasting pseudo-karmic
negligence, in the very midst of my drug-induced
nocturnal emission.

Good Conscience:
Oh, I am your good conscience, Jeff. I know all. I see all.
I am a cosmic love pulse matrix, becoming a
technicolor interpositive.

Jeff Simmons:
Hmm? Where'd you buy that incense? It's hip.

Good Conscience:
It's the same mysterious exotic oriental fragrance as
what the Beatles get off on.

Jeff Simmons:

I thought I recognized it. Mmm, what is that, musk?

Good Conscience:

Jeff, I know what's good for you.

Jeff Simmons:

Right. You're heavy.

Good Conscience:

Yes Jeff, I am your guiding light. Listen to me. Don't rip off the towels Jeff!

Bad Conscience:

Kiss off, you little nitwit.

Jeff Simmons:

Hey man, what's the deal?

Good Conscience:

Don't listen to him Jeff, he's no good. He'll make you do bad things!

Jeff Simmons:

You mean, he'll make me sin?

Good Conscience:

Yes, Jeff. SIN!

Jeff Simmons:

Wow!

Bad Conscience:

Jeff, I'd like to have a word with you. About your soul.

Good Conscience:

No, don't listen Jeff.

Bad Conscience:

Why are you wasting your life, night after night playing this comedy music?

Jeff Simmons:

You're right, I'm too heavy to be in this group.

Good Conscience:

Comedy music.

Bad Conscience:

Jeff, your soul!

Jeff Simmons:
In this group, all I ever get to do is play Zappa's
comedy music. He eats!

Bad Conscience:
Jeff!

Jeff Simmons:
I get so tense.

Bad Conscience:
Of course you do my boy.

Jeff Simmons:
The stuff he makes me do is always off the wall.

Bad Conscience:
That's why it would be best to leave his stern employ.

Jeff Simmons:
And quit the group!

Bad Conscience:
You'll make it big!

Jeff Simmons:
That's right.

Bad Conscience:
Of course!

Jeff Simmons:
And then I won't be small!

Ahmet Ertegun used this towel as a bathmat six weeks
ago at a rancid motel in Orlando, Florida, with the
highest mildew rating of any commercial lodging
facility within the territorial limits of the United States,
naturally excluding tropical possessions. It's still damp.
What an aroma! This is the best I ever got off! What
can I say about this elixir? Try it on steaks! Cleans
nylons! Small craft warnings! It's made for the home!
The office! On fruits!

Bad Conscience:
This is the real you, Jeff. Rip off a few more ashtrays.
Get rid of some of that inner tension. Quit the comedy
group! Get your own group together. Heavy! Like
Grand Funk, or Black Sabbath.

Good Conscience:
No, Jeff. ??:
[?We're coming]

Good Conscience:
Peace. Love.

Bad Conscience:
Bollocks.

Mark Volman & Howard Kaylan:
What can I say about this elixir?

Mark Volman:
Jeff has gone out there on that stuff!

Bad Conscience:
He should have never have used the elixir and only
stuck to the incense. Oh, Atlantis.

Mark Volman:
That was Billy the Mountain, dressed up like Donovan,
fading out on the wall-mounted TV screen. Jeff _is_
flipping out. Road fatigue! We've got to get him back to
normal before Zappa finds out, and steals it, and
makes him do it in the movie.

Bad Conscience:
You have a brilliant career ahead of you my boy. Just
get out of this group!

Mark Volman:
Howard, that was Studebacher Hoch, dressed up like
Jim Pons, giving career guidance to the bass player of
a rock-oriented comedy group. Jeff's imagination has
gone beyond the fringe of audience comprehension.

Howard Kaylan:
Jeff, Jeff it's me the Phlorescent Leech!

Mark Volman:
Jeff, Jeff it's me, Eddie!

Mark Volman & Howard Kaylan:
Wowwww! What can I say about this elixir?

{note: the following three paragraphs are
simultaneous and with wildly} {fluctuating pitch. A
turntable with a detachable drive is still a useful} {tool!
-cgk}

Mark Volman & Howard Kaylan:

Put it on your steaks, uh, send it overseas, [? ? ? ?],
and put it on you surfboard so you won't slip off. Try it
on your [? ? ?], and on the, the red balloons, you can
blow up all balloons with it. Put it on your... heh. On your
pizza. Put it on your shoes, tie your mic with it, and fill
up your tires with it.

Use it to clean your swimming pool, sell it to your
mother and tell her it's a tie-die kit, you won't even
believe what'll happen when you starch your shirt with
it, ironing goes easier and your car windows never
looked better in your whole life. Ladies and gentlemen,
you can inhale it, and it makes your voice three keys
higher, and you can't even stand what happens when
you put it on your hair, as hair tonic. Heh, heh. And if
you ever tried it as a...

Soak your shirts in it, soak your teeth in it. Let it play the
piano. Follow it around the block. Wear it instead of
jeans. Bathe you puppies with it. Feed it to your ducks.
Use it instead of chlorine in your swimming pool.
Breathe it. [?] it.

What?

Wowwwwww!

What can I?

Wowwwwww!

What? What can I say about this?

Wowwwwww!

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