

Zappa Frank

"Drowning Witch"

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There's a ship arriving too late
To save a drowning witch
She was swimmin' along
Tryin' to keep a date
With a Merchant Marine
Who told her he was really rich
But it doesn't matter no more
She's on the ocean floor
'N the water's all green down there
'N it's not very clean down there
'N water snakes
'N rusty wrecks
Is all that she can see
As the light goes dim
And she's tryin' to swim
Will she make it?
(Boy, we sure hope so...)
Not even a witch oughta be caught
On the bottom of America's spew-infested
Waterways, hey-hey
She could get radiation all over her

She could mutate insanely...

She could mutate insanely... (that's right)

She could go on the freeway and grow up to be 15 feet tall

And scary-lookin'

And then...

Cars could crash all over the place

As a result of people with Hawaiian shirts on...

Lookin' up to see her face

Sardines in her eyebrows

Lobsters up and down her forehead(*)

All of them HORRIBLY LARGE FROM RADIATION

And smelling very bad

And DANGEROUS!

Maybe a submarine could save her

And bring her home to the Navy...

For some kind of ritual sacrifice...

(*) "forehead" is the 'official' version, but in concerts

the word would be replaced with "pudenda" (e.g. on "You Can't

Do It On Stage Anymore, vol 3)

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