

Zappa Frank

"Dumb All Over"

Visit "[Dumb All Over](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Whoever we are
Wherever we're from
We shoulda noticed by now
Our behavior is dumb
And if our chances
Expect to improve
It's gonna take a lot more
Than tryin' to remove
The other race
Or the other whatever
>From the face
Of the planet altogether
They call it THE EARTH
Which is a dumb kinda name
But they named it right
'Cause we behave the same...
We are dumb all over
Dumb all over,
Yes we are
Dumb all over,

Near 'n far
Dumb all over,
Black 'n white
People, we is not wrapped tight
Nurds on the left
Nurds on the right
Religious fanatics
On the air every night
Sayin' the Bible
Tells the story
Makes the details
Sound real gory
'Bout what to do
If the geeks over there
Don't believe in the book
We got over here
You can't run a race
Without no feet
'N pretty soon
There won't be no street
For dummies to jog on
Or doggies to dog on
Religious fanatics
Can make it be all gone
(I mean it won't blow up

'N disappear

It'll just look ugly

For a thousand years...)

You can't run a country

By a book of religion

Not by a heap

Or a lump or a smidgeon

Of foolish rules

Of ancient date

Designed to make

You all feel great

While you fold, spindle

And mutilate

Those unbelievers

>From a neighboring state

TO ARMS! TO ARMS!

Hooray! That's great

Two legs ain't bad

Unless there's a crate

They ship the parts

To mama in

For souvenirs: two ears *(Get Down!)*

Not his, not hers, *(but what the hey?)*

The Good Book says:

("It gotta be that way!")

But their book says:

*"REVENGE THE CRUSADES...

With whips 'n chains

'N hand grenades..."*

TWO ARMS? TWO ARMS?

Have another and another

Our God says:

"There ain't no other!"

Our God says

"It's all okay!"

Our God says

"This is the way!"

It says in the book:

"Burn 'n destroy..."

'N repent, 'n redeem

'N revenge, 'n deploy

'N rumble thee forth

*To the land of the unbelieving scum on

the other side*

*'Cause they don't go for what's in the

book*

'N that makes 'em BAD

So verily we must choppeth them up

And stompeth them down

Or rent a nice French bomb

*To poof them out of existance

*While leaving their real estate just where

we need it*

To use again

*For temples in which to praise

OUR GOD*

*("Cause he can really take care of

business!")*

And when his humble TV servant

With humble white hair

And humble glasses

And a nice brown suit

And maybe a blond wife who takes

phone calls

Tells us our God says

It's okay to do this stuff

Then we gotta do it,

'Cause if we don't do it,

We ain't gwine up to *hebbin!*

(Depending on which book you're using

at the

time...Can't use theirs... it don't work

...it's all lies...Gotta use mine...)

Ain't that right?

That's what they say

Every night...

Every day...

Hey, we can't really be dumb

If we're just following *God's Orders*

Hey, let's get serious...

God knows what he's doin'

He wrote this book here

An' the book says:

*He made us all to be just like Him,"

so...

If we're dumb...

Then God is dumb...

*(An' maybe even a little ugly on the side

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