

Zappa Frank

"Galoot Up-Date"

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Frank Zappa (guitar, synclavier)
Steve Vai (guitar)
Ray White (guitar, vocals)
Tommy Mars (keyboards)
Chuck Wild (piano)
Arthur Barrow (bass)
Scott Thunes (bass)
Jay Anderson (string bass)
Ed Mann (percussion)
Chad Wackerman (drums)
Ike Willis (vocals)
Terry Bozzio (vocals)
Dale Bozzio (vocals)
Napoleon Murphy Brock (vocals)
Bob Harris (vocals)
Johnny "Guitar" Watson (vocals)

ENSEMBLE: (singing)
GALOOT CO-LOG-NUH!

THING-FISH:
GALOOT, GALOOT,
GALOOT, GALOOT,
GALOOT, GALOOT,
De KILLER CO-LOG-NUH!

ENSEMBLE:
GALOOT
CO-LOG-NUH!

THING-FISH:
GALOOT, GALOOT,
GALOOT, GALOOT,
GALOOT, GALOOT,
De KILLER CO-LOG-NUH! Thass right!
De KILLER CO-LOG-NUH! Thass right!
Well, de gubnint dint fine out rights away 'bout...

ENSEMBLE:
De 'MAMMY NUNS'

THING-FISH:

Dat's right!

ENSEMBLE:

De 'MAMMY NUNS'

THING-FISH:

Well, dey's too damn excited 'bout de sissies dey was knockin' off, 'n workin' up an uncreedable variety of theoretical scenarios, to explain away how come de fagnits all be croakin' at de same time in -

ENSEMBLE:

NOVEMBER!

THING-FISH:

De month o' NOVEMBUH, reekin' of tainted CO-LOG-
NUM! Dey booked in de heavy pseudo re-LIJ-mus talent
to pronunciate de doc-TRINE of BIBLICAL RETRIBUTIUM!

ENSEMBLE:

Moving the project forward!

THING-FISH:

Figgin' dat to be...

ENSEMBLE:

Da-da-dee-dahh!

THING-FISH:

A sho-fi' explumation, suitable fo' Domestical...

ENSEMBLE:

Assuagement!

THING-FISH:

Natchilly, a substantial number o' severely ignint white
folks went fo' it, hook, line, 'n shrinker!

By dat time, de 'MAMMY NUNS' had already sprouted
dem 'tato heads, 'n was in de process of growin' out
dey nakkins...

Also, by a peculiar corinsidence, we's all up fo' PAROLE
at de SAME TIME! Thass right! You figgit out!

Once we's out DE JOINT, we faced a hard time in de
depressium...couldn't get no 'sembly line woik, 'n since
de nakkins we's wearin' atch'ly be GROWIN' outs our
bodies, we was labelled as 'over-qualified' fo'
janitorial deployment!

Onliest good thang 'bout bein' a 'MAMMY NUN' is we be mo-less UN-destructable! Whatever dey done whiffed up befo' don't do SHIT to us now! Fact, we jes mights be de onliest thangs left walkin' in de U.S.A., now de MYS'TRY RE-ZEASE gone outa control!

ENSEMBLE:
Just like you!

THING-FISH:
Just like you! I see some of y'all be FROWNIN' ...'cause mebbe y'think what I's tellin' ya' is a LIE! How 'bout it, folks? Whatcha say? Id dat right?

ENSEMBLE:
Yes, it sho' is!

THING-FISH:
Well, les' jes' have a test...how many o' you nice folks think I knows what I's talkin' 'bout? RAISE Y'HAIN UP!
Uh-huh! An' how many thinks my potato been bakin' too long? RAISE YO MIZZABLE HAIN UP! Uh-huh!

Now...how many you folks is CONVINCED de gubnint be totally 'UNCONCERNED' wit de proliferatium o' UNDESIRABLE TENANTS in de CONDOMINIUM o' LIFE? An' how many folks believe THEY number won't come up, next time de breeze blow fum de Easterly directium?

Les' face it, peoples! Ugly as I mights be, I AM YO' FUTCHUM!

'Les y'all prefer 'permanent storage' or a condo in ATLANTIS.

ENSEMBLE:
They could really get down there!

THING-FISH:
Dey could really GET DOWN dere, but, I's de only protexium you got!

Now, durin' de intromissium, de SISTERS be sellin' some MASH POTATOES in de lobby, right over by de -

ENSEMBLE:
PYRAMID!

THING-FISH:

In de vicinity o' de...

ENSEMBLE:
SQUID DECOR!

THING-FISH:
'Neath de planet o' de big ol' giant...

ENSEMBLE:
Underwater door!

THING-FISH:
A generous good-will offerin' are REQUIRED...jes' let yo'
conscience be yo' guide...

ENSEMBLE:
BLUE LIGHT!

THING-FISH:
Jes' follow de BLUE LIGHT, down de aisle to de
potatoes durin' de intromissium...

ENSEMBLE:
Light, light, light, light...
BLUE LIGHT...
BLUE LIGHT...

ENSEMBLE:
...an' while y'all be thinkin' about de blue light, an' y'all
be decidin' whether or not yo' immunity gwine hold up
'til de end o' de show, I's 'bout to address myseff to de
re-educatement o' dem silly muthafuckers over
deahhh.

ENSEMBLE:
You can't even speak your own fucking language!

THING-FISH:
What on urf do you mean: 'MY LANGUAGE'? I got yo
language hangin', boy, 'long wif a two-week supply of
IGNINT McNUGGET, de breakfast o' champiums!

ENSEMBLE:
Don't let your meat loaf! Huh-huh-huh!

THING-FISH:
Huh? Kiss my McNUGGET!

ENSEMBLE:
Your micro-nanette!

THING-FISH:

Y'kin kiss my micro-nanette too! Don't forget de
GALOOT!

ENSEMBLE:

GALOOT CO-LOG-NUHHHHHH!

THING-FISH:

GALOOT COLOGNUM!

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