

Zappa Frank

"Heavenly Bank Account"

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And if these words you do not heed
Your pocketbook just kinda might recede
When some man comes along and claims a godly need
He will clean you out right through your tweed

("That's right, you asked for it, remember there is a big
difference
between kneeling down and bending over . . .")

He's got twenty million dollars
In his Heavenly Bank Account . . .
All from those chumps who was
Born again
Oh yeah, oh yeah

He's got seven limousines
And a private plane . . .
All for the use of his
Special Friends
Oh yeah, oh yeah

He's got thousand-dollar suits
And a Wembley Tie . . .
Girls love to stroke it
While he's on the phone
Oh yeah, oh yeah

At the House of Representatives
He's a groovy guy . . .
When he Gives Thanks
He is not alone . . .

He is dealin'
He is really dealin'
IRS can't determine
Where The Hook is

It is easy with the Bible
To pretend that
You're in Show Biz
(And a-one, and a-two, and a . . .)

They won't get him
They will never get him
For the naughty stuff
That he did

It is best in cases like this
To pretend that
You are stupid
(DOH . . .)

He's got Presidential Help
All along the way
He says the grace
While the lawyers chew
Oh yeah
They sure do

And the Governors agree to say:
"He's a lovely man!"
He makes it easier for
Them to screw
All of you . . .
Yes, that's true!

'Cause he helps put The Fear of God
In the Common Man
Snatchin' up money
Everywhere he can
Oh yeah
Oh yeah

He's got twenty million dollars
In his Heavenly Bank Account
You ain't got nothin', people
You ain't got nothin', people
You ain't got nothin', people
Thank the man . . . oh yeah

As we end another broadcast day
Let me say
That you ain't got nothin'
And he's got it all

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