

## **Zappa Frank**

### **"Prologue"**

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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)

#### **THING-FISH:**

Once upon a time, musta been 'round October, few  
years back, in one o' dose TOP SECRET LAB-MOTORIES  
de gubbnint keep stashed away underneath Virginia,  
an EVIL PRINCE, occasion'ly employed as a part-time  
THEATRICAL CRITICIZER set to woikin' on a plot fo de  
systematic GENOCIDICAL REMOVE'LANCE of all  
unwanted highly-rhythmic individj'lls an' sissy-boys!

De cocksucker done whiffed up a secret POTIUM... an'  
right 'long wid it, de ATROCIOUS IDEA dat what he been  
boilin' up down deahhhh jes' mights be de FINAL  
SOLUTIUM to DE WHITE MAIN'S 'BOIDENNN', ef yo'  
acquire my drift...

Well, he were sure he had a GOOD THING GOIN'... but,  
dere was always de possobility dat somethin' might  
fuck up, so, he planned to have a little test, jes' to  
check it all out befo' he dump't it in de wattuh supply.

Sho'tly denafter, wit HIGH-LEVEL GUBNINT CO-  
ROBBERATIUM, he arranged to have a good-will visit to  
SAN QUENTIM, 'long wit some country-westin mu-  
zishnin's, 'n sprinkle a little bit of it on some of de boys

in deahhh (since dey done used a few of 'em befo'  
when dey was messin' wit de ZYPH'LISS).

So, heah dey come wit de POTIUM, dump'nit all in de  
mash potatoes!

Den dey wen' up to de warden's office fo' some HOT  
TODDY, watchin' a little football while dey's waitin' to  
see what gone happen!

Fact o' de matter were: NOTHIN' HAPPENED, so dey  
went off'n dribbled it in a special shipnint of GALOOT  
CO-LOG-NUH dat went out 'bouts NOVEMBER!

Next thing y'know, fagnits be droppin' off like  
flies... 'long wit a large number of severely-tanned  
individj'ls, pre-zumnably of HAY'CHEN EXTRAKMENT!

But NOT DE BOYS IN DE REST HOME! Oh no! Mixin' de  
shit wit de mash potatoes done SMOOTHED IT OUT a  
little, so's it wouldn't KILL yo' ass, BUT, it sho' would  
make y'ugly! 'N ef y'was already UGLY, it'd make yo  
ass MEAN 'n UGLY... 'n ef you was already MEAN 'n  
UGLY, it'd turn ya into a strange, UNKNOWN  
KREETCHUH, never befo' seen on BROADWAY! ^LThass  
right! It'd turn ya' into a 'MAMMY NUN'! Head like a  
potato...lips like a duck...big ol' hands, puffin' up! BIG  
ONES! Science! ME-jev'l re-LIJ-mus costumery all over  
yo' BODY! Yow! Oh yeah! Mmmm-hmmm!

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