

Zappa Frank

"Scene Five The Wet T Shirt Contest"

Visit "[Scene Five The Wet T Shirt Contest](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

After a few weeks on the bus, being porked by Toad-O's road crew, and being too exhausted to do their laundry on a regular basis, MARY is dumped in Miami. With no money (and no other famous rock groups due into the area for at least three weeks), she tries to pick up a few bucks by entering the Wet T-shirt contest at *The Brasserie...*

Ike:
Looks to me like something funny
Is going on around here
People laughin' 'n' dancin' 'n' payin'
Entirely too much for their beer
And they all think they are
Clean outa-site
And they're ready to party
'Cause the sign outside says it's
WET T-SHIRT NITE
'N' they all crave some
Hot delight
Well the girls are excited
Because in a minute
They're gonna get wet
'N' the boys are delighted
Because all the titties
Will get 'em upset
'N' they all think they are
Reety-awright
'N' they're ready to boogie
'Cause the sign outside says it's
WET T-SHIRT NITE
'N' they all crave some
Pink delight
When the water gets on 'em
Their *ninnies* get rigid
'N' look pretty bold
It's a common reaction

That makes an attraction
Whenever it's cold
'N' all of the fellas
They wish they could bite
On the cute little nuggets
The local girls are showin' off tonite
You know I think it serves 'em right
You know I think it serves 'em right
You know I think it serves 'em right
You know I think it serves 'em right
And it's
WET T-SHIRT TIME AGAIN
I know you want someone to show you some tit!
BIG ONES!
WET ONES!
BIG WET ONES!

At this point, FATHER RILEY *(who had been recently
de-frocked for not
meeting his quota, and has grown his hair out and
bought a groovy sport
coat and moved to Miami and changed his name to
BUDDY JONES)* steps onto
the crowded bandstand in his exciting new role as a
*WET T-SHIRT CONTEST
EMCEE...*

Buddy Jones:
Ah, thanks, IKE...
Yes, it's WET T-shirt TIME AGAIN
Here at the *Brasserie...*
Home of THE TITS...*huh huh...*
And it's the charming Mary from Canoga Park
Up next in her bid for the semi-finals...
Hi, Mary...howya doin'?

Having been fucked senseless by the boys in the crew,
MARY does not
recognize the former religious personage from her
nights in the rectory
basement during which she acquired her basic manual
skills...confounded
by his sport coat, she replies...

Mary:
Hi!

Realizing that she no longer recognizes him...or even
appreciates the
patient religious training he had given her in the past,
BUDDY JONES,

like a true *WET T-SHIRT EMCEE* type person,
proceeds to say various
stupid things to waste time, making the contest itself
take longer,
thereby giving the mongoloids squatting on the dance
floor an opportunity
to buy more exciting beverages...liquid products that
will expand their
consciousnesses to the point whereby they might more
fully enjoy the
ambiance of *Miami By Night...*

Buddy Jones:
Where ya from?

Mary:
Ah, the bus...

Buddy Jones:
Which one?

Mary:
You know...the last tour...
You know...Leather

Buddy Jones:
Oh...you were the girl stuck to seat 38 *Phydeaux III...*
why don't you
get in position and take a deep breath, because this
water is very, very
cold, but it's goin' to be so stimulating. And Mary's the
kind of Red-
Blooded American Girl who'll do anything...

Mary:
Anything...

Buddy Jones:
I said anything...for fifty bucks
That's right!

Mary:
I really need the fifty bucks you know
I gotta get home!

Buddy Jones:
Yeh, I know, your father is waiting for you in the tool
shed...that's
right, you heard right...our big prize tonite is fifty
American Dollars
to the girl with the most exciting *mammalian

protuberances...*

Mary:
Here I am!

Buddy Jones:
...as viewed through a thoroughly soaked, stupid
looking white sort of
male person's conservative kind of middle-of-the-road
COTTON
UNDERGARMENT! Whoopee! And here comes THE
WATER!

Mary:
EEEEK!

Buddy Jones:
No, you'd squeak more if the water got on you...sounds
like you just got
an ice pick in the forehead...AND HERE COMES THE ICE
PICK IN THE FOREHEAD
...a million laughs, Mary! Anyway; good golly, what a
mess...she's
totally soaked...yeh, totally committed to the fifty
bucks...That's it
just step into the spotlight...let the guys get a good look
at ya honey!

Mary:
Here I am!

Buddy Jones:
Whaddya say, fellas?
Nice setta jugs?
Now Mary, how's about shakin' it around a little...

Mary:
Ooooh!

Buddy Jones:
Oh my goodness, look at her go!

Mary:
Oooh! I'm dancing!
I'm dancing!

Buddy Jones:
Ain't this what living is really all about! Here's your fifty
bucks Mary... Mary: Oh great! Now I can go home!
Buddy Jones: Home is where the heart is. Mary: On the
bus.

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.