

Zappa Frank

"Strictly Genteel"

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Mark Volman (vocals)
Howard Kaylan (vocals)
Ian Underwood (keyboards, woodwinds)
Aynsley Dunbar (drums)
George Duke (keyboards, trombone)
Martin Lickert (bass)
Ruth Underwood (orchestra drum set)
Jim Pons (vocals)

Theodor Bikel:

This, as you might have guessed, is the end of the movie. The entire cast is assembled here at the Centerville Recreational Facility to bid farewell to you, and to express thanks for your attendance at this theatre. This might seem old fashioned to some of you, but I'd like to join in on this song. It's the kind of a sentimental song that you get at the end of a movie. It's the kind of a song that people might sing to let you in the audience know that we really like you and care about you. We uh, understand how hard it is to laugh these days, with all the terrible problems in the world.

Lord, have mercy on the people in England,
for the terrible food these people must eat.
(Errrr, excuse me)
And may the lord have mercy on the fate of this movie
and God bless the mind of the man in the street.

Chorus:

Help all the rednecks and the flatfoot policemen
through the terrible functions they all must perform.
God help the winos, the junkies, and the weirdos,

Female Soprano:

And every poor soul who's adrift in the storm.

Chorus:

Help everybody, so they all get some action,
some love on the weekend, some real satisfaction.

Female Soprano:

A room and a meal
And a garbage disposal
A lawn and a hose'll
Be strictly genteel.

Mark Volman & Howard Kaylan:
Reach out your hand to the girl in the dog book,
the girl in the pig book, and the one with the horse.
Make sure they keep all those businessmen happy
and the purple-lipped censors and the Germans of
course.

Chorus:
Help everybody, so they all get some action,
some love on the weekend, some real satisfaction.

Mark Volman & Howard Kaylan:
A Swedish apparatus with a hood and a bludgeon
with a microwave oven. "Honey, how do it feel?"

Everybody:
Yeah
Ahhh

Mark Volman & Howard Kaylan:
Lord, have mercy on the hippies and faggots
and the dykes and the weird little children they grow.

Help the black man.
Help the poor man.
Help the milk man.
Help the door man.
Help the lonely, neglected old farts that I know.

Theodore Bikel:
It's been swell havin' you with us tonight folks.

Mark Volman:
But, don't leave the theatre yet, 'cause there's still
more to come, but before we go on, I want to introduce
to you my friend and musical associate, Howard
Kaylan, who's going to give us all a final closing
benediction.

Howard Kaylan:
They're going to clear out the studio...
They're going to tear down all the...
They're going to whip down all the...
They're going to sweep out all the...
They're going to pay off all the...

Mark Volman:
(oh, yeah!)

Mark Volman & Howard Kaylan:
And then... and then... and then... and then...

Hey hey hey, everybody in the orchestra and the
chorus
Aww now, every one of our lovely and talented dancers
the light bulb men, camera men, make-up men

Mark Volman:
(The fake-up men)

Mark Volman & Howard Kaylan:
And, the rake-up men.

Jimmy Carl Black:
(Especially Herbie Cohen, yeahoooo...)

Mark Volman & Howard Kaylan:
They're all going to rise up.
They're going to jump up! I said jump up!
Talkin' 'bout jump right up on off the floor.
Jump right up and hit the door!

Mark Volman:
They're all going to rise up, and jump off.

Mark Volman & Howard Kaylan:
They're going to ride on home.
They're going to ride on home.
They're going to ride on home.
They're going to ride on home.

Howard Kaylan:
And once again take themselves seriously.
Yeah, Two, three, four, seriously.

Mark Volman:
They're all going to go home,

Mark Volman & Howard Kaylan:
Through the driving sleet and rain

Mark Volman:
They're all going to go home,

Mark Volman & Howard Kaylan:
through the fog, through the dust.
Through the tropical fever and the blistering frost.

Mark Volman:
They're all going to go home.

Howard Kaylan:
And get out of it as they can be.

Jimmy Carl Black:
And the same goes for me.

Mark Volman & Howard Kaylan:
Oh, yeah! Oh, yeah! Oh, yeah! Oh, yeah!

Howard Kaylan:
And each and every member of this rock oriented
comedy group
in his own special way is going to get out of it as he can
be.

Mark Volman & Howard Kaylan:
They're all going to get wasted.
They're all going to get twisted.
They're all going to get wasted.
They're all going to get twisted.

Howard Kaylan:
And I am definitely going to get

Mark Volman & Howard Kaylan:
REAMED

Howard Kaylan:
'Cause I'm such a lonely.. I'm such a lonely..
a lonely, lonely, talkin' 'bout a lonely guy.

Oh, and I know tonight, I am definitely...
I am positively... I just have to get...

Mark Volman & Howard Kaylan:
Bent, reamed and wasted.

Jimmy Carl Black:
A disaster area the size of Atlantic City, New Jersey.

Howard Kaylan:
He's making me do this, ladies and gentlemen. I
wouldn't do it if it weren't for this. You noticed, all
through this material, I've been glancing over toward
my left? Well, I'll tell you the reason for that ladies and
gentlemen. HE is over there. HE is over on the left. HE
is the guy that is making me do all this shit. Right over

there. Now all through this movie, every time we've been on stage, I've had to look over in that direction, right? You saw it... you know! Well that's 'cause HE's over there. I've got to watch him for signs. He jumps up and down like a jackass. I can't even believe the guy sometimes. But we gotta watch him. "After all," we said, "it's Frank's movie." Now, we're THE MOTHERS, but it's still Frank's movie. He rented the studio, had all these cheesy sets built...it's so moche!. He's telling everybody, right now, right over there to...(text obscured by disaster area, fades out)

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