

## Zappa Frank

# "The Torture Never Stops (in album You Can't Do Tha"

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Frank Zappa (guitar)  
Captain Beefheart (harmonica, vocals)  
Napoleon Murphy Brock (saxophone)  
Bruce Fowler (trombone)  
Denny Walley (slide guitar)  
George Duke (keyboards)  
Tom Fowler (bass)  
Terry Bozzio (drums)

Flies all green and buzzin'  
In this dungeon of despair  
Prisoners grumblin  
Piss they clothes  
Scratch their matted hair  
A tiny light from a window-hole  
Hundred yards away  
That all they ever get to know  
'Bout the regular life in the day  
'Bout the regular life in the day

Slime and rot and rats and snuck  
Vomit on the floor  
Fifty ugly soldier men  
Holdin' spears by the iron door  
Stinks so bad, stones are chokin'  
Weepin' greenish drops  
In the den where  
The giant fire puffer woiks  
And the torture never stops  
The torture never stops, torture  
The torture never stops  
The torture never stops

Flies all green and buzzin'  
In this dungeon of despair  
An Evil Prince eats a steamin' pig  
In a tumbers right near there  
In the chambers right near there  
He eats de snouts an trotters first!  
The loins and the groins are then dispersed  
His carvin style is well rehearsed

He stands and shouts  
All men be cursed (4x)  
And disagree it, well no one durst  
He the best of cause of all the woist  
Best of cause of all the woist

He stinks so bad his stones been chokin'  
Weepin' greenish drops  
In the room with the iron maiden  
And the torture never stops, torture  
Torture never stops  
Torture never stops, torture  
Torture never stops

Flies all green and buzzin'  
In dungeon of despair  
Who are'll those people  
That is shut away down there  
Are they crazy  
Are they sainted  
Are they heroes someone painted  
Someone painted  
Are they -isms  
Later ornated  
Once they come they have been tainted  
Once they come they have been tainted  
Never been explained  
Since at first it was created  
But a dungeon and his kin'  
Require naught but lockin' in  
Of any anything thats been  
Could be a her but its probly a him  
Could be a her but its probly a him  
Its whats the deal were dealin' in  
Its whats the deal were dealin' in  
An he stinks so bad its hurt  
To the pearl and the piles of blast  
Any dungeon have a trailer  
Were the torture never stops, torture  
Torture never stops  
Torture never stops, torture Torture never stops  
Torture never stops, talkin' to you Torture never stops

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