

Zappa Frank

"The Wet T Shirt Contest"

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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 defrocked 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

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