

Zappa Frank

"Tiny Sick Tears"

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Frank Zappa (vocals)
Lowell George (guitar, vocals)
Roy Estrada (bass, vocals)
Don Preston (keyboards, electronics)
Buzz Gardner (trumpet)
Ian Underwood (alto saxophone)
Bunk Gardner (tenor saxophone)
Motorhead Sherwood (baritone saxophone)
Jimmy Carl Black (drums)
Arthur Tripp (drums)

You know sometimes in the middle in the night
You get to feeling uptight
And wish you were feelin alright
And you know youre white
And you ain't got no soul
And theres no one with a hole nearby
And therefore in your teen-age madness and delirium
You toss and turn in your sweaty little grey teen-age
sheets
In that little room with the psychedelic posters
And the red bulb
And the incense
And your bead collection
And your country song round up books
And you cry your tiny sick tears
Tiny sick tears
Tiny sick tears
Tiny sick tears
You know you gotto gotto gotto gotto
Youve gotta find some relief from the terrible..
From the terrible ache thats clutching right at your
heart
Because its hurting you to your heart
And your crying tiny sick tears
And you have to go downstairs
Out of your bedroom
Out into the hall
Down to the living room
To the living room
To the kitchen

To the cookie jar
Where you wanna get your cookies
And you take the top off the cookie jar
And you stick your tiny sick hand in the cookie jar
And you reach around in the cookie jar
To find a raisin cookie
A spongy one with the little plump raisins
A little tactile sensation for your tiny sick fingers
Squeeze the raisin on the cookie
Pull the cookie out of the jar
Stuff the raisin into your eating hole
Push it all the way in your eating hole
Now make your eating hole wrap itself around the tiny
sick cookie
Scarve the cookie
Put the lid back on the jar
Go over to the ice box
Open the ice box
Pull out the box of milk
Open the box of milk
Into a triangular beak like that
Pull the little triangular beak up to your drinking hole
Up to your hole
Pour the white fluid from the drinking box into your hole
Close the beak
Reinsert the box into the ice box
Close the box door
Walk out of the kitchen
Through the living room
Back up the stairs
Past your sisters room
Past your brothers room
You take a mask from the ancient hallway
Make it down to your fathers room
And you walk in
And your father, your tiny sick father
Is beating his meat to a Playboy magazine
Hes got it rolled into a tube
And hes got his tiny sick pud stuffed in the middle of it
Right flat up against the centerfold
There he is your father with a tiny sick erection
And you walk in and you say:
Father I want to kill you
And he says: Not now son, not now

HANDS UP!
OOOO LAAAA

I know that its so hard stop playing this soul music, you
know, cause it really . . . For one thing its really easy . . .
And for another thing: It wastes a lot of time while were

on stage. We learned in our travels that teenagers are ready to accept these two chords no matter how theyre played. It makes you feel secure, cause you know that after, did de dit de didde the other one is gonna come on. It never fails, simple . . . Some people would say its bullshit. But we love it, don't we kids? Meanwhile . . .

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