

Zappa Frank

"Wet T-Shirt Nite"

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Frank Zappa (lead guitar, vocals)
Warren Cucurullo (rhythm guitar, vocals)
Denny Walley (slide guitar, vocals)
Ike Willis (lead vocals)
Peter Wolf (keyboards)
Tommy Mars (keyboards)
Arthur Barrow (bass, vocals)
Ed Mann (percussion)
Vinnie Colaiuta (drums)
Jeff (tenor saxophone)
Marginal Chagrin (baritone saxophone)
Stumuk (bass saxophone)
Dale Bozzio (vocals)
Al Malkin (vocals)
Craig Steward (harmonica)

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
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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