

## **Zappa Frank**

### **"Your Mouth"**

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Frank Zappa (guitar)  
Tony Duran (slide guitar)  
George Duke (tack piano)  
Sal Marquez (trumpet, vocals)  
Chris Peterson (vocals)  
Joel Peskin (tenor saxophone)  
Mike Altschul (baritone saxophone, piccolo)  
Erroneous (electric bass)  
Aynsley Dunbar (drums)

Your mouth is your religion.  
You put your faith in a hole like that?  
You put your trust and your belief  
Above your jaw, and no relief  
Have I found.

I heard your story when you come home  
You said you went to see your sister last night.  
Well, you might loose a bunch of teeth  
And find a funeral wreath  
While you'll be laying in the ground  
All alone

So tell me where are you coming from  
With all them lines  
As you stumble in at the breakin' of the day.  
Where are you coming from, my shot-gun say  
Because he just might want to blow you away  
'cause he just might want to blow you away

An evil woman, can make ya cry  
If you believe her every time she lies  
Well you can be a big fool  
If she makes you loose your cool, and so  
I've got me some advice you should try

Just let her talk a little  
Just let her talk a little more  
Just... let her talk a little more  
And when she runs out of words  
Just say the same thing that I told you before...

Tell me where are you coming from  
With all them lines  
As you stumble in at the breakin' of the day.  
Where are you coming from, my shot-gun say  
Because he just might want to blow you away 'cause he  
just might want to blow you away

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