

Frank Zappa "Broken Hearts Are For Assholes"

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Frank zappa (lead guitar, vocals)
Adrian belew (rhythm guitar, vocals)
Tommy mars (keyboards, vocals)
Peter wolf (keyboards)
Patrick o'hearn (bass, vocals)
Terry bozzio (drums, vocals)
Ed mann (percussion, vocals)
Napoleon murphy brock (background vocals)
Andre lewis (background vocals)
Randy thornton (background vocals)
Davey moire (background vocals)

Hey! do you know what you are?
You're an asshole! an asshole!

Some of you might not agree
'cause you probably likes a lot of misery
But think a while and you will see...
Broken hearts are for assholes
Broken hearts are for assholes
Are you an asshole?
Broken hearts are for assholes
Are you an asshole too?
Whatcha gonna do, 'cause you're an asshole...

Maybe you think you're a lonely guy
Maybe you think you're too tough to cry
So you went to the grape,
Just to give it a try
And dagmar
Without a doubt, the ugliest sonofabitch I ever saw in
my life
Was his name...
One two three four!
The whiskers sticking out from underneath of his
Pancake make-up
And yet he was a beautiful lady
Nearly drove you insane
Let's talk about leather: leatherrrrrr
And so you kissed a little sailor
Tex abel, starring in the latest shepperton production:
Who had just blew in from spain

Sir richard pump-a-loaf
You sniffed the reeking buns of angel
The story of a demented bread-boffer
And acted like it was cocaine
Cucumber pud annexed to a fine whole-wheat loaf
You were dazzled by the exciting new costume of ko-ko
Then on tuesday night, ceasar's back in town
In a way you can't explain
Facing off in a no-holds-barred tag team grudge match
With kona.

And so you worked the wall with michael
Three-hundred-seventy-nine pounds of samoan
dynamite
Which gave your back an awful strain
Volcanic hell
But you came back on sunday for the gong show
Next thursday, teen town's finest...
But you forgot what I was sayin'
'cause you're an asshole, you're an asshole
That's right
You're an asshole, you're an asshole
Yes, yes
You're an asshole, you're an asshole
That's right
You're an asshole, you're an asshole

Now you been to the grape 'n' you been to the chest
'n' now I think you know what you are: you're an asshole

You say you can't live with what you been through
Well, ladies you can be an asshole too
You might pretend you ain't got one on the bottom of
you,
But don't fool yerself girl
It's lookin' at you
Don't fool yerself girl
It's winkin' at you
Don't fool yerself girl
It's blinkin' at you
That's why I say
I'm gonna ram it, ram it, ram it
Ram it up yer poop chute
Corn hole
Ram it, ram it, ram it
Ram it up yer poop chute
Fist fuck
Ram it, ram it, ram it
Ram it up yer poop chute
Wrist-watch; crisco
Ram it, ram it, ram it

Ram it up yer poop chute
Pud!

Don't fool yerself, girl
It's goin' right up yer poop chute
Don't fool yerself, girl
It's goin' right up yer poop chute
(etc., repeats)

Aw, I knew you'd be surprised...

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