

## Frank Zappa "Dental Hygiene Dilemma"

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Bad Conscience: Han min noon toon han toon han  
Good Conscience: No, Jeff!  
Bad Conscience: Han toon ran toon ran toon fran min  
han toon ran toon nan toon fram  
Good Conscience: No no no!  
Jeff: Man! This stuff is great! It's just as if Donovan  
himself had appeared on my very own TV with words of  
peace, love, and eternal cosmic wisdom . . . ! Leading  
me. Guiding me. On paths of everlasting pseudo-  
karmic negligence, in the very midst of my drug-  
induced nocturnal emission.  
Good Conscience: Oh, I am your good conscience, Jeff.  
I know all. I see all. I am a cosmic love pulse matrix,  
become a technicolor interpositive!  
Jeff: Okay . . . Where'd you buy that incense? It's hip.  
Good Conscience: It's the same and mysterious exotic  
oriental fragrance as what the Beatles get off on.  
Jeff: I thought I recognized it . . . Sniff, sniff . . . Mmm,  
what is that, MUSK? Sniff, sniff, sniff . . . mmmh!  
Good Conscience: Jeff, I know what's good for you.  
Jeff: Right. You're heavy.  
Good Conscience: Yes, Jeff, I am your guiding light.  
Listen to me. Don't rip off the towels, Jeff!  
Bad Conscience: Piss off, you little nitwit!  
Jeff: Hey man, what's the deal?  
Good Conscience: Don't listen to him, Jeff, he's no  
good. He'll make you do BAD THINGS!  
Jeff: You mean, he'll make me sin?  
Good Conscience: Yes, Jeff. SIN!  
Jeff: Wow!  
Bad Conscience: Jeff, I'd like to have a word with you . .  
. about your soul.  
Good Conscience: No, don't listen, Jeff.  
Bad Conscience: Why are you wasting your life, night  
after night playing this comedy music?  
Jeff: You're right, I'm too heavy to be in this group.  
Good Conscience: Comedy music . . .  
Bad Conscience: Jeff, YOUR SOUL!

Oh . . .  
He's  
Too heavy to

Be . . .

Jeff: In this group, all I ever get to do is play Zappa's comedy music. HE EATS!

Good Conscience: Jeff!

Jeff: I get so tense!

Bad Conscience: Of course you do, my boy.

Jeff: The stuff he makes me do is always off the wall!

Bad Conscience: That's why it would be best to leave his stern employ.

Jeff: And quit the group!

Bad Conscience: You'll make it big!

Jeff: That's right.

Bad Conscience: Of course!

Jeff: And then I won't be SMALL!

Ha ha ha ha ha!

Ha ha ha!

Ti-diddly-diddly-dee

Ha, ha, ha . . .

He-he-he-he-heh!

Jeff: Cough, cough. Ahmet Ertegun used this towel as a bathmat six weeks ago at a rancid motel in Orlando, Florida, with the highest MILDEW rating of any commercial lodging facility within the territorial limits of the United States, naturally excluding tropical possessions . . . It's still damp. What an aroma! This is the best I ever got off! What can I say about this elixir? Try it on steaks! Cleans nylons! Small craft warnings! It's made for the home! The office! On fruits!

Bad Conscience: This is the real you, Jeff. Rip off a few more ashtrays. Get rid of some of that inner tension.

Quit the comedy group! Get your own group together.

Heavy! Like GRAND FUNK! Or BLACK SABBATH . . .

Good Conscience: No, Jeff . . .

Jeff: Like COVEN!

Good Conscience: Peace . . . Love . . .

Bad Conscience: Bollocks!

Jeff: What can I say about this elixir?

Mark: Jeff has gone out there on that stuff!

Bad Conscience: He should have never have used the elixir and only stuck to the incense. Oh, Atlantis . . .

Mark: That was BILLY THE MOUNTAIN, dressed up like Donovan, fading out on the wall-mounted TV screen.

Jeff IS flipping out. Road fatigue! We've got to get him back to normal before Zappa finds out, and steals it, and makes him do it in the movie!

Bad Conscience: You have a brilliant career ahead of you, my boy, just GET OUT OF THIS GROUP!

Mark: Howard, that was Studebacher Hoch, dressed up like Jim Pons, giving career guidance to the bass player of a rock-oriented comedy group. Jeff's imagination has gone beyond the fringe of audience comprehension. Jeff, Jeff, it's me, the Phlorescent Leech!

Howard: Jeff, Jeff, it's me, Eddie!

WOWWWW!

WHAT CAN I SAY ABOUT THIS ELIXIR!

Mark: (right channel) Put it on your steaks, uh, send it overseas, [...] ground, and put it on you surfboard so you won't slip off. Try it on your [Jim Bean Boy], and on the, the red balloons, you can blow up all balloons with it. Put it on your . . . heh . . . on . . . on your pizza. Put it on your shoes, tie your mic with it, and fill up your tires with it.

Howard: (center) Use it to clean your swimming pool, sell it to your mother and tell her it's a Rit tie-dye kit, you won't even believe what'll happen when you starch your shirt with it, ironing goes easier and your car windows never looked better in your whole life. Ladies and gentlemen, you can inhale it, and it makes your voice three keys higher, and you can't even stand what happens when you put it on your hair, as hair tonic. Heh, heh. And if you ever tried it as a . . .

Jim Pons: (left channel) Soak your shirts in it, soak your teeth in it. Let it play the piano. Follow it around the block. Wear it instead of jeans. Bathe your puppies with it. Feed it to your ducks. Use it instead of chlorine in your swimming pool. Breathe it. Love it.

What?

WOWWWWWW!

What can I?

WOWWWWWW!

What?

What can I say about this?

WOWWWWWW!

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