

## Frank Zappa "Drop Dead"

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Frank zappa (guitar, synclavier)  
Steve vai (guitar)  
Ray white (guitar, vocals)  
Tommy mars (keyboards)  
Chuck wild (piano)  
Arthur barrow (bass)  
Scott thunes (bass)  
Jay anderson (string bass)  
Ed mann (percussion)  
Chad wackerman (drums)  
Ike willis (vocals)  
Terry bozzio (vocals)  
Dale bozzio (vocals)  
Napoleon murphy brock (vocals)  
Bob harris (vocals)  
Johnny "guitar" watson (vocals)

Harry:

Jesus, that was terrific! I've never experienced anything quite like that in a theater before! how 'bout you, rhonda?

Rhonda:

You're a worm, harry. drop dead. god, you're disgusting! don't touch me! yuck! what is this scum on your chest? did that little rubber mammy 'do something' on you?

Thing-fish: (alarmed)

Ob'dewlla! you lil' vagrant! what you been up to wit de chump over deahh? lemme see yo' draw's! uh-huhhhh! jes' couldn't hep y'seff, could ya! pheww! you best be washin' dat thang off, dahlin'!  
Ws we's sposed ta be un-destructable, but what you got ripenin' down dere be puttin' us all to de test! yow!

The evil prince tap-dances over to thing-fish, harry & rhonda.

Evil prince: (fake broadway singing)

Pers'nally, dahlin', I found de pre-formnence wit de brief-case to be un-creedably stim-u-lat-nin'!

Rhonda:

Eat shit, you overbearing male chauvinist member of the scientific community!

Thing-fish:

What a sweet lil' hunk o' heaven she growed up t'be! when she were deflateable, she dint say nothin'...jes kept her face open like dis... waitin' fo de salami dat never 'rived! now she fuckin' d Efcase, dumpin' de paper all over de flo', hair up in a ugly ol' bun, fountain pen danglin' out her asshole, an' talkin' dirty to a member o' de royal fam'ly!

Girl! dis cocksucker might be evil, but he am a prince! now he be talkin' de vernak-luh, i's findin' it consid'rubby mo' cornvenient to in- demnify wit his 'point-o-view!

Evil prince:

Sho' nuff! um-hmm! yeah! you a wise ol' mammy! where you fum, 'rijnlyy?

Thing-fish:

Why...uh...saint loomis!

Evil prince:

Goddam! I knew it! I knew it! I could jes' make it out from yo' renunciation! sho' get hot down deahh in de summer time!

Thing-fish:

Dat no lie...people be croakin' all over de fuckin' place! I sees y'all like dat sort o' thang...jedgin' fum yo' wa'd-robe, y'all be well into death 'n pestilence 'n shit! prob'ly got yo-seff qu Ome 'spensive educashnin' goin' fo ya!

Evil prince:

Oh yeah! oh yeah! heh-heh! saint loomis! damn! some de zomby-folk up de lab-mo-tory got kin deah!

Thing-fish:

Naw! really? cain't be!

Evil prince:

Oh hell yeah! de ugly dead muthafucker on de string deahh...he related to a buncha other ugly dead muthafuckers fum de east side...'n de curly-headed sho't lil' ugly dead muthafucker wit de dead

Been fuckin' de police commissioner!

Thing-fish:

How you know so much 'bout what gwine on down deahh, you evil cocksucker! y'all been stayin' quite well un-formed fum bein' in de lab-mo-tory most yo' time!

Evil prince:

Jes' might distress yo ass to loin dat on de way home fum de san quantim 'tater mashin' 'speri- ment, me 'n de country westin muzishnins' drop by de college to receive an honorary degree!

Thing-fish:

You lyin', boy! dey givin' degrees in 'tater husbandry' back de ol' alma-motta!

Evil prince:

Dat all dey givin' any mo'! muthafuckin' 'tater husbandry' be de wave o' de futchum in saint loomis! graduatin' class were over 700, 'n evvy one of 'em dealin' wit dem 'taters like de shrimp-mur S down at benny-hanny's!

Thing-fish: (looking down at ob'dewlla)

What? huh? you wanna what? ob'dewlla, de prince jes' be shootin' de home-town shit heahh! he ain't gwine give us no mo' provlem! what you mean, girl? okay, okay! go 'head 'n fuck de lil' crab-gr Aby wit de enormous white pompadour! go on deah. git down wit yo' nasty lil' ol' degenerate seff!

Thing-fish puts the crab-grass baby on the floor and positions ob'dewlla over it. he places his foot on ob'dewlla's back and pumps both of them up and down. as the computer- speech drones on, th lsh watches the spectacle, commenting...

Thing-fish: (contd.)

Twist 'n shout! work it on out ('n in)! hmmm! get down! go on! give him a little shoe! dat's what denny be doin'...work on jumbo evvy time! go on! get de lil' pompadour up in de air again! I lik Part! hmmm! jes' like de olympics!

Harry:

It's-it's fascinating the way things are resolving themselves around here! i-i never would have suspected anything like this when we came in!

Rhonda:

Where are your real clothes, Harry? are you going back to Long Island like that?

Harry:

I have nothing to be ashamed of! I have a lovely body. everyone will understand! I've-I've accomplished something tonight! I really believe that! I've found a sort of fulfillment other men only  
M about!

Rhonda: (naked, re-stuffing the briefcase)

You've accomplished nothing! nothing at all! you're a mere worm...less than that...you're a useless all-american 'man-worm'! the most disgusting creature on the face of the earth. phooey on you!  
S like you would be nothing without me and my kind! we are the future, Harry! not you! we don't need you and your kind, because our kind is the best kind!

Man-kind is shit, Harry! our kind will get rid of your kind, just like wiping off this fountain pen, Harry! smell it quick, you submissive little cocksucker, 'cause I'm wiping it off... any minute  
W!

This is symbolism, Harry! really deep, intense, thought-provoking Broadway symbolism! this isn't 'dream girls', Harry! this is the way it really is...I'm talking to you, Harry! we hate you! we are  
Damn, Harry! you are not 'modern'! worms are not modern!

While you became lawyers and accountants, and read Playboy and bought a pipe, we planned and dreamed and fucked our briefcases while you weren't looking! yes, Harry! that's right! and we've actually  
Been able to reproduce ourselves that way...for years, Harry, but you never knew! did you? you worm.

We had special atomic glasses made...by women optometrists who promised never to tell!

We learned how to hide secret stuff, wrapped up in the middle of those severe terminal buns we wear! little transmitters, Harry! little receivers! oh...don't pretend to be surprised, Harry! we even  
A room left over in there for all of our most favorite little embroidered delicate secretly feminine child-like helpless pathetic sentimental totally useless personal 'girl-things' that smell like  
The stuff they put in the toilet paper. you played golf!

you watched football! you drank beer! we evolved! we  
only look like wandas and rhondas! we are superb,  
harry! we are sublime! we are perfe  
Every way! and you? what are you? you are the all-  
american cocksucker...jizzing all over your leather  
cocksucker costume after beating the snot out of  
yourself with a rubber mammy!

I simply can't respect you, harry! you are no good. go  
ahead! smell the pen! go on...i'm wip- ing it  
harry...there you go...

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