

Frank Zappa "Dummy Up"

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(Zappa/Simmons/Brock)

Napoleon:

Sunrise

Get up in the mornin'

You know, I think it's mornin'

Sun is shinin' bright

I'm gonna get outside

Gonna wash my face

Grab my hat

Put it on my head

I take a walk downtown

Yeah-hey . . .

Because I feel so-oh good

I think I'm gonna take a walk downtown

Hey! Sunlight!

Wo!

Somethin' I never seen before

Been a-walkin' down the street every day

Nobody like you ever passed my way

Maybe there must be too much sun

Couldn't be my hat, must be too much . . .

Wait a minute!

What's that you . . . ?

What's that?

What . . . ?

What's that?

What . . . ?

What's that?

What . . . ?

FZ:

Dummy Up

Napoleon:

What is that?

I know what that is, I know what that is . . .

I bet you that's a restaurant menu . . .

Let me see!

Let me see!

Jeff: Not only do you get the Desenex burger . . . not

only the Desenex burger . . . but you are in for a real treat, Jim

Napoleon: Wait a minute, I think I like that dance better than this . . . What are you talkin' about, creep?

Jeff: What I'm talkin' about is you've been in this killer fog down here too long

Napoleon: What?

Jeff: You need somethin' to get up and go to school with

Napoleon: Wait a minute, you're not talkin' to an old fool now, you know, I wasn't born yesterday!

FZ: (Heh heh heh!)

Napoleon: Wait a minute . . . I think I'll take . . .

Jeff: I like that little dance you were doin' down there . . .

.

FZ: Jeff Simmons tries to corrupt Napoleon Murphy Brock by showing him a lewd dance and suggesting that he'd smoke a high-school diploma . . .

Napoleon: Hey! What you . . . what you . . . ? Wait a minute!

Jeff: Hey this, this stuff . . .

Napoleon: I've never seen one of these before . . . that's not a menu?

Jeff: This stuff is expensive

Napoleon: What is that?

Jeff: You shoot it, you'll conserve all winter

Napoleon: I do what?

Jeff: It last longer

FZ: Not only do you get the Desenex burger

Napoleon: No . . . no . . .

Jeff: Now come on, try it

Napoleon: No, no, no

Jeff: It's really good

Napoleon: No . . . Smoke THAT?!

Jeff: Have I ever lied to you? Have I ever seen you before?

Napoleon: I don't, I don't even know you!

Jeff: Look . . .

Napoleon: I don't even know what that is!

Jeff: Just bef . . .

Napoleon: And you're tellin' me to smoke it?!

Jeff: Just before, we smoked the tapes that you made

Napoleon: Smoked the tapes?

Jeff: Smoked the tapes of your group

Napoleon: I think I'd rather dance

Jeff: You can really get off! Let's try a joint of this

Napoleon: A WHAT?!

Jeff: A joint!

Napoleon: You mean this kinda joint?

Jeff: No, man! Where you been in livin'? Reseda?

Napoleon: No, San Jose

FZ: The evil dope pusher is cutting up a white gym sock, formerly owned by Carl Zappa and still damp. The shredded sock will be placed inside of a high-school diploma And ignited with a sulphur preparation .

..

Napoleon: Wait a minute . . .

FZ: His first taste of big city life

Napoleon: That's okay, wait a minute . . . wait . . .

(DUMMY UP . . .)

Jeff: Hey! The roach of this is really gonna be good, so I'll save it . . .

FZ: Have mercy!

George: Awright . . . awright . . .

Napoleon:

What d'you do with that thing?

What do you do with that thing that you have?

Wait a minute

Wait a minute

Wait a minute

What do you do

With that thing?

I wanna know

Napoleon: Wait a minute

FZ: Now the next step of this operation

Napoleon: Wait a minute!

FZ: The evil corrupter of youth is going to take him from Step One, which is a mere high-school diploma stuffed with a gym sock, to Step Two, which is a college-degree stuffed with absolutely nothing at all. Smoke that and it'll really get you out there!

Napoleon:

I still don't feel as good as I felt this mornin' . . . yeah yeah . . .

FZ: You'll grow out of it . . .

Jeff:

DUMMY UP!

Napoleon:

I heard it again, somebody said . . .

Jeff: You see this?

Napoleon:

What d'you mean? College!

FZ: College!

Jeff:
That's college-rhythm

Napoleon:
You mean if I smoke that
It's the same as if . . .
As if I was at college?
Roll it over up!
Roll it over up!
Roll it over up!
Gimme a . . .

FZ: No no, the college-degree is stuffed with absolutely
nothing at all, you get . . . you get nothing with your
college-degree . . .

Napoleon:
Oh . . .
But that's what I want

FZ: . . . I forgot, I'm sorry

Napoleon:
Well,
You get nothin',
But that's what I want

FZ: A true Zen saying: Nothing is what I want . . . The
results of a higher education!

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