

Frank Zappa "Fembot In A Wet T-shirt"

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Act I

SCENE FIVE

THE WET T-SHIRT CONTEST

After a few weeks on the bus, being porked by Toad-O's road crew, and being too exhausted to do their laundry on a regular basis, MARY is dumped in Miami.

With no money (and no other famous rock groups due into the area for at least three weeks), she tries to pick up a few bucks

by entering the Wet T-Shirt contest at The Brasserie...

IKE:

Looks to me like something funny

Is going on around here

People laughin' 'n' dancin' 'n' payin'

Entirely too much for their beer

And they all think they are

Clean outa-site

And they're ready to party

"Cause the sign outside says it's WET T-SHIRT NITE

'N' they all crave some Hot delight

Well the girls are excited

Because in a minute

They're gonna get wet

'N' the boys are delighted

Because all the titties

Will get 'em upset

'N' they all think they are Reety-awright

'N' they're ready to boogie

'Cause the sign outside says it's WET T-SHIRT NITE

'N' they all crave some Pink delight

When the water gets on'em

Their ninnies get rigid

'N' look pretty bold

It's a common reaction

That makes an attraction

Whenever it's cold

'N'all of the fellas

They wish they could bite

On the cute little nuggets
The local girls are showin' off tonite
You know I think it serves 'em right
You know I think it serves 'em right
You know I think it serves 'em right
You know I think it serves 'em right
And it's WET T-SHIRT TIME AGAIN
I know you want someone to show you some tit!
BIG ONES! WET ONES! BIG WET ONES!

At this point, FATHER RILEY (who had been recently defrocked for not meeting his quota, and has grown his hair out and bought a groovy sport coat and moved to Miami and changed his name to BUDDY JONES) steps onto the crowded bandstand in his exciting new role as a WET T-SHIRT CONTEST EMCEE...
BUDDY JONES:
Ah, thanks, IKE...
Yes, it's WET T-SHIRT TIME AGAIN
Here at The Brasserie... Home of THE TITS... huh huh...
And it's the charming Mary from Canoga Park
Up next in her bid for the semi-finals...
Hi, Mary...howya doin?

Having been fucked senseless by the boys in the crew, MARY does not recognize the former religious personage from her nights in the rectory basement during which she acquired her basic manual skills...
confounded by his sport coat, she replies...
MARY: Hi!

Realizing that she no longer recognizes him... or even appreciates the patient religious training he had given her in the past, BUDDY JONES, like a true WET T-SHIRT EMCEE type person, proceeds to say various stupid things to waste time, making the contest itself take longer, thereby giving the mongoloids squatting on the dance floor an opportunity to buy more exciting beverages. . . liquid products that will expand their consciousnesses to the point whereby they might more fully enjoy the ambiance

of Miami By Night...

BUDDY JONES:

Where ya from?

MARY:

Ah, the bus...

BUDDY JONES:

Which one?

MARY:

You know...the last tour...

You know...

Leather

BUDDY JONES:

Oh.. you were the girl that was stuck to seat 38 on
Phydeaux III...

why don't you get in position now and take a deep
breath, because

this water is very, very cold, but it's goin' to be so
stimulating. And

Mary's the kind of Red-Blooded American Girl who'll do
anything...

MARY:

Anything...

BUDDY JONES:

I said anything... for fifty bucks

That's right!

MARY:

I really need the fifty bucks you know I gotta get home!

BUDDY JONES:

Yeh, I know, your father is waiting for you in the tool
shed... that's right, you

heard right... our big prize tonite is fifty American
Dollars to the girl with

the most exciting mammalian protruberances...

MARY: Here I am!

BUDDY JONES: ...

as viewed through a thoroughly soaked, stupid looking
white sort of male

person's conservative kind of middle-of-the-road

COTTON UNDER-GARMENT!

Whoopee! And here comes THE WATER!

MARY:

EEEEK!

BUDDY JONES:

No, you'd squeak more if the water got on you

...sounds like you just got an

ice pick in the forehead... AND HERE COMES THE ICE

PICK IN THE FOREHEAD...

a million laughs, Mary! Anyway

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