

Frank Zappa "Galoot Up-date"

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[Basic track:

Berkeley Community Theater

December 5, 1980

and Santa Monica Civic Auditorium

December 11, 1980

FZ lead guitar & vocals

Ike Willis rhythm guitar & vocals

Ray White rhythm guitar & vocals

Steve Vai rhythm guitar & vocals

Tommy Mars keyboards & vocals

Bob Harris keyboards, trumpet & high vocals

Arthur Barrow bass & vocals

+

Chad Wackerman drums]

Ensemble:

(singing)

GALOOT

CO-LOG-NUH!

Thing-Fish:

GALOOT, GALOOT,

GALOOT, GALOOT,

GALOOT, GALOOT,

De KILLER CO-LOG-NUH!

Ensemble:

GALOOT

CO-LOG-NUH!

Thing-Fish:

GALOOT, GALOOT,

GALOOT, GALOOT,

GALOOT, GALOOT,

De KILLER CO-LOG-NUH, Thass right!

De KILLER CO-LOG-NUH, Thass right!

Well, de gubnint dint fine out rights away 'bout . . .

Ensemble:

De 'MAMMY NUNS'

Thing-Fish:

Dat's right!

Ensemble:

De 'MAMMY NUNS'

Thing-Fish:

Well, dey's too damn excited 'bout de sissies dey was knockin' off, 'n workin' up an uncreedable variety of theoretical scenarios, to explain away how come de fagnits all be croakin' at de same time in-

Ensemble:

NOVEMBER!

Thing-Fish:

De month o' NOVEMBUH, reekin' of tainted CO-LOG-NUM! Dey booked in de heavy pseudo re-LIJ-mus talent to pronunciate de doc-TRINE of BIBLICAL RETRIBUTIUM!

Ensemble:

Moving the project forward!

Thing-Fish:

Figgin' dat to be . . .

Ensemble:

Da-da-dee-dahh!

Thing-Fish:

A sho-fi' explumation, suitable fo'
Domestical . . .

Ensemble:

Assuagement!

Thing-Fish:

Natchilly, a substantial number o' severely ignint white folks went fo' it, hook, line, 'n shrinker!

By dat time, de 'MAMMY NUNS' had already sprouted dem 'tato heads, 'n was in de process of growin' out dey nakkins . . .

Also, by a peculiar corinsidence, we's all up fo' PAROLE at de SAME TIME! Thass right! You figgit out!

Once we's out DE JOINT, we faced a hard time in de depressium . . . couldn't get no 'sembly line woik, 'n since de nakkins we's wearin' atch'ly be GROWIN' outs our bodies, we was labelled as 'over-qualified' fo' janitorical deployment!

Onliest good thang 'bout bein' a 'MAMMY NUN' is we be mo-less UN-destructable! Whatever dey done whiffed up befo' don't do SHIT to us now! Fact, we jes mights be de onliest thangs left walkin' in de U.S.A., now de MYS'TRY RE-ZEASE gone outa control!

Ensemble:

Just like you!

Thing-Fish:

Just like you! I see some of y'all be FROWNIN' . . . 'cause mebbe y'think what I's tellin' ya' is a LIE! How 'bout it, folks? Whatcha say? Id dat right?

Ensemble:

Yes, it sho' is!

Thing-Fish:

Well, les' jes' have a test . . . how many o' you nice folks think I knows what I's talkin' 'bout? RAISE Y'HAIN UP! Uh-huh!

An' how many thinks my potato been bakin' too long? RAISE YO MIZZABLE HAIN UP! Uh-huh!

Now . . . how many you folks is CONVINCED de gubnint be totally 'UNCONCERNED' wit de proliferatium o' UNDESIRABLE TENANTS in de CONDOMINIUM o' LIFE?

An' how many folks believe THEY number won't come up, next time de breeze blow fum de Easterly directium?

Les' face it, peoples! Ugly as I might be, I AM YO' FUTCHUM!

'Les y'all prefer 'permanent storage' or a condo in ATLANTIS.

Ensemble:

They could really get down there!

Thing-Fish:

Dey could really GET DOWN dere, but, I's de only protexium you got!

Now, durin' de intromissium, de SISTERS be sellin' some MASH POTATOES in de lobby, right over by de-

Ensemble:

PYRAMID!

Thing-Fish:

In de vicinity o' de . . .

Ensemble:

SQUID DECOR!

Thing-Fish:

'Neath de planet o' de big ol' giant . . .

Ensemble:

Underwater door!

Thing-Fish:

A generous good-will offerin' are REQUIRED . . . jes' let yo' conscience be yo' guide . . .

Ensemble:

BLUE LIGHT!

Thing-Fish:

Jes' follow de BLUE LIGHT, down de aisle to de potatoes durin' de intromissium . . .

Ensemble:

Light, light, light, light . . . BLUE
Light, light, light, light . . . BLUE
BLUE LIGHT
BLUE LIGHT

Thing-Fish:

. . . An' while y'all be thinkin' about de blue light, an' y'all be decidin' whether or not yo' immunity gwine hold up 'til de end o' de show, I's 'bout to address myseff to de re-educatament o' dem silly muthafuckers over deahhh.

Ensemble:

You can't even speak your own fucking language!

Thing-Fish:

What on urf do you mean: 'MY LANGUAGE'? I got yo language hangin', boy, 'long wif a two-week supply of IGNINT McNUGGET, de breakfast o' champiums!

Ensemble:

Don't let your meat loaf! Huh-huh-huh!

Thing-Fish:

Huh? Kiss my McNUGGET!

Ensemble:

Your micro-nanette!

Thing-Fish:

Y'all kin kiss my micro-nanette too!

Ensemble:

BLUE . . .

Thing-Fish:

Don't forget de GALOOT!

Ensemble:

CO-LOG-NUHHHHHH!

Thing-Fish:

GALOOT COLOGNUM!

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