

Frank Zappa "In Your Mouth"

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Your mouth is your religion.
You put your faith in a hole like that?
You put your trust and your belief
Above your jaw, and no relief
Have I found.

I heard your story when you come home
You said you went to see your sister last night.
Well, you might lose a bunch of teeth
And find a funeral wreath
While you'll be laying in the ground
All alone

So tell me where are you coming from
With all them lines
As you stumble in at the breakin' of the day.
Where are you coming from, my shot-gun say
Because he just might want to blow you away
'cause he just might want to blow you away

An evil woman, can make ya cry
If you believe her every time she lies
Well you can be a big fool
If she makes you lose your cool, and so
I've got me some advice you should try

Just let her talk a little
Just let her talk a little more
Just... let her talk a little more
And when she runs out of words
Just say the same thing that I told you before...

Tell me where are you coming from
With all them lines
As you stumble in at the breakin' of the day.
Where are you coming from, my shot-gun say
Because he just might want to blow you away
'cause he just might want to blow you away

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