

Frank Zappa**"Madison Panty-Sniffing Festival"**

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FZ: Well it's contest time ladies and gentlemen. Direct from Madison, Wisconsin, it's the Madison Panty-Sniffing Festival, just as promised.

Vinnie: Cough!

FZ: Heavy duty? Maroon nylon heavy duty. Okay . . .

Light blue cotton with tiny

skid That's getting him very excited because it appears that the bottom

parts of those pants are welded together. Okay let's try this, alice blue nylon

. . .

Vinnie: These smell like the same ones I had last night.

FZ: For those of you who didn't hear he says those smell like the same ones he

had last night. Did you like them? You don't like those?

Vinnie: Maybe they are, maybe she's following us around.

FZ: Black Nylon!

Vinnie: Oooooohhhh please!

FZ: Black Nylon, re . . . e-hem, registering a 19 on the Richter scale.

Vinnie: Oh, God . . . gotta keep on . . . hah hah, it's f**kin' disgusting!

FZ: These are very light blue and apparently have come in contact with some corrosive material that has eaten the bottom out of it.

Vinnie: China syndrome.

FZ: What?

Vinnie: China Syndrome!

FZ: Yeah, ha ha ha ha ha! Awright, rustic hokey pokey, model number thirteen.

Vinnie: Oorhh, nehh. (hack, hack)

FZ: Blue with the little embroidered things on the front.

Vinnie: This smells like armpits. Ugh . . .

FZ: Okay who wins? Those belong to Chuck Eldridge.

Ike: Hi.

FZ: Sorry.

