

## Frank Zappa "Mudd Club"

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Frank zappa (guitar, synclavier)  
Steve vai (guitar)  
Ray white (guitar, vocals)  
Tommy mars (keyboards)  
Chuck wild (piano)  
Arthur barrow (bass)  
Scott thunes (bass)  
Jay anderson (string bass)  
Ed mann (percussion)  
Chad wackerman (drums)  
Ike willis (vocals)  
Terry bozzio (vocals)  
Dale bozzio (vocals)  
Napoleon murphy brock (vocals)  
Bob harris (vocals)  
Johnny "guitar" watson (vocals)

Sister owl-gonkwin-jane cow-hoon:  
And here we are, at the mudd club, y'all! I hope you  
enjoy yourself, 'cause the show's about to begin!

Ensemble:  
Hey, they're really dancin', (they're on auto-destruct)  
on the floor on the pipe bouncin' off-a the wall

Hey, the people here are really tearin' it up on the side  
in the back by the front of the stage

They ain't really crazy (you can take it from me) I  
should know, 'cause I go every time I'm in town

If you never tried it, lemme straighten you out: it's the  
best kinda place to un-fasten yerself!

Ensemble: (contd.)  
Mudd club!

Thing-fish:  
All the way downtown!

Ensemble:  
Mudd club!

Thing-fish:  
They ain't messin' around!

Ensemble:  
Mudd club!

Thing-fish:  
Just turn to the left 'n look around, because it's there  
somewhere! if you ain't found it, better hurry up! the  
folks down there's on auto-destruct, and so can you be,  
too! (de fact o' de matter  
S made for you!)

Try it on a saturday 'bout four o'clock in the mornin', or  
even a monday, at midnight, when there's just a few of  
them severely ignint white folks doin' the peppermint  
twist (for real)

In a black sack dress, (with nine-inch heels), and then a  
guy with a blue mohawk come in, in serious leather...

(and all the rest of whom for which to when-so-never of  
partially indeterminate biochemical degradation seek  
'the path' to the sudsy yellow nozzle of their foaming  
nocturnal parametric-digital w  
Wheat/inter-faith geo-thermal terpsichorean  
ejectamenta)

In serious leather! in serious chains!

'n den dey works de wall! dey works de floor! dey  
works de pipe! 'n dey works de wall some more!

In serious leather! serious chains! serious clothing!

From when they come downtown from the ruins of  
studio '54 to twist 'n frugg, in an arrogant gesture to  
the best of what de 20th century have to offer,  
including a generous supply of 'ignint mcnu  
!

Quentin robert de nameland down there right now, with  
a whole face-full of 'ignint mcnutget', looking for a  
virgin with nice breath!

Sister jasmina noxema-tapioca & sister potato-head  
bobby brown: (two-part harmony)  
Why, maybe it's you!

Thing-fish:

And you don't even know it!

Ensemble:

Hey, they're really dancin',

Thing-fish:

Dey really dancin'...

Ensemble:

They're on auto-destruct! on the floor on the pipe  
bouncin' off-a the wall!

Thing-fish:

Right offa dat wall, too!

Ensemble:

Hey, the people here are really tearin' it up

Thing-fish:

Dey tearin' it off!

Ensemble:

On the side in the back by the front of the stage

Thing-fish:

Took de boy's mohawk off!

Ensemble:

They ain't really crazy (you can take it from me)

Thing-fish:

Uh-oh! I smells trubba!

Ensemble:

I should know, 'cause I go every time I'm in town

Thing-fish:

Christians comin' up!

Ensemble:

If you never tried it, lemme straighten you out:

Thing-fish:

Lemme straighten you out, now...

Ensemble:

It's the best kinda place to un-fasten yerself, while you

Thing-fish:

Get off dat wall now, boy!

Ensemble:  
Work the wall!

Thing-fish:  
Dey workin' de wall!

Ensemble:  
Work the floor!

Thing-fish:  
Dey not only woikin' it, dey turnin' de damn thing!

Ensemble:  
Work the pipe!

Thing-fish:  
De pipe?

Ensemble:  
(in serious pain)

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