

Frank Zappa "Nanook Rubs It"

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Well right about that time, people,
A fur trapper
Who was strictly from commercial
(Strictly Commershil)
Had the unmedicated audacity to jump up from behind
my igyaloo
(Peek-a-Boo Woo-ooo-ooo)
And he started in to whippin' on my fav'rite baby seal
With a lead-filled snow shoe . . .
I said:
With a lead
LEAD
Filled
LEAD-FILLED
A lead-filled snow shoe
SNOW SHOE
He said Peak-a-boo
PEEK-A-BOO
With a lead
LEAD
Filled
LEAD-FILLED
With a lead-filled snow shoe
SNOW SHOE
He said Peak-a-boo.
PEEK-A-BOO
He went right up side the head of my favourite baby
seal
He went WHAP!
With a lead-filled snow shoe
An' he hit him on the nose 'n he hit him on fin 'n he . . .
That got me just about as evil
As an Eskimo boy can be . . . so I bent down 'n I reached
down 'n I scooped down
An' I gathered up a generous mitten full of the deadly .
. .
YELLOW SNOW
The deadly Yellow Snow from right there where the
huskies go
Whereupon I proceeded to take that mitten full
Of the deadly Yellow Snow Crystals
And rub it all into his beady little eyes

With a vigorous circular motion
Hitherto unknown to the people on this area,
But destined to take the place of THE MUD SHARK
In your mythology
Here it goes now . . .
THE CIRCULAR MOTION . . . (rub it) . . .
(Here Fido . . . Here Fido)
And then, in a fit of anger, I . . .
I pounced
And I pounced again
GREAT GOOGLY-MOOGLY

I jumped up 'n down the chest of the . . .
I injured the fur trapper
Well, he was very upset, as you can understand
And rightly so
Because
The deadly Yellow Snow Crystals
Had deprived him of his sight
And he stood up
And he looked around
And he said:
I CAN'T SEE
(DO . . . DO DO-DO DO DO DO . . . YEAH!)
I CAN'T SEE
(DO . . . DO DO-DO DO DO DO . . . YEAH!)
OH WOE IS ME
(DO . . . DO DO-DO DO DO DO . . . YEAH!)
I CAN'T SEE
(DO . . . DO DO-DO DO DO DO . . . WELL!)
NO NO
I CAN'T SEE
NO . . . I . . .
He took a dog-doo sno-cone
An' stuffed it in my right eye
He took a dog-doo sno-cone
An' stuffed it in my other eye
An' the huskie wee-wee,
I mean the doggie wee-wee
Has blinded me
An' I can't see
Temporarily
Well the fur trapper
Stood there
With his arms outstretched
Across the frozen white wasteland
Trying to figure out what he's gonna do
About his deflicted eyes
And it was at that precise moment that he remembered
An ancient Eskimo legend
Wherein it is written

On whatever it is that they write it on up there
That if anything bad ever happens to your eyes
As a result of some sort of conflict
With anyone named Nanook
The only way you can get it fixed up
Is to go trudging' across the tundra . . .
Mile after mile
Trudging' across the tundra . . .
Right down to the parish of Saint Alfonzo . . .

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