

Frank Zappa "Prologue"

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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)

Thing-fish:

Once upon a time, musta been 'round october, few
years back, in one o' dose top secret lab-motories de
gubbint keep stashed away underneath virginia, an
evil prince, occasion'ly employed as a p
lme theatrical criticizer set to woikin' on a plot fo de
systematic genocidical remove'lance of all unwanted
highly-rhythmic individj'lls an' sissy-boys!

De cocksucker done whiffed up a secret potium... an'
right 'long wid it, de atrocious idea dat what he been
boilin' up down deahhhh jes' mights be de final
solutium to de white main's 'boidennn'

Yo' acquire my drift...

Well, he were sure he had a good thing goin'... but,
dere was always de possobility dat somethin' might
fuck up, so, he planned to have a little test, jes' to
check it all out befo' he dump't it
E wattuh supply.

Sho'tly denafter, wit high-level gubnint co-robberatium,
he arranged to have a good-will visit to san quentim,
'long wit some country-westin mu- zishnin's, 'n sprinkle

a little bit of it on some
E boys in deahhh (since dey done used a few of 'em
befo' when dey was messin' wit de zyph'liss).

So, heah dey come wit de potium, dump'nit all in de
mash potatoes!

Den dey wen' up to de warden's office fo' some hot
toddy, watchin' a little football while dey's waitin' to see
what gone happen!

Fact o' de matter were: nothin' happened, so dey went
off'n dribbled it in a special shipnint of galoot co-log-
nuh dat went out 'bouts november!

Next thing y'know, fagnits be droppin' off like
flies...'long wit a large number of severely-tanned
individj'ls, pre-zumnably of hay'chen ekstrakment!

But not de boys in de rest home! oh no! mixin' de shit
wit de mash potatoes done smoothed it out a little, so's
it wouldn't kill yo' ass, but, it sho' would make y'ugly! 'n
ef y'was already ugly

D make yo ass mean 'n ugly...'n ef you was already
mean 'n ugly, it'd turn ya into a strange, unknown
kreetchuh, never befo' seen on broadway! ^lthass
right! it'd turn ya' into a 'mammy nun'! hea
E a potato...lips like a duck...big ol' hands, puffin' up!
big ones! science! me-jev'l re-lij-mus costumery all
over yo' body! yow! oh yeah! mmmm-hmmm!

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