

Frank Zappa "T**ties & Beer"

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It was the blackest night
There was no moon in sight
You know the stars ain't shinin'
'Cause the sky's too tight
I heard the scarey wind
I seen some ugly trees
There was a werewolf honkin'
'Long the side of me

I'm mean 'n I'm bad, y'know I ain't no sissy
Got a big-t**ty girly by the name of Chrissy
Talkin' about her 'n my bike 'n me...
'N this ride up the Mountain of Mystery, Mystery

I noticed even the crickets
Was actin' weird up here
And So I figured I might
Just drink a little beer
I said, *"Gimme summa that what yer suckin' on..."
But there was no reply
'Cause she was gone...

*"Where's those t**ties that I like so well
'n my goddamn beer!"*
Is what I started to yell, then I heard this noise
Like a crunchin' twig, 'n up jumped the Devil...he's
about this big...

He had a red suit on
An' a widow's peak
An' then a pointed tail
'N like a sulphur reek
Yes, it was him awright
I swore I knowed it was
He had some human flesh
Stuck underneath his claws
You know it looked to me
Like it was t**ty skin
I said, *"You sonofabitch!"*
'Cause I was mad at him,
Well he just got out his floss
'N started cleanin' his fang

So I shot him with my shooter
Said: BANG BANG BANG

Then the sucker just laughed 'n said, *"Put it away...
You know, I ate her all up...now what you
gonna say?"*
YOU ATE MY CHRISSY? *"t**ties 'n all!"*
WELL, WHAT ABOUT THE BEER THEN, BOY? *"Were the
cans
this tall?"
EVEN HER BOOTS? *"Would I lie to you?"*
S***, YOU MUSTA BEEN HUNGRY! *"Yes, this is true."*
WELL DON'T THEY PAY YOU GOOD FOR THE
STUFF THAT YOU DO?
*"Well, you know, I can't complain when the checks
come through..."*

WELL I WANT MY CHRISSY, 'N I WANT MY BEER
SO YOU JUST BARF IT BACK UP NOW, DEVIL,
DO YOU HEAR?

*"Blow it out your ass, motorcycle man! I mean, I am
the Devil,
Do you understand? Just what will you give me
for your
t**ties and beer? I suppose you noticed this little
contract here..."* YER GODDAM RIGHT, YOU
SON-OF-A-WHORE,
"Don't call me that"
THAT'S ABOUT THE ONLY REASON
...GIMME THAT PAPER...BET YER ASS
I'LL SIGN...
'CAUSE I NEED A BEER, 'N IT'S T**TY-
SQUEEZIN' TIME

*"Man, You can't fool me...you ain't that bad...
I mean you shoulda seen some of the souls I had...
Why there was Milhous Nixon 'n Agnew, too...
'n both
of those suckers was worse 'n you..."*

WELL, LET'S MAKE A DEAL IF YOU THINK
THAT'S TRUE
I MEAN, YOU'RE THE DEVIL, SO WHATCHA
GONNA DO?

(improvised dialog)
"Wait a minute...a tinge of doubt crosses my
mind...when you say...
that you want to make a deal with me..."

"That's very, very true
I'm only interested in two things
"Yeah?"
See if you can guess what they are"

"I would think...uh...let's see, maybe Stravinsky..."

"I'll give you two clues. Let go of your pickle"

"What?"

"Let go of your pickle!"

"I'm not holding my pickle"

"Well, who's holding your pickle then?"

"I don't know...she's out in the audience...
Hey Dale, would you like to come up here and hold
my pickle to satisfy this weird man out on the stage?"

"I'm only interested in two things, and that's
t**ties and beer
you know what I mean?"

"What?"

t**ties and beer
t**ties and beer
t**ties and beer
t**ties and beer
t**ties and beer
t**ties and beer
t**ties and beer!"

t**ties and beer!"

"I don't know if you're the right guy?"

t**ties and beer!"

t**ties and beer!"

*"No! Don't sign it! Give me time to think...
I mean hold on a second boy, 'cause that's magic ink!"

And then the devil let go of his pickle
and out come my girl, there was her t**ties
flop-floppin'...all around the world

She said "I got me three beers and a fistful of downs
and I'm gonna get ripped, so f***, you clowns!"
Then she gave us the finger, it was rigid and stiff
That's when the devil, he farted
and she went right over the cliff!
The devil was mad, I took off to my pad
I swear I do declare, how did she get back there?

I swear I do declare, how did she get back there?
I swear I do declare, how did she get back there?
I swear I do declare, how did she get back there?
I swear I do declare, how did she get back there?

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