

Frank Zappa "The Evil Prince"

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Frank zappa (lead guitar)
Ike willis (guitar, vocals)
Ray white (guitar, lead vocals)
Bobby martin (keyboards, saxophone, vocals)
Alan zavod (keyboards)
Scott thunes (bass)
Chad wackerman (drums)

Well well well, now, dis de nasty sucker dat be
responsible fo de enwhiffment o de origumal potium.
now in his infinite responsible party personage as de
evil prince and through de magik o stage
T of course, wes about to see what gwine on in his
magikal conjurance up of his little cauldrom of doom!
now check it on out now

Somewhere, over there, I can tell,
I guess so
Theres the voice of
A potato-headed whatchamacallit
Whoo, do tell!
Who does not wish me well!
His clothes are quite stupid,
And also his shoes!
Ain't no bussiness like show business
He's got a big ol duck-mouth!
Who knows how he chews!

He thinks he knows something
About the great plan!
How ultimate blandness
Must rule and command

He knows not a drop,
Not a crumb,
Not a whit,
Of the reason for doing
This criminal shit
And then, if he did,
Would it matter a bit?
Not at all!
Because it is writ:

Our beige-blandish god
Tends to certify it:

Only the boring and bland shall survive!
Only the lamest of lameness will thrive!
Take it or leave it, you wont be alive,
If you are overtly creative!

Fairies and faggots and queers are
Creative
All the best music on broadway is
Native

Who will step forward
And end all this trouble?
For beige-blandish citizens,
Clutching the rubble
Of vanishing dreams
Of wimpish amusement,
Replaced by a rash
Of creative confusement!

Soon, my brave zombies,
Youll make your return!
Broadway will glow!
Broadway will burn!
(along with the remnants of
Everything new)
My holy disease will do
Wonders for you!
Those lovely producers
Who paid for you then
Will do it again, and again, and again!

The spying potato
The spying potato
With horrible diction
And terrible diction
Will rot in the garbage
I can smell it right now
When this shows eviction
Takes place shortly after
My alternate skill
Of theatrical sabotage
Triumphs your will!

I've a special review
Yes I know you really do!
I've been saving for years
Yes I know you really have

For a show just like this,
For a really stupid show
With potatoes and queers

I'll say it's disgusting, atrocious, and dull
I'll say it makes boils inside of your skull
I'll say it's the worst -of-the-worst of the year,
No wind down the plain, and it's hard on your ear
I'll say it's the work of an infantile mind
I'll say that it's tasteless, and that you will find
A better excuse to spend money or time
At a tupper-ware party, wee-oo
So, do be a smarty!
Oo-oo-wee-oo
Hold on to that dollar
A little while longer
For spending it here,
Why, it couldnt be wronger!

Whats happened to broadway?
Wheres it gone, all the glitter?
The heart and soul
The patter?
The pitter?

And after this deadly review hits the paper,
In will come roper, bender & raper,
To legally execute all that remains
Of this tragic amusement for drug-addled brains
Drug-addled brains, drug addled brains

(solo)

Hold on to that g-string
A little while longer
For spending it here,
Why, it couldnt be wronger!

Whats happened to broadway?
Wheres it gone, all the glitter?
The heart and soul
The patter?
The pitter?

And after this deadly review hits the paper,
In will come roper, bender & raper,
To legally execute all that remains
Of this tragic amusement for drug-addled brains
Hey hey, hey hey, hey hey, brai-hains . . .

