

Frank Zappa "The Massive Improve'lence"

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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: (to the rubber girl)
Hmmm! dat quite a massive improve'lence, dahlin'!
jes' a few moments ago you was well on yo' way to
bein' severely ugly! now, thoo de magik o' stagekraff,
de blubulence of yo' blobulence done re
Cated to a respectumal reclusium! yow! science!

(to harry & rhonda)
Ef y'all don't minds me sayin' so, I b'lieves it's 'bout
time fo yo pathological miniaturized replicas to fall in
love! after all...dis lil' sucker already been fulla glue,
homo-sectional extru- s
'n army food...nothin' left fo' him to do, 'cept get
caught by dis' lil' stinker over heahhh!

'membuh, we's on broadway! muthafucker be buyin'
dem tickets wants a lil' heart, a lil' soul...'n some titty
too, ef dey can git it, so, les' get y'all in positium heah,
'n get dis silly busines
R wit! y'all's takin' too goddam long to grow up in
ermerica!

Harry-as-a-boy:
I suppose you're right, mr. thing-fish, but you'll have to
admit...this is a rather awkward situation!

Harry:

That's right! stage-craft is one thing, but this is ridiculous! where did that stimulating little replica come from anyway?

Rhonda:

That's a good question, harry! don't let him wiggle out of it! hound him mercifullessly until you receive a suitable answer!

Harry:

Now, just hold yourself in abeyance, rhonda! I'll handle this! look here, 'mr. potato-head', what's the meaning of all this? do you realize what you're asking my replica to do? do you expect him literally fall in love in front of all these people...with that artificial rhonda over there?

Thing-fish:

Do de pope shit in de woods?

Harry:

Now, just hold on there, buddy! let's be serious! the toilet training of exalted religious personalities is not our primary topic of discussion!

Rhonda:

Harry, that's wonderful! the way you're just rearing up on your hind legs like that! that's terrific! so what if you suck a little cock every once in a while! that's terrific!

Thing-fish: (to harry)

Look heahhh, sweetheart, they's somethin' fishy gwine on...all i's wantin' to do is get de romantic in'trust out de way so we can git back to de evil prince, 'n see what de fuck we gone do 'bout
! de way you's givin' me de lip, lead me to infer a subterior motivatium!

Harry: (singing)

I want a nun!
I want a nun!
I want a burro,
In the frosty light!

Thing-fish:

You want a nun? de boy want a nun? what de fuck kinda nun you want?

Harry: (singing)

I can't seem to make up my mind!
Something about mammys
Seems so sublime...
That's the broadway word
Used when they rhyme
A song about love!

Thing-fish:

But, on broadway, it's a new day! ain'tcha hoid? yo'
unrequired desirin's be mo' suited to de zomby-folk up
in de evil prince's lab-mo-to-rium!

Harry: (whimpering)

Don't make fun of me...please! I know I'm not the most
desirable kind of fellow a 'mammy nun' could choose
for intimate companionship...but...but... gosh-darn-it, I'd
try...i'd really try to mak
Happy!

Rhonda:

Harry...you are...a worm...a disgusting worm! you
wormmmmmmm! you are nothing but a
wormmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!

Thing-fish:

Boy obviously got hisseff a provlum! would y'all like to
use my nakkin' one mo' time?

Harry:

Oh, yes! yes! give me...your...how do you say it?
'nay'kin'? oh!

Harry-as-a-boy:

I think this is going too far, mr. thing-fish! I haven't
even had a chance to fall in love, or to grow to maturity
yet! the artificial rhonda is pining away for my
wholesome companionship, just
There! this isn't right! you're letting everything get all
out of sequence!

Thing-fish:

Whoa! I gots yo' 'sequence' hangin', boy! get outs de
way! cain't y'see dat de mizzable cock-sucker you
ultimately gwine become done fell in love wit' a
'mammy nun'! awright, which one idit, swe
Rt?

Harry:

I...i...can't seem to make up my mind...you're all
so...masterful! so sensuous...you're so incredibly
talented!

Rhonda:

...a wor-r-r-r-r-mmmmmmmmm! you are a fucking
wor-r-r-r-r-r-mmmmmmmmm!

Thing-fish:

Makes up yo' mind, dahlin'! we ain't gots all night
heahhh! intromissium be comin' up putty quick! folks
be headin' on out to de lobby fo' dem mash potatoes
we tole 'em 'bout earlier!

Harry-as-a-boy:

I insist on falling in love, right now, this very moment,
and I don't care what you do with him...

Thing-fish:

Go 'head on den...go git yo' deflateable bitch ovuh
deah! judgin' fum all de fuss, you ain't in much better
shape den de large economy size been clutchin' at my
nakkin!

We gots a love song (jes' yo' type), bridgin' de
conceptual gap between what you is, what you think
you is, what we think you is, what you is gonna be, 'n
also what yo' rubberized madonna be s
At remindin' me of!

Sister ob'dewlla 'x', gather de mo' sensitive mammys
together fo' harmonicizatumal purposes, while de
ones with de m.b.a.'s hit de lobby 'n sell some shit, 'fo
de customers over-run yo' ass! me
Le, lil' guy, go get yo' rubber girl 'n esspress yo-seff!

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