

Frank Zappa "Wet T-Shirt Nite"

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Frank zappa (lead guitar, vocals)
Warren cucurullo (rhythm guitar, vocals)
Denny walley (slide guitar, vocals)
Ike willis (lead vocals)
Peter wolf (keyboards)
Tommy mars (keyboards)
Arthur barrow (bass, vocals)
Ed mann (percussion)
Vinnie colaiuta (drums)
Jeff (tenor saxophone)
Marginal chagrin (baritone saxophone)
Stumuk (bass saxophone)
Dale bozzio (vocals)
Al malkin (vocals)
Craig steward (harmonica)

After a few weeks on the bus, being porked by toad-o's road crew, and being too exhausted to do their laundry on a regular basis, mary is dumped in miami. with no money (and no other famous rock Ps due into the area for at least three weeks), she tries to pick up a few bucks by entering the wet t-shirt contest at the brasserie...

Ike:

Looks to me like something funny is going on around here people laughin' 'n' dancin' 'n' payin' entirely too much for their beer and they all think they are clean outa-site and they're ready to 'cause the sign outside says it's wet t-shirt nite 'n' they all crave some hot delight well the girls are excited because in a minute they're gonna get wet 'n' the boys are delighted because al Titties will get 'em upset 'n' they all think they are reety-awright 'n' they're ready to boogie 'cause the sign outside says it's wet t-shirt nite 'n' they all crave some pink delight when the R gets on 'em their ninnies get rigid 'n' look pretty bold it's a common reaction that makes an attraction whenever it's cold 'n' all of the fellas they wish they could bite on the cute little n S the local girls are showin' off tonite you know I think it

serves 'em right you know I think it serves 'em right you know I think it serves 'em right you know I think it serves 'em right and i
Et t-shirt time again I know
You want someone to show you some tit! big ones! wet ones! big wet ones!

At this point, father riley (who had been recently defrocked for not meeting his quota, and has grown his hair out and bought a groovy sport coat and moved to miami and changed his name to budd Es) steps onto the crowded bandstand in his exciting new role as a wet t-shirt contest emcee...

Buddy jones:

Ah, thanks, ike... yes, it's wet t-shirt time again here at the brasserie... home of the tits...huh huh... and it's the charming mary from canoga park up next in her bid for the semi-finals... h
Ry...howya doin'?

Having been fucked senseless by the boys in the crew, mary does not recognize the former religious personage from her nights in the rectory basement during which she acquired her basic manual sk ..confounded by his sport coat, she replies...

Mary:
Hi!

Realizing that she no longer recognizes him...or even appreciates the patient religious training he had given her in the past, buddy jones, like a true wet t-shirt emcee type person, proceeds to
Various stupid things to waste time, making the contest itself take longer, thereby giving the mongoloids squatting on the dance floor an opportunity to buy more exciting beverages...liquid prod
That will expand their consciousnesses to the point whereby they might more fully enjoy the ambiance of miami by night..

Buddy jones:
Where ya from?

Mary:
Ah, the bus...

Buddy jones:
Which one?

Mary:

You know...the last tour... you know...leather

Buddy jones:

Oh...you were the girl stuck to seat 38 phydeaux iii...
why don't you get in position and take a deep breath,
because this water is very, very cold, but it's goin' to be
so stimulating. and mary
E kind of red- blooded american girl who'll do
anything...

Mary:

Anything...

Buddy jones:

I said anything...for fifty bucks that's right!

Mary:

I really need the fifty bucks you know I gotta get home!

Buddy jones:

Yeh, I know, your father is waiting for you in the tool
shed...that's right, you heard right...our big prize tonite
is fifty american dollars to the girl with the most
exciting mammalian protube
S...

Mary:

Here I am!

Buddy jones:

...as viewed through a thoroughly soaked, stupid
looking white sort of male person's conservative kind
of middle-of-the-road cotton undergarment! whoopee!
and here comes the water!

Mary:

Eeek!

Buddy jones:

No, you'd squeak more if the water got on you...sounds
like you just got an ice pick in the forehead...and here
comes the ice pick in the forehead ...a million laughs,
mary! anyway; good golly,
A mess...she's totally soaked...yeh, totally committed to
the fifty bucks...that's it just step into the spotlight...let
the guys get a good look at ya honey!

Mary:

Here I am!

Buddy jones:
Whaddya say, fellas? nice setta jugs? now mary, how's
about shakin' it around a little...

Mary:
Ooooh!

Buddy jones:
Oh my goodness, look at her go!

Mary:
Oooh! I'm dancing! I'm dancing!

Buddy jones:
Ain't this what living is really all about! here's your fifty
bucks mary...

Mary:
Oh great! now I can go home!

Buddy jones:
Home is where the heart is.

Mary:
On the bus.

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