

## Frank Zappa

### "You Like My New Car"

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[includes a quote from Tell Me You Love Me]

Mark: I mean really . . .

Howard: Rant-rant-rant-rt-rt-rt-rant-nt . . .

Mark: You are . . . you gotta tell me something . . . I mean, seriously, I'm tellin' you, this is the first time that any of my girlfriends and I have ever met anybody really from Hollywood . . . I mean . . . really my girlfriend Jim and Ian and . . . Aynsley and Bob and . . . Frank . . . I mean, none of us . . . we've never . . .

Howard: Pleased to meet you . . .

Ian: Hi Howie

Mark: We've never met a pop star from Hollywood . . . tell me something: have you ever met Davy Jones . . . or . . .

Howard: No . . .

Mark: . . . or Bobby Sherman?

Howard: No, I . . .

Mark: I mean . . . David Cassidy, he's so . . .

Howard: No . . . Jimmy Greenspoon, and once I . . .

Mark: Three Dog Night?

Howard: Yeah . . .

Mark: Oh! I love them! They're my favorite band! oh gawd . . . oh, do you like my new car . . . ? My dad just gave it to me for graduation

Howard: Oh, yeah . . . ! It's a . . . it's a Fillmore, isn't it? Real futuristic, ah . . . I dig the fins . . . listen: do you know how to get to the, ah, Holiday Inn from here?

Mark: No, ah . . . which one is it?

Howard: (Burp) . . . excuse me . . . It's . . . it's . . . it's the one by the airport . . . you know . . . 'cause we gotta . . . we gotta get up early an' . . . fly outta here in the morning, you know?

Mark: Oh! Oh, I didn't know that . . .

(Oh, yeah!)

Mark: Where . . . where d'you guys play tomorrow night? I mean . . . I'd like to come maybe . . . in your bus or somethin'...

Howard: Yeah?

(In the BUS!)

Howard: Come in the bus, huh? Tomorrow we're in ah,

let's see . . . Tierra del Fuego  
Mark: Oh . . . You're so professional, Howie!  
Howard: Oh, it's not . . .  
Mark: Howie, I mean . . .  
Howard: It's nothing . . .  
Mark: I mean the way you're gettin' to p . . . to play n all  
these exotic places, I mean . . .  
Howard: Yeah  
Mark: Tell me something, tell me and all my girl- TELL  
me . . . do you really have a hit record . . . on the charts  
now . . . with a BULLET? I mean that's really important to  
me . . .  
Howard: Listen, honey . . . would I lie to you just to . . .  
get in your pants?  
Mark: He-Hey! Listen!  
Jim: Hey, hey . . .  
Mark: Hey, listen to me . . . tell him : WE ARE NOT  
GROUPIES!  
Howard: No, I never . . . I never said that. . .  
Mark: We're not groupies! You better understand . . . I  
told Robert Plant it, I told Elton John, I told all those big  
guys . . .  
Howard: Robert PLANET?!  
Mark: We are not groupies!  
Howard: No, I never . . .  
Mark: Roger Daltrey never laid a hand on me!  
Howard: No, I never . . . I . . . it's obvious to see why . . .  
Listen, I've never . . .  
Mark: And my . . .  
Jim: Howard . . .  
Mark: Tell him! Tell him right now!  
Jim: We only like musicians for f-friends, you know?  
FZ: Real straight arrow, Howie  
Mark: Really . . . just for friends, Howie . . .  
Jim: But we still like you  
FZ: Yeah, we wouldn't mind coming in your bus, though  
Jim: I mean, we still want to hear your record...  
Howard: Listen you chicks, now didn't . . . didn't you  
just say that you got off bein' juke'd with a BABY  
OCTOPUS . . . and spewed upon with creamed corn . . .  
an' that your harelipped dyke-o bass-playing girlfriend  
on the backseat had to have it with a Yoo-hoo bottle or  
she went apeshit . . . ?!  
Mark: Oh . . .  
Howard: What's the deal, baby?  
Mark: Howie!  
Howard: Come on . . .  
Mark: Howie, listen to me, all that's true . . .  
Howard: Come across, like . . . you know?  
Mark: I swear, all that's true, and sometimes I even dig  
it with a Dr. Brown's Cream Soda . . . or a Cel-Ray! But . .

. we are not groupies! No matter what you think . . .

Howard: No, I never . . .

Mark: We are not groupies . . .

Howard: You see, there seems to be some kind of a communications problem, honey, because I . . . I'm a lonely guy from outta town, you know, an' . . . an' I want some ACTION . . . what . . . what I'm talkin' about is, I wanna . . . a-a steaming, succulent, ever-widening, gooey, drippy, runny kind of a hole with a . . . with . . . how shall I put this . . . ? What say we hop in the trunk of your Gremlin AN' GET OUR ROCKS OFF?

Mark: Hey! Hey-hey-hey-heyyyy . . . Jesus!

FZ: Very agile, Howie, very agile!

Mark: I'm in this band, man . . . I am in this band no matter what we do up here . . . you know . . . Now listen, it just so happens . . .

Howard: Yeah . . .

Mark: Tonight me and my girlfriends, I mean, we've all come here for one thing tonight . . .

Howard: Yeah?

Mark: Looking for a guy . . . And we're looking for a guy from a group . . .

Howard: Wow!

Mark: BUT HE'S GOTTA HAVE A DICK!

Howard: NO!

Mark: AND HE'S GOTTA HAVE A DICK THAT'S A MONSTER!!

Howard: WAAAAAAAHAH . . . ! That's me!! That's me! Oh . . . Oh, you voluptuous Manhattan Island clit . . .

FZ: I swear he was a Manhattan Island . . .

Howard: Take me, I'm yours, you hole . . . fulfil my . . . wildest dreams!

Mark: Ooooh! Anything for you, my most seductive, seclusive . . . pop star of a man . . .

Howard: Yeah?

Mark: Picture this if you can

Howard: Oh . . .

Mark: Bead jobs!

Howard: Oh!

Mark: Knotted nylons!

Howard: Oh!

Mark: Bamboo canes!

Howard: Oh!

Mark: Three unreleased recordings of Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young fighting in the dressing-room of the Fillmore East!

Howard: Oh!

Mark: One enchilada wrapped with pickle sauce shoved up and down in between a donkey's legs until he can't stand it no more . . . ! All this and more, Howie, including: an electric coolde pony harness, with fuel

injection . . . fuel injection . . . fuel injection . . .  
Howard: Oh . . . my God, I . . . I . . . I can't stand it! I  
mean . . . I mean, do you understand the implications  
of what I'm saying? I . . . I CAN'T STAND IT! I CAN'T  
STAND IT! I CAN'T STAND IT! I CAN'T STAND IT! I CAN'T  
STAND . . . FEET ON FIRE . . . I'M GOING HOME! I GOTTA  
SEE MY BABY! I GONNA . . . SO HOT! I CAN'T STAND IT! I  
CAN'T STAND IT! I CAN'T STAND IT! I CAN'T STAND IT . .  
. I CAN'T STAND IT . . . I CAN'T STAND IT! I CAN'T STAND  
IT! I CAN'T . . . OH! OH NO! OH . . . GOD . . .! I can't stand  
it! Oh . . . I really can't stand it . . . please . . . give it to  
me . . . give it to me right here in the trunk of your  
Gremlin . . . give me . . . GIVE ME THE ENCHILADA WITH  
THE PICKLE SAUCE SHOVED UP AND DOWN THE  
DONKEY'S ASS UNTIL HE CAN'T COME ANYMORE!  
Mark: Hey-hey! Not until you sing me your big hit  
record! And I wanna hear the big hit record, and I  
wanna hear it now, an' I wanna hear the big hit record  
now with a bullet! With a bullet!  
Howard: The bullet?  
Mark: The BULLET! The BULLET! It's the part that gets  
me the hottest . . . now sing me that record, and I  
wanna hear it right now or you ain't driving nowhere  
tonight, buddy . . .  
Howard: Well . . . I know when I'm licked . . . all over . . .  
Okay, baby: BEND OVER AND SPREAD 'EM! Here comes  
my . . . BULLET!!

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