

## **J. Geils Band**

# **"No Anchovies Please"**

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This is the story of a young couple in Portland, Maine

While waiting for her husband Don  
To return home from work, she reaches for a can of  
anchovies  
As she spreads the tiny fish across a piece of lettuce  
She notices a small note at the bottom of the can  
Written on it is a telephone number

Curious, she dials, and is told, "Don't move, lady, we'll  
be right over"  
Placing the phone back on the hook, she turns  
To see three smartly dressed men standing in her  
kitchen doorway  
Before she realizes what is happening to her  
She is rolled tightly in long sheets of cellophane  
Transported to an international airport and placed on a  
waiting jet-liner  
All this being too much for her to comprehend, she  
passes out

Upon awakening, she finds herself in a strange,  
foreign speaking nation  
'Dalas nekcihc dna tihs nekcihc neewteb  
Ecnereffid eht wonk ot suineg a ekat t'nseod ti'  
Alone, fearing her escape impossible  
She seeks comfort in the arms of a confidential agent

With the trace of her kiss still warm upon his lips  
He betrays her to the hands of three scientists  
Who are engaged in diabolical, avant-garde  
experiments previously  
Performed only on insects and other small,  
meaningless creatures  
Using her as their subject, they are delighted with the  
results  
For the first time, a human being is transformed into a,  
shh, top secret

Meanwhile, back in Portland, Maine

Her husband Don, now chain-smoking 40 packs of

cigarettes a day  
Sits at a local bar and has a few beers with the regulars  
Bored, everyone's attention turns to the television set  
That just hangs from the wall, welcome to bowling for  
dollars

Suddenly, crazy Al says  
"S-say, Don, there sure is something familiar about that  
bowling ball"  
To which the terrified Don replies  
"Oh my God! That bowling ball, it's my wife!"

And the lesson we learn from this story is  
Next time you place your order, don't forget to say, "No  
anchovies please"

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