

## The Mothers Of Invention "The Duke Regains His Chops"

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And you'll be my Duchess  
My Duchess of Prunes

I'm looking through the prune in June  
Reveals your chest I see your lovely beans  
And in that magic go-kart I bite your neck  
The cheese I have for you, my dear  
Is real and very new  
(NEW CHEESE!)

Prune (Pa-da-dah!)  
If they are a fresh Prune (Pa-da-dah!)  
Know no cheese  
(Chunka, chunka cheeky chunka)  
(Chunka, cheesy, stinky chunka)  
And they just lie there  
Taller and sickening and it just...I don't know (Lo)  
And I know, I think  
The love I have for you will never end (well, maybe)  
And so my love I offer you  
A love that is strong, A prune that is true

(This is the exciting part. This is like the Supremes  
see the way it builds up? Feel it?)  
(Baby, Baby, Baby, Baby)

(My Prune is yours, my love  
My cheese for you, savings through and through  
My baby I do  
My baby I do  
My baby Prunes  
My baby Prunes  
I love you  
I love you  
O baby prunes  
O cheesy fat  
O cheesy fat  
O cheesy fat)

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