

## Frank Zappa & Captain Beefheart "200 Years Old"

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I was sittin' in a breakfast room in Allentown,  
Pennsylvania, six  
o'clock in the morning, got up to early, it was a terrible  
mistake... sittin' there face-to-face with a 75 cent glass  
of orange  
juice about as big as my finger and a bowl of horribly  
foreshortened  
cornflakes, and I said to myself: "This is the life!"...

She's 200 years old,  
so mean, she couldn't grow no lips  
Boy, she'd be in trouble if she tried to grow a mustache

She's two hundred years old  
Squattin' down & pockin' up  
In front of the juke box  
just like she had True Religion.. BOY!

She's two hundred years old  
Hoy!, hoy!, in 200 years,  
half of this, none of that,  
one.. fifty.. oh squattin',  
Yeah-ah, ain't she got  
Oohhh, she got religion now, boy.

Oohhhh, ?? ?? ??  
Oohhhh, she's just mean,  
she just, she just can't grow no lips.  
Squat.. down, so mean she can't grow no lips.  
200 years old, so mean she can't grow no lips

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