

Frank Zappa & Captain Beefheart

"Debra Kadabra"

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Debra Kadabra, say she's a witch,
shit-ass Charlotte, aint that a bitch?
Debra Kadabra, haw that's rich.
June, a rancho granny,
Shook her wrinkled fanny

Shoes are too tight and pointed
Ankles sorta puffin' out
Cause me to shout:

Oh Debra Algebra Ebneezra Kadabra
Witch goddess, witch goddess of Lankershim
Boulevard.
Cover my entire bodice, with Avon Cologne.

And drive me to some relative's house, in East L.A.
(foogadah! ?)
(Just till my skin clears up)
Turn it to channel thirteen,
and maybe watch the rubber tongue, when it comes out
from the puffed, and flannel Mexican rubbergoods
mask.

Next time they show the Brnokka
Make me buy The Flosser.
Make me grow brainiac fingers.
But with more hair!
(But with more hair)
Make me kiss your turquoise jewelry.
Emboss me.
Rub the hot front part of my head,
with rented unguents

Give me bas relief!
Cast your dancing spell my way
I promise to go under it.
If she casts a spell my way,
I promise to go under it.
If she casts a spell my way,
I promise to go under it.

Oh, hear this!

Learn the pachuco hop, and let me twirl you!

Learn the pachuco hop, and let me twirl you!

Oh Debra Fauntleroy Magnesium Kadabra! Take me
with you!

Don't you want any a these

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