

Frank Zappa & the Mothers

"Do You Like My New Car?"

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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...

Pleased to meet you...

Hi Howie

We never met a pop star from Hollywood... tell me
something: have
you ever met Davey Jones? or Bobby Sherman?

No.. no, I ..

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

Jimmy Greenspoon, once I...

Three Dog Night?!!

Yeah...

Oh! I love them! They're my favorite band!.. ow gawd..
oh, do you
like my new car? I'm ah.. my Dad just gave it to me for
graduation..

Ah yeaah?!! I'ts 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
Hollywood Inn from here?

No, ah.. which one is it?

(burp) excuse me. It's the one by the airport... you know... cause we gotta get up early an'.. fly outta here in the morning, y'know...

Oh, I didn't know that... Where do you guys play tomorrow night? I mean, I'd like to come maybe... in your bus or somethin'...

Yeah?..

(Voice in background):
In the BUS!

Come in the bus, huh?... Tomorrow we're in ah, let's see... Tierra del Fuego...

Ook! You're so professional, Howie!

Oh, it's not... it's nothing...

Howie, I mean, the way you gettin' tp-tp to play, an all these exotic places, I mean...

Yeah

Tell me something.. tell me and 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...

Listen, honey: Would I lie to you just to get in your pants?

He-Het! Listen! Hey, listen to me tellin' ya: WE ARE NOT GROUPIES!

Naw, I never.. I never said...

We are not groupies! You better understand that!.. I told Robert Planet, I told Elton John, I told all those big guys...

Robert PLANET?!

We are not groupies!

No, I never..

Roger Daltrey never laid a hand on me!

Yaw.. it's obvious to see why... listen, I never...

(2nd non-groupie):

Howie..

(1st non-groupie):

Tell him! Tell him right now!

(2nd non-groupie):

We only like musicians for f-friends. You know?

(voices in back):

Real straight arrow, Howie, Really... just for friends,
Howie...

(2nd non-groupie):

But we still like you Yeah.. we wouldn't mind coming in
your bus,
but..

(2nd non-groupie):

I mean, we still want to hear your record...

Listen you chicks!now didn' .. didn't you just say that
you got off
bein' juke'd with a BABY OCTOPUS and spewed upon
with cream corn?
an' that your hair-lipped dyke-o bass-playing girlfriend
on the
backseat had to have it with a YOO-HOO bottle or she
went
apeshit?!..

Ooooh..

What's the deal, baby? Come on..

Howie! Howie, lissen yo me... all that's true..

Come across..

All that's true, and sometimes I even dig it with a
Doctor Brown's
Cream Soda... or a CEL-RAY!... but! we are not
groupies! No matter
what you think...

No, I never...

We are not groupies..

You see, there seems to be some kind of a
communication problem,
honey... because I... I am a lonely guy from outta town,
y'know
an'... an' I want some ACTION... 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...

Hey! hey-hey-hey-hey... Jesus!...

(voice in back):
I'm in this band, man...

(voice up front):
Very agile, Howie, very agile...

(voice in back):
I am in this band no matter what we do up here... it's
all...

Now lissen! It just so happend... tonight me and my
girlfriends, I
mean, we've all come here for one thing tonight...

Yeah?

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

Wow

BUT HE'S GOTTA HAVE A DICK!

WAAAAH!

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

WAAAAAAAAAH!... That's me!! That's me! ooh! ...
oooohh, you
voluptuous Manhattan Island clit.. Take me... I'm yours,
you
hole... Fulfill my... wildest... dreams!....

Ooooh! Anything for you, my most seductive,
seclusive... pop star of
a man... picture this if you can: bead jobs! knotted
nylons! bamboo
canes! three unreleased recordings of Crosby, Stills,
Nash and Young
fighting in the dressing-room of the Fillmore East!
Why, 'n
enchilada wrapped with pickle sauce shook up and
down in between a
donkey's legs until he can't it stand anymore! All this
and more,
Howie! Including! an electric coolde pony harness, with
fuel
injection... fuel injection... fuel injection...

Oooh! my god, I ... I ... I can't stand it!... I mean... I
mean, dou
you understand the implications of what I'm saying? I
CAN'T STAND
IT!!! I CAN'T STAND IT !! I CAN'T STAND IT!! OH NO!!...
Oh my god...
I'm going home! I'm gonna see my baby... (etc) 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
PICKLES SAUCE SHOVED UP BETWEEN A DONKEY'S ASS
UNTIL HE CAN'T COME
ANYMORE!...

Hey-hey! haha! Not until you sing me your big hit
record!... and I
want to 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!

The bullet?

The BULLET! The BULLET! I'ts the part that gets me the
hottest...
hehe!.. now sing me that record, and I wanna hear it
right now or
you ain't driving nowhere tonight, buddy...

Well, I know when I'm licked... all over.... Okay, baby:
BEND OVER
AND SPREAD 'EM!... Here comes my... BULLET!!

(all sing Happy Together

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