

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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