

# Frank Zappa, Advance Romance

No more credit  
From liquor store  
Suit is all dirty, boy  
Shoes is all wore  
Tired and lonely, my  
Heart is all sore  
Advance romance  
I can't stand it no more  
Told me she loved me  
I believed what she said  
Took me for a sucker, boy  
All corn-fed  
Next thing I knew  
She had a bolt on the door  
Advance romance  
I can't use it no more  
She took George's watch  
Like they always do  
(It was a Timex, too!)  
No more money, boy  
I shoulda knew

'You know I told ya'  
'I know you told me'  
'Ya didn't listen to me'  
'But I couldn't listen to ya!'  
'Told ya 'bout the anchovies... George DUKE!'

The way she do me, boy  
She might do you, too  
Advance romance  
People I am through!  
Potato-head Bobby  
was a friend of mine  
Open three of his eyes  
In the food stamp line  
Open four of his eyes  
In the food stamp line  
Open five of his eyes  
In the food stamp line  
Open six of his eyes  
In the food stamp line  
Said she might be a devil  
But she sure was fine  
Advance romance  
He wanna try it one time  
Later that night  
He drop on by  
Told her all he wanna do  
Was step up and say 'Hi'  
Half an hour later  
She had frenched his fry  
Advance romance  
Bobby, say good-bye