

# Frank Zappa, Broken Hearts Are For Assholes

Frank Zappa (lead guitar, vocals)  
Adrian Belew (rhythm guitar, vocals)  
Tommy Mars (keyboards, vocals)  
Peter Wolf (keyboards)  
Patrick O'Hearn (bass, vocals)  
Terry Bozzio (drums, vocals)  
Ed Mann (percussion, vocals)  
Napoleon Murphy Brock (background vocals)  
Andre Lewis (background vocals)  
Randy Thornton (background vocals)  
Davey Moire (background vocals)

Hey! Do you know what you are?  
You're an asshole! An ASSHOLE!

Some of you might not agree  
'Cause you probably likes a lot of misery  
But think a while and you will see...  
Broken hearts are for assholes  
Broken hearts are for assholes  
Are you an asshole?  
Broken hearts are for assholes  
Are you an asshole too?  
Whatcha gonna do, 'cause you're an asshole...

Maybe you think you're a lonely guy  
Maybe you think you're too tough to cry  
So you went to The Grape,  
Just to give it a try  
And Dagmar  
Without a doubt, the ugliest sonofabitch I ever saw in my life  
Was his name...  
One Two Three Four!  
The whiskers sticking out from underneath of his  
Pancake make-up  
And yet he was a beautiful lady  
Nearly drove you insane  
Let's talk about Leather: LEATHERRRRRR  
And so you kissed a little sailor  
Tex Abel, starring in the latest Shepperton Production:  
Who had just blew in from Spain  
Sir Richard Pump-A-Loaf  
You sniffed the reeking buns of Angel  
The story of a demented bread-boffer  
And acted like it was cocaine  
Cucumber pud annexed to a fine whole-wheat loaf  
You were dazzled by the exciting new costume of Ko-Ko  
Then on Tuesday night, Ceasar's back in town  
In a way you can't explain  
Facing off in a no-holds-barred tag team grudge match  
With Kona.  
And so you worked the wall with Michael  
Three-hundred-seventy-nine pounds of Samoan dynamite  
Which gave your back an awful strain  
Volcanic Hell  
But you came back on Sunday for the gong show  
Next Thursday, teen town's finest...  
But you forgot what I was sayin'  
'Cause you're an asshole, You're an asshole  
That's right  
You're an asshole, you're an asshole  
Yes, yes  
You're an asshole, you're an asshole  
That's right

You're an asshole, you're an asshole

Now you been to The Grape 'n' you been to The Chest  
'N' now I think you know what you are: you're an asshole

You say you can't live with what you been through  
Well, ladies you can be an asshole too  
You might pretend you ain't got one on the bottom of you,  
But don't fool yerself girl  
It's lookin' at you  
Don't fool yerself girl  
It's winkin' at you  
Don't fool yerself girl  
It's blinkin' at you  
That's why I say  
I'm gonna ram it, ram it, ram it  
Ram it up yer poop chute  
Corn hole  
Ram it, ram it, ram it  
Ram it up yer poop chute  
Fist fuck  
Ram it, ram it, ram it  
Ram it up yer poop chute  
Wrist-watch; Crisco  
Ram it, ram it, ram it  
Ram it up yer poop chute  
Pud!

Don't fool yerself, girl  
It's goin' right up yer poop chute  
Don't fool yerself, girl  
It's goin' right up yer poop chute  
(etc., repeats)

Aw, I knew you'd be surprised...