

Frank Zappa, Brown Shoes Don't Make It

Brown shoes don't make it
Brown shoes don't make it
Quit school, why fake it?
Brown shoes don't make it?
TV dinner by the pool
Watch your brother grow a beard
Got another year of school
You're OK, he's too weird
Be a plumber He's a bummer
He's a bummer every summer
Be a loyal plastic robot
For a world that doesn't care
Smile at every ugly
Shine on your shoes and cut your hair
Be a jerk and go to work Be a jerk and go to work
Be a jerk and go to work Be a jerk and go to work
Do your job, and do it right
Life's a ball! (TV tonight!)
Do you love it, do you hate it?
There it is, the way you made it (WOOOooow)

A world of secret hungers,
Perverting the men who make your laws
Every desire is hidden away,
In drawer, in a desk,
By a Naughahyde chair
On a rug where they walk and drool
Past the girls in the office

You see in the back, of the City Hall mind
The dream of a girl about thirteen
Off with her clothes and into a bed,
Where she tickles his fancy all night long

His wife's attending an orchid show
She squealed for a week to get him to go
But back in the bed his teenage Queen
Is rocking and rolling and acting obscene
Baby! Baby! Baby! Baby!

And he loves it! He loves it! It curls up his toes!
She bites his fat neck, And it lights up his nose,
But he cannot be fooled, Old City Hall Fred,
She's nasty, she's nasty, She digs it in bed!

Do it again, and do it some more!
That does it, by golly, it's nasty for sure!
Nasty-nasty-nasty! Nasty-nasty-nasty!
(Only thirteen, and she knows how to NASTY)

She's a dirty young mind. Corrupted, corroded...
Well she's thirteen today, And I hear she gets loaded

If she were my daughter I'd...
What would you do, Daddy?
If she were my daughter I'd...
What would you do, Daddy?
If she were my daughter I'd...
What would you do, Daddy?
Smother my daughter in chocolate syrup,
And strap her on again, Oh baby!
Smother that girl in chocolate syrup,
And strap her on again!
She's a Teenage Baby, and she turns me on,

I'd like to make Her do a nasty
On the White House Lawn!
Going to smother that daughter in chocolate syrup,
And boogie till the cows come home!

Time to go home, Madge is on the phone
Gotta meet the Guerneys And a dozen gray attorneys
TV dinner by the pool I'm so glad I finished school
Life is such a ball I run the world from City Hall