

Frank Zappa, Muffin Man

The Muffin Man is seated at the table in the laboratory of the utility muffin research kitchen.

Reaching for an oversized chrome spoon,
he gathers an intimate quantity of dried muffin remnants.

Brushing his scapular aside, he proceeds to dump these inside
of his shirt.

He turns to us and speaks, "Some people like cupcakes better, I for one
care less for them."

Arrogently twisting the sterile canvas snoot of a fully-charged icing
annointment utensil, he poots forth a quarter ounce green rosette near
the summit of a dense but radiant muffin of his own design.

Later he says, "Some people, like cupcakes exclusively while myself I
say there is naught, nor ought there be nothing so exhalted on the face of
god's gray earth, as that prince of foods, the muffin.

Girl, you thought he was a man, but he was a muffin.
he hung around till you found that he didn't know nothing.
Girl, you thought he was a man, but he only was a muffin.