

Frank Zappa, Nanook Rubs It

Well right about that time, people
A fur trapper who was strictly from commercial (Strictly commercial)
Had the unmitigated audacity to jump up from behind my igloo (Peek-a-boo, woo-ooh-ooh)
And he started in to whippin' on my fav'rite baby seal
With a lead-filled snow shoe
I said with a lead (Lead)
Filled (Lead-filled)
A lead-filled snow shoe (Snow shoe)
He said "peek-a-boo" (Peek-a-boo)
With a lead (Lead)
Filled (Lead-filled)
With a lead-filled snow shoe (Snow shoe)
He said "peek-a-boo" (Peek-a-boo)

He went right up side the head of my favourite baby seal
He went whap!
With a lead-filled snow shoe
An' he hit him on the nose an' he hit him on fin an' he

That got me just about as evil as an Eskimo boy can be
So I bent down an' I reached down an' I scooped down
An' I gathered up a generous mitten full of the deadly (Yellow snow)
The deadly yellow snow from right there where the huskies go

Whereupon I proceeded to take that mittenful
Of the deadly yellow snow crystals
And rub it all into his beady little eyes
With a vigorous circular motion
Hitherto unknown to the people in this area
But destined to take the place of the mud shark in your mythology
Here it goes now, the circular motion, rub it
(Here Fido, here Fido)

And then, in a fit of anger, I, I pounced
And I pounced again
Great googly-moogly!
I jumped up an' down the chest of the
I injured the fur trapper

Well, he was very upset, as you can understand
And rightly so, because
The deadly yellow snow crystals
Had deprived him of his sight

And he stood up
And he looked around
And he said
"I can't see" (Do, do do-do do do-do, yeah!)
"I can't see" (Do, do do-do do do-do, yeah!)
"Oh, woe is me" (Do, do do-do do do-do, yeah!)
"I can't see" (Do, do do-do do do-do, well!)
No, no
I can't see
No, I

He took a dog-doo sno-cone an' stuffed it in my right eye
He took a dog-doo sno-cone an' stuffed it in my other eye
An' the huskie wee-wee, I mean the doggie wee-wee, has blinded me
An' I can't see
Temporarily

Well, the fur trapper
Stood there
With his arms outstretched

Across the frozen white wasteland
Trying to figure out what he's gonna do about his deflicted eyes
And it was at that precise moment that he remembered an ancient Eskimo legend
Wherein it is written
And whatever it is that they write it on up there
That if anything bad ever happens to your eyes
As a result of some sort of conflict with anyone named Nanook
The only way you can get it fixed up
Is to go trudgin' across the tundra, mile after mile
Trudgin' across the tundra
Right down to the parish of Saint Alfonzo