

# Frank Zappa, Yo Cats

Frank Zappa (guitar, synclavier)  
Steve Vai (guitar)  
Johnny &quot;Guitar&quot; Watson (guitar, vocals)  
Ike Willis (guitar, vocals)  
Ray White (guitar, vocals)  
Bobby Martin (keyboards, vocals)  
Tommy Mars (keyboards)  
Scott Thunes (bass)  
Chad Wackerman (drums)  
Ed Mann (percussion)

Yo cats, yo yo  
Yo chooch, way to go  
You is dead, but you don't know  
Yo let's carve, hey where's the blow?

Get your fiddle, get your bow  
Play some footballs on your hole  
Watch your watch, play a little flat  
Make the session go overtime, that's where it's at

Saxophone, clarinet  
How many doubles can you get  
Special rules provide the way  
To help you maximize your pay

Your Girl, Arlyn's, what's the diff  
What's the service that you're with  
So long as you can suck the butt  
Of the contractor who calls you up

Your career could take a thud  
Unless you kneel and scarf his pud  
And when the dates come rolling in  
You can wipe your lips and flash a grin  
That tells them all on the jingle date  
That you enjoyed what you just ate

Yum yum, dog food  
Hemorrhoid cream but the bread's so good  
New RV and a leisure suit  
Hey, I play shit but I love the loot

Thank the union, it's so great  
Only a few get to be on the date  
Those other shmucks with electric guitars  
Got to play for poot in the bistro bars

You have made it, you are cool  
You have been to the Berkeley School  
You give clinics on the side  
Music has died and no one cried

Yo cats, Yo yo  
Yo chooch Way to go  
You is dead!

Hey! Have a nice one, girl!