

Frank Zappa, Advance Romance

No more credit
From liquor store
Suit is all dirty, boy
Shoes is all wore
Tired and lonely, my
Heart is all sore
Advance romance
I can't stand it no more
Told me she loved me
I believed what she said
Took me for a sucker, boy
All corn-fed
Next thing I knew
She had a bolt on the door
Advance romance
I can't use it no more
She took George's watch
Like they always do
(It was a Timex, too!)
No more money, boy
I shoulda knew

'You know I told ya'
'I know you told me'
'Ya didn't listen to me'
'But I couldn't listen to ya!'
'Told ya 'bout the anchovies... George DUKE!'

The way she do me, boy
She might do you, too
Advance romance
People I am through!
Potato-head Bobby
was a friend of mine
Open three of his eyes
In the food stamp line
Open four of his eyes
In the food stamp line
Open five of his eyes
In the food stamp line
Open six of his eyes
In the food stamp line
Said she might be a devil
But she sure was fine
Advance romance
He wanna try it one time
Later that night
He drop on by
Told her all he wanna do
Was step up and say "Hi"
Half an hour later
She had frenched his fry
Advance romance
Bobby, say good-bye