

# Frank Zappa, Camarillo Brillo

She had that  
Camarillo brillo  
Flamin' out along her head,  
I mean her Mendocino bean-o  
By where some bugs had made it red

She ruled the Toads of the Short Forest  
And every newt in Idaho  
And every cricket who had chorused  
By the bush in Buffalo

She said she was  
A Magic Mama  
And she could throw a mean Tarot  
And carried on without a comma  
That she was someone I should know

She had a snake for a pet  
And an amulet  
And she was breeding a dwarf  
But she wasn't done yet  
She had gray-green skin  
A doll with a pin  
I told her she was awright  
But I couldn't come in  
(I couldn't come in right then . . . )

And so she wandered  
Through the door-way  
Just like a shadow from the tomb  
She said her stereo was four-way  
An' I'd just love it in her room

Well, I was born  
To have adventure  
So I just followed up the steps  
Right past her fuming incense stench  
To where she hung her castanets

She stripped away  
Her rancid poncho  
An' laid out naked by the door  
We did it till we were un-concho  
An' it was useless any more

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And an amulet  
And she was breeding a dwarf  
But she wasn't done yet  
She had gray-green skin  
A doll with a pin  
I told her she was awright  
But I couldn't come in  
(actually, I was very busy then)

And so she wandered  
Through the door-way  
Just like a shadow from the tomb  
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So I just followed up the steps

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(Is that a real poncho . . . I mean  
Is that a Mexican poncho or is that a Sears poncho?  
Hmmm . . . no foolin' . . . )