

# Frank Zappa, Cosmik Debris

Jim Gordon (drums)  
John Guerin (drums)  
Aynsley Dunbar (drums)  
Ralph Humphrey (drums)  
Jack Bruce (bass)  
Erroneous (bass)  
Tom Fowler (bass)  
Frank Zappa (bass, lead vocals, guitar)  
George Duke (keyboards, background vocals)  
Don Sugar Cane Harris (violin)  
Jean-Luc Ponty (violin)  
Ruth Underwood (percussion)  
Ian Underwood (saxophone)  
Napoleon Murphy Brock (saxophone, background vocals)  
Sal Marquez (trumpet)  
Bruce Fowler (trombone)  
Ray Collins (background vocals)  
Kerry McNabb (background vocals)  
Susie Glower (background vocals)  
Debbie (background vocals)  
Lynn (background vocals)  
Ruben Ladron De Guevara (background vocals)  
Robert Camarena (background vocals)

The mystery man came over  
And he said I'm outta sight!  
He said for a nominal service charge  
I could reach nirvana tonight  
If I was ready, willing and able  
To pay him his regular fee  
He would drop all the rest of  
His pressing affairs and devote  
His attention to me  
But I said Look here brother  
who you jiving with that cosmik debris?  
Now who you jiving with that cosmik debris?  
Look here brother, don't waste your time on me  
The mystery man got nervous  
And he fidget around a bit  
He reached in the pocket of his mystery robe  
And he whipped out a shaving kit  
Now I thought it was a razor  
And a can of foaming goo  
But he told me right then when the top popped open  
There was nothin' his box won't do  
With the oil of Aphrodite, and the dust of the Grand Wazoo  
He said You might not believe this, little fella  
But it'll cure your asthma too  
And I said Look here brother  
Who you jiving with that cosmik debris?  
Now what kind of a guru are you, anyway?  
Look here brother, don't waste your time on me  
(Don't waste your time)  
I've got troubles of my own, I said  
And you can't help me out  
So, take your meditations and your preparations  
And ram it up your snout!  
But I got the crystal ball, he said  
And held it to the ligh  
So I snatched it, all away from him  
And I showed him how to do it right  
I wrapped a newspaper 'round my head  
So I looked like I was deep  
I said some mumbo-jumbo, then  
I told him he was going to sleep

I robbed his rings and pocketwatch  
And everything else I found  
I had that sucker hypnotized  
He couldn't even make a sound  
I proceeded to tell him his future, then  
As long as he was hanging around  
I said The price of meat has just gone up  
And your old lady has just gone down!  
And I said Look here brother-who you  
Jiving with that cosmik debris?  
Now is that a real poncho or is that a Sears poncho?  
Don't you know, you could make more money as a butcher?  
So, don't waste your time on me  
Don't waste it, don't waste your time on me  
(Shanti)