Frank Zappa, Eat The Yellow Snow (Pt 2)

Dreamed I was an Eskimo
The frozen wind began to blow
And my momma cried
And my momma cried
Don't be a naughty Eskimo

Watch out where the huskies go
and don't you eat that yellow snow!
Watch out where the huskies go
and don't you eat that yellow snow!

Well right about that time, people
A fur trader, who was strictly from commercial

(Strictly Commercial)

Had the unmitigated audacitiy to jump up form behind my igloo

(Peakaboo!)

And started in to whippin' on my favorite baby seal
With a lead filled snowshoe!

That got me just about as evil as an eskimo boy can be
So I bent down and I reached down and I scooped down
And I gathered up a generous heap of the deadly

(Yellow Snow!)

The deadly yellow snow from right there where the huskies go
Where upon I proceeded to take that mitten full
Of the deadly yellow snow crystals
And rub it all into his beady little eyes with a vigorous circular motion
Hitherto unknown to by people in this area but destined
To take the place of the mudshark in your mythology
Here it goes now, the circular motion...

Rub it!

And then in a fit of anger I pounced!
And I pounced again!

Great Googly Moogly!

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 looked around and said
"Well"
"Nooo, I cant see!"