Frank Zappa, Heavenly Bank Account

And if these words you do not heed Your pocketbook just kinda might recede When some man comes along and claims a godly need He will clean you out right through your tweed

("That's right, you asked for it, remember there is a big difference between kneeling down and bending over . . .")

He's got twenty million dollars In his Heavenly Bank Account . . . All from those chumps who was Born again Oh yeah, oh yeah

He's got seven limousines And a private plane . . . All for the use of his Special Friends Oh yeah, oh yeah

He's got thousand-dollar suits And a Wembley Tie . . . Girls love to stroke it While he's on the phone Oh yeah, oh yeah

At the House of Representatives He's a groovy guy . . . When he Gives Thanks He is not alone . . .

He is dealin' He is really dealin' IRS can't determine Where The Hook is

It is easy with the Bible To pretend that You're in Show Biz (And a-one, and a-two, and a . . .)

They won't get him They will never get him For the naughty stuff That he did

It is best in cases like this
To pretend that
You are stupid
(DOH . . .)

He's got Presidential Help All along the way He says the grace While the lawyers chew Oh yeah They sure do

And the Governors agree to say: "He's a lovely man!" He makes it easier for Them to screw All of you . . . Yes, that's true!

'Cause he helps put The Fear of God In the Common Man Snatchin' up money Everywhere he can Oh yeah Oh yeah

He's got twenty million dollars In his Heavenly Bank Account You ain't got nothin', people You ain't got nothin', people You ain't got nothin', people Thank the man . . . oh yeah

As we end another broadcast day Let me say That you ain't got nothin' And he's got it all