

# 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