

Frank Zappa, Lonesome Cowboy Burt

Mark Volman (vocals)
Howard Kaylan (vocals)
Ian Underwood (keyboards, woodwinds)
Aynsley Dunbar (drums)
George Duke (keyboards, trombone)
Martin Lickert (bass)
Ruth Underwood (orchestra drum set)
Jim Pons (vocals)
Jimmy Carl Black (vocals)

Jimmy Carl Black:
My name is Burtram, I am a redneck.
All my friends, they call me Burt.

Mark Volman & Howard Kaylan:
Hi, Burt!

Jimmy Carl Black:
All my family from down in Texas
make their livin' diggin' dirt.

Come out here to Californy
just to find me some pretty girls.
Ones I seen gets me so horny
ruby lips,
n'teeth like pearls.

Wanna love 'em all.
Wanna love 'em dearly.
Wann pretty girl,
I'll even pay ...

I'll buy 'em furs. I'll buy 'em jewelry ...
I know they like me. Here's what I'll say.

I'm lonesome cowboy Burt.
(Speakin' atcha!)
Come smell my fringe-y shirt.
(Reekin' atcha!)
My cowboy pants,
my cowboy dance,
my bold advance.
On this here waitress ...

Mark Volman & Howard Kaylan:
He's lonesome cowboy Burt.
Don'tcha get his feelings hurt.

Jimmy Carl Black:
Come on in this place
an' I'll buy you a taste.
You can sit on my face.
Where's my waitress?

Mark Volman & Howard Kaylan:
Burtram, Burtram redneck.
Burtram, Burtram redneck.

Jimmy Carl Black:
I'm an awful nice guy.
Sweat all day in the sun.
I'm a roofer by trade,
quite a bundle I've made

I'm unionized roofin' old
Son-of-a-gun.

Mark Volman & Howard Kaylan:
He's a unionized roofin' old
son-of-a-gun.

Jimmy Carl Black:
When I get off, I get plastered.
I drink till I fall on the floor.
Find me some Communist bastard
n' stomp on his face till he don't
move no more.

Mark Volman & Howard Kaylan:
He stomps on his face till he don't
move no more.

Jimmy Carl Black:
I fuss an' I cuss and I keep on drinkin'
till my eyes puff up an' turn red.
I drool on m'shirt.
I see if he's hurt.
Then I kick him again in the head, let's

Everybody:
Kick him again in the head! Boys!
Kick him again in the head! Now!
Kick him again in the head!

Jimmy Carl Black:
I'm lonesome cowboy Burt.
(Speakin' atcha!)
Come smell my fringe-y shirt.
(Reekin' atcha!)
My cowboy pants,
my cowboy dance,
my bold advance.
On this here waitress ...

Mark Volman & Howard Kaylan:
He's lonesome cowboy Burt.
Don'tcha get his feelings hurt.

Jimmy Carl Black:
Come on in this place
an' I'll buy you a taste.
You can sit on my face.
Where's my waitress?
Opal, you hot little bitch!