

# Frank Zappa, The Torture Never Stops

Terry Bozzio (drums, background vocals)  
Davey Moire (vocals)  
Andre Lewis (organ, vocals)  
Roy Estrada (bass, vocals)  
Dave Parlato (bass)  
Napoleon Murphy Brock (saxophone, vocals)  
Ruth Underwood (synthesizer, marimba)  
Donnie Vliet (harmonica)  
Louanne Neil (harp)  
Ruben Ladrón De Guevara (background vocals)  
Sharkie Barker (background vocals)

Flies all green 'n buzzin' in his dungeon of despair  
Prisoners grumble and piss their clothes and scratch their matted hair  
A tiny light from a window hole a hundred yards away  
Is all they ever get to know about the regular life in the day;  
An' it stinks so bad the stones been chokin'  
'N weepin' greenish drops  
In the room where the giant fire puffer works  
'N the torture never stops  
The torture never stops

Slime 'n rot, rats 'n snot 'n vomit on the floor  
Fifty ugly soldiers, man, holdin' spears by the iron door  
Knives 'n spikes 'n guns 'n the likes of every tool of pain  
An' a sinister midget with a bucket an' a mop where the blood goes down the drain;

An' it stinks so bad the stones been chokin'  
'N weepin' greenish drops  
In the room where the giant fire puffer works  
'N the torture never stops  
The torture never stops  
The torture  
The torture  
The torture never stops.

Flies all green 'n buzzin' in his dungeon of despair  
An evil prince eats a steamin' pig in a chamber right near there  
He eats the snouts 'n the trotters first  
The loin's 'n the groin's is soon dispersed  
His carvin' style is well rehearsed  
He stands and shouts  
All men be cursed  
All men be cursed  
All men be cursed  
All men be cursed  
And disagree, well no-one durst  
He's the best of course of all the worst  
Some wrong been done, he done it first

(Well, well) An' he stinks so bad, his bones been chokin'  
(Yeah) 'N weepin' greenish drops,  
(Well) In the night of the iron sausage,  
(Well) Where the torture never stops  
The torture never stops  
The torture  
The torture  
The torture never stops.

Flies all green 'n buzzin' in his dungeon of despair  
Who are all those people that he's locked away up there  
Are they crazy?,  
Are they sainted?  
Are they zeros someone painted?,

It has never been explained since at first it was created  
But a dungeon like a sin  
Requires naught but lockin' in  
Of everything that's ever been  
Look at hers  
Look at him  
That's what's the deal we're dealing in  
That's what's the deal we're dealing in  
That's what's the deal we're dealing in  
That's what's the deal we're dealing in