

Frank Zappa, The White Boy Troubles

Frank Zappa (guitar, synclavier)
Steve Vai (guitar)
Ray White (guitar, vocals)
Tommy Mars (keyboards)
Chuck Wild (piano)
Arthur Barrow (bass)
Scott Thunes (bass)
Jay Anderson (string bass)
Ed Mann (percussion)
Chad Wackerman (drums)
Ike Willis (vocals)
Terry Bozzio (vocals)
Dale Bozzio (vocals)
Napoleon Murphy Brock (vocals)
Bob Harris (vocals)
Johnny "Guitar" Watson (vocals)

ENSEMBLE: (singing)
De white boy troubles!
(White boy troubles!)
De white boy troubles!
(Boy got troubles!)
Oh what a boidennn!
(Oh, heavy boidennn!)
His car's fucked up!
De boy got a provlem!
She ripped up de 'polstry
(Wit de red dress on)
Outa dat O-zo-mobile!
(Tell me what I say)
Hafta go ta Tia-Juana now!
(I don't have it)
He should go to BROWN MOSES,
Way down in Egyppp-Lainnn!
(Egyppp-Lainnn)

THING-FISH: (checking off a clipboard, like a social worker)
Looks likes y'done putty good heahh, HARRY-AS-A-BOY! I sees ya' growin' up like a weed, axmoo

HARRY-AS-A-BOY:
We're incredibly happy! Even though I'm gay for business purposes, my relationship with artificial F

THING-FISH:
Well, if de trufe be told, it were de father o' de boy at de gas statium...when y'sent de ol' lady in fo' c

HARRY-AS-A-BOY:
QUENTIN? How could he be so unfaithful? I'm sure God has ways of punishing naughty little guys

THING-FISH:
Mights well stop complainin', boy! De damage been done! Leastways y'all can pretend to be SOME

HARRY-AS-A-BOY:
What? Something BAD is going to happen?

THING-FISH:
You figgit out...judgin' fum de intellectional expressium on yo' beloved's ignint face, de bitch gwine

Look like she got her one good eye on a briefcase 'n a tweed spo't coat down de mall somewheres

Durin' de intromissium, few de SISTERS seen her 'tendin' a CONSCIOUSNESS RAISIN' MEETIN'

FRANCESCO opens the door, and stands on the porch, still watching through the binoculars.

THING-FISH: (contd.)

Makin' matters wise, de Italian dat be ownin' yo' nativity bungalow been wondrin' 'bouts de hanky
Leave de ugly baby in de crab-grass, snatch up yo' wretched excuse fo a woman, 'n climb on up de