Frank Zappa, What Kind Of Girl Do You Think We

Frank Zappa (guitar, dialog)
Mark Volman (lead vocals, dialog)
Howard Kaylan (lead vocals, dialog)
Ian Underwood (woodwinds, keyboards, vocals)
Aynsley Dunbar (drums)
Jim Pons (bass, vocals, dialog)
Bob Harris (keyboards, vocals)
Don Preston (mini-moog)

What's a girl like you
Doin' in a place like this?

I left my place after midnight
And I came to this hall
Me and my girlfriend, wecame here
Lookin' to ball

You came to the right place
This is it
This is the swingin-est place
In New York City

(Chorus line) NO SHIT!

How true it is
Me and my girlfriend, we come here
Every night looking for that
Hot romance we need
We like to get it on --
Do you like to get it on, too?

Well now, what did you have in mind?

Okay: well I get off bein' juked
With a baby octopus
An spewed upon with cream corn! AAH... UNH!
An' my girlfriend, she digs it
With a hot YOOHOO bottle
While somebody's screamin':
CORKS 'N' SAFETIES
PIGS 'N' DONKEYS
ALICE COOPER'S GONNA ... AAAAAAH!

Well, it gets me so hot
I could scream
(Chorus line) ALICE COOPER, ALICE COOPER! YAAAAH!
ALICE COOPER, ALICE COOPER! YAAAAH!

You two chicks sound real far aout and groovy
Ever been to a Holiday Inn?
Mna-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-haaa...
Magic Fingers in the Bed (Picture it!)
Wall-mounted TV screen:
Coffee-Wost plugged into the bathroom wall
Formica's really keen!

(Chorus line) What kind of girl do you think we are?
What kind of girl do you think we are?
Don't call us groupies
That is going too far
We wouldn't ball you
Just because you're a star

These girls wouldn't let just anybody

Spew on their vital parts
They want a guy from a group with a
Big hit single in the charts

Funny you should mention it:
Our new single just made the charts this week
With a bullet! With a bullet!
Lust let me put a little more
Rancid Budweiser on my beard right now, Baby

And you can show me how a young girl such as you
Might be thrilled and overwhelmed by me...

What hotel did you say you are staying at?

Wanna split right away?

Not so fast, you sillt boy... there's one thing I gotta say:

(Chorus line) We want aguy from a group who's got a thing in the charts
We want aguy from a group who's got a thing in the charts
We want aguy from a group who's got a thing in the charts
We want aguy from a group who's got a thing in the charts

And if his dick is a monster
If his dick is a monster
If his dick is a monster
We will give him our hearts...

Hold it! Please hold it!

My God, Madge... you voluptuous New York City slit...
Why did'nt you tell me before?
It was so hard to tell with your little blousey-poo on,
but.. now that I see you... I would have helped...
I didn't know you were so obviously.. PREGNANT...