

Frank Zappa, Your Mouth

Your mouth is your religion
You put your faith in a hole like that?
You put your trust and your belief above your jaw
And no relief have I found

I heard your story when you come home
You said you went to see your sister last night
Well, you might loose a bunch of teeth
And find a funeral wreath
While you'll be laying in the ground all alone

So tell me where are you coming from with all them lines
As you stumble in at the breakin' of the day
Where are you coming from, my shot-gun say
Because he just might want to blow you away
'Cause he just might want to blow you away

An evil woman can make ya cry
If you believe her every time she lies
Well you can be a big fool
If she makes you loose your cool, and so
I've got me some advice you should try

Just let her talk a little
Just let her talk a little more
Just... let her talk a little more
And when she runs out of words
Just say the same thing that I told you before...

Tell me where are you coming from with all them lines
As you stumble in at the breakin' of the day
Where are you coming from, my shot-gun say
Because he just might want to blow you away
'Cause he just might want to blow you away