

# 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