

# Dickie's Such An Asshole (The San Clemente Magnetic Deviation)

Frank Zappa

[FZ:] Thank you! Hate to see this go to waste

[Ike:] Fringe. I mean that, man

[FZ:] Alright. CNN ran a story last week about this new product that has been developed for our prison system. It is called "Confinement Loaf." Now what it is it's, uh, bean by-products compressed into a loaf, which is administered to problem prisoners. Their diet will be a slice of "Confinement Loaf" and a cup of water, and it seems to mellow them out right away. So my question is: How long before "Confinement Loaf" appears in United States High Schools?

One 'n one is eleven!

Two 'n two is twenty-two!

Won't somebody kindly tell me,

What the government's tryin' t' do . . .

Dickie's just to tricky

For a chump like me to use, oh use

You take that sub-committee serious, boy (and I'm serious)

You just might get a seizure from the evenin' news

Millions 'n millions of dollars . . .

Much as he might need . . . (good work!)

He could open up a chain of motels, people,

On the highway, yes indeed!

Quadrophonic desperation! (oh, pinch that loaf now!)

There might be confinement loaf up under your bed (well . . . )

You know if you just might pinch a little loaf in your slumber (pfffft . . .

NURSE!)

The FBI is gonna get your number

GONNA GET YA

GONNA GET YA

GONNA JUMP UP THE SUB-COMMITTEE AND GET YA!

THE FBI

GONNA GET YOUR NUMBER

THE FBI

THEY ALREADY GOT YOUR PICTURE

THE FBI

AND YOUR FINGERPRINTS TOO

THE FBI

THEN THEY GOT A GUY IN VIRGINIA

THE FBI

WHIFFING UP A LITTLE SOUP JUST FOR YOU

GONNA GET YOUR NUMBER

GONNA GET YOUR NUMBER

Tryin' not to worry

Tryin' not to care

But you know, I get so excited

When that soup goes over there

Can't have no private conversation  
Nowhere  
In the USA  
Can't wait 'til the rest of the people all over the the world  
Find out that their confinement loaf  
Is just the same ol' way  
Every day . . .  
(Pinch that loaf now!)

Let me tell you about this right now  
Let me tell you about this right here  
Let me make this formerly clear  
Let me tell you about this right here  
You know you put me in office  
So you must have wanted me in office  
I did you no harm  
I used to have twenty-five tapes  
Now I only got ten  
Can't remember what happened to the rest  
S'pose I gave 'em to a friend  
Gave a couple to Bebe Rebozo  
Gave a couple to Pat Boone  
Gave a couple to Ronald Reagan  
Gave a couple to the new vice-president  
He said he'd stick with me through thick and thin  
Even if I invaded Nicaragua  
You know I'm not a crook  
You know I'm not a crook  
I just wanna lie about one more thing right now . . .  
(Say yeah yeah . . . )

The gangster stepped right up,  
'N kissed him on the lips good-bye  
Made him a cocksucker by proxy, yes he did,  
An' he didn't even bat an eye!

The man in the White House - oooh!  
He's got a conscience black as sin!  
(Yeah, maybe I . . . I don't know but, it's just a training exercise)  
There's just one thing I wanna know -  
How'd that asshole ever manage to get in?

You're all the same, so sing right along now:

DICKIE'S SUCH AN ASSHOLE  
Sincerely, Dick, we mean it  
Sincerely, Ron, we mean it  
Sincerely, Dick and Ron, we continue to mean it  
Wee-ooo

Now let's bring the Republican Party up to date . . .