

The Duke Regains His Chops

Frank Zappa

And you'll be my Douchess
My Douchess of Prunes

A moonbeam through the prune
In June
Reveals your chest
I see your lovely beans
And in that magic go-kart
I bite your neck
The cheese I have for you
My dear
Is real
And very new!
(New cheese!)

Prunes!
(Pah-Da-Dahhh!)
If they are fresh prunes . . .
(Pah-Da-Dahhh!)
Know no cheese!
(Chunka Chunka Chinky Chunky Stinky Stanky . . .)
And they just lie there
Drowning & sickening
And it's just . . . I dunno
Oh-h-h-h-h!
And I know
I think
The love I have for you
Will never end
Well . . . maybe
(Whah!)

And so my love
I offer you
A love that is strong
A prune that is true!
(Ha Ha!)

This is the exciting part . . .
It's like the SUPREMES...
See the way it builds up
BABY BABY
D'ya feel it?
BABY BABY
My prune is yours, my love
My cheese for you
My baby prune
My baby prune
I do like you
My baby cheese etc., etc.
You know I do
My dear
I love you etc., etc.
Oh cheesy fat
Oh cheesy fat
Oh cheesy fat
Oh baby fat

Oh cheesy fat
Oh baby blue