

Lonesome Cowboy Nando

Frank Zappa

Frank zappa (lead guitar, synthesizer, vocals)
Ike willis (rhythm guitar, vocals)
Mike keneally (rhythm guitar, synthesizer, vocals)
Bobby martin (keyboards, vocals)
Ed mann (vibes, marimba, electronic percussion)
Walt fowler (trumpet, flugel horn, synthesizer)
Bruce fowler (trombone)
Paul carman (alto saxophone, soprano saxophone, baritone saxophone)
Albert wing (tenor saxophone)
Kurt mcgettrick (baritone saxophone, bass saxophone, contrabass clarinet)
Scott thunes (electric bass, mini-moog)
Chad wackerman (drums, electronic percussion)
Jimmy carl black (vocals)
Mark volman (vocals)
Howard kaylan (vocals)
Jim pons (bass, vocals)
Don preston (keyboards, electronics)
Ian underwood (keyboards, saxophone)
Aynsley dunbar (drums)Frank:
My name is nando,
I'm a marine biologist.
All my friends,
They call me "doh".Ike & mike:
Hi, doh!Frank:
All my family,
From someplace in this area,
And they complain if I talk about this horrible pizza
During the show.All:
Come out here, to californy,
Just to find me some pretty girls.
Ones I seen gets me so horny,
Ruby lips, 'n teeth like pearls.Wanna love 'em all, wanna love 'em dearly.
Wanna a jellyfish, I'll even pay.
I'll buy 'em furs, I'll buy 'em pizza,
I know they like me, here's what I'll say:(1971:)Jimmy carl black:
I'm lonesome cowboy burt.
Speakin' atcha!
Won'tcha smell my fringe-y shirt?
Reekin' atcha!

My cowboy pants,
My cowboy dance,
My bold advance

On this here waitress...Mark & howard:

He's lonesome cowboy burt. a-ha!

Don'tcha get his feelings hurt.Jimmy:

Come on in this place

An' I'll buy you a taste.

You can sit on my face.

Where's my waitress?Mark & howard:

Burtram, burtram redneck!

Burtram, burtram redneck!Jimmy:

I'm an awful nice guy.

Worked all day in the sun.

I'm a roofer by trade,

Quite a bundle I've made,

I'm a unionized roofin' old son-of-a-gun.Mark & howard:

He's a unionized roofin' old son of a gun!(1988:)Ike:

"darling, I crazy go nuts when I hear this,

You know what I'm sayin'? "Frank:

When I get off, I get plastered.

I swim till I fall on the jellyfish.

Then I find me some academic kind of illustrator,

I describe the little dangling utensils on this thing,

And tell him to draw it up

So it looks just like a brand new jellyfish.Ike & mike:

(trying to follow along, they sing some gibberish)Frank:

"take that! take that!"

I fuss an' I cuss and I keep on swimmin',

Till my snorkel puffs up an' turns red.

I drool on my shorts,

I do some water sports,

Then I take the jellyfish back to my house

And stick it in the bed! "sorta..."Ike & mike:

"whaddya do? "

Stick it again in the bed!Frank:

"that's right!Ike & mike:

Stick it again in the bed!

Stick it again in the bed!

Stick it again in the bed!(1971:)Jimmy:

Lonesome cowboy burt.

Speakin' atcha!

Smell my fringe-y shirt.

Reekin' atcha!

My cowboy pants,

My cowboy dance,
My bold advance
On this here waitress!Mark & howard:
He's lonesome cowboy burt. yee-ha!
Don'tcha get his feelings hurt!Jimmy:
Come on in this place,
An' I'll buy you a taste.
You can sit on my face.
Where's my waitress?"opal, you hot little bitch!"

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