

Titties & Beer

Frank Zappa

Frank zappa (lead guitar, vocals)

Ray white (rhythm guitar, vocals)

Eddie jobson (keyboards, violin, vocals)

Patrick o'hearn (bass, vocals)

Terry bozzio (drums, vocals)

Ruth underwood (percussion, synthesizer)

Don pardo (vocals)

David samuels (vibes)

Randy brecker (trumpet)

Mike brecker (tenor saxophone, flute)

Lou marini (alto saxophone, flute)

Ronnie cuber (baritone saxophone, clarinet)

Tom malone (trombone, trumpet, piccolo)

John bergamo (percussion over-dub)

Ed mann (percussion over-dub)

Louanne neil (osmotic harp over-dub)It was the blackest night

There was no moon in sight

You know the stars ain't shinin'

'cause the sky's too tight

I heard the scarey wind

I seen some ugly trees

There was a werewolf honkin'

'long the side of meI'm mean 'n I'm bad, y'know I ain't no sissy

Got a big-titty girly by the name of chrissy

Talkin' about her 'n my bike 'n me...

'n this ride up the mountain of mystery, mysteryI noticed even the crickets

Was actin' weird up here

And so I figured I might

Just drink a little beer

I said, "gimme summa that what yer suckin' on..."

But there was no reply

'cause she was gone..."where's those titties that I like so well

'n my goddamn beer!"

Is what I started to yell, then I heard this noise

Like a crunchin' twig, 'n up jumped the devil...he's about this big...He had a red suit on

An' a widow's peak

An' then a pointed tail

'n like a sulphur reek

Yes, it was him awright

I swore I knowed it was
He had some human flesh
Stuck underneath his claws
You know it looked to me
Like it was titty skin
I said, "you sonofabitch!"
'cause I was mad at him,
Well he just got out his floss
'n started cleanin' his fang
So I shot him with my shooter

Said: bang bang bang Then the sucker just laughed 'n said, "put it away..."

You know, I ate her all up...now what you

Gonna say? "

You ate my chrissy? "titties 'n all!"

Well, what about the beer then, boy? "were the cans

This tall? "

Even her boots? "would I lie to you? "

Shit, you musta been hungry! "yes, this is true."

Well don't they pay you good for the

Stuff that you do?

"well, you know, I can't complain when the checks come through..." Well I want my chrissy, 'n I want my beer

So you just barf it back up now, devil,

Do you hear?" blow it out your ass, motorcycle man! I mean, I am the devil,

Do you understand? just what will you give me

For your

Titties and beer? I suppose you noticed this little

Contract here..." yer goddam right, you son-of-a-whore,

"don't call me that"

That's about the only reason i learned writing for

...gimme that paper...bet yer ass I'll sign...

'cause I need a beer, 'n it's titty-squeezin' time" man, you can't fool me...you ain't that bad...

I mean you shoulda seen some of the souls I had...

Why there was milhous nixon 'n agnew, too...

'n both of those suckers was worse 'n you..." Well, let's make a deal if you think that's true

I mean, you're the devil, so whatcha gonna do?(improvised dialog)

"wait a minute...a tinge of doubt crosses my mind...when you say...

That you want to make a deal with me..." "that's very, very true

I'm only interested in two things

"yeah? "

See if you can guess what they are""i would think...uh...let's see, maybe stravinsky..." "i'll give you two clues.

let go of your pickle""what? ""let go of your pickle!""i'm not holding my pickle""well, who's holding your

pickle then? ""i don't know...she's out in the audience...

Hey dale, would you like to come up here and hold

My pickle to satisfy this weird man out on the stage? ""i'm only interested in two things, and that's

Titties and beer

You know what I mean?

"what? "

Titties and beer

Titties and beer

Titties and beer

Titties and beer

Titties and beer

Titties and beer

Titties and beer!"

Titties and beer!"

"i don't know if you're the right guy? "

Titties and beer!"

Titties and beer!""no! don't sign it! give me time to think...

I mean hold on a second boy, 'cause that's magic ink!"And then the devil let go of his pickle

And out come my girl, there was her titties

Flop-floppin'...all around the worldShe said "i got me three beers and a fistful of downs

And I'm gonna get ripped, so fuck, you clowns!"

Then she gave us the finger, it was rigid and stiff

That's when the devil, he farted

And she went right over the cliff!

The devil was mad, I took off to my pad

I swear I do declare, how did she get back there?

I swear I do declare, how did she get back there?

I swear I do declare, how did she get back there?

I swear I do declare, how did she get back there?

I swear I do declare, how did she get back there?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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