

Planet Of The Baritone Women

Frank Zappa

On the plane of the baritone women
They talk low
'bout stuff they know,
They sing 'oooh!'
And laugh at you
Ah-ha-ha-ha-hah!
If you can't
If you can't
Do it too
Do it too
Ah-ha-ha-ha-hah! They sing 'li-li-li-li!'
They sing 'lo-lo-lo-lo!'
The man carry purses
Wherever they go Junior executives.
All in a row,
Watch the baritone women
Do the baritone show
Ah-ha-ha-ha-hah! They sing about wheat;
They sing about corn;
They sing about places
Where women was born They sing about hate!
They sing about fear!
It seems like they all got
A pretty good ear
Ah-ha-ha-ha-hah! They sing it in harmony
Not often heard
With a big ol' cadenza
On every long word They keep it as low
As they possibly can,
And sometimes they walk
Like an e-gyp-tian
Ah-ha-ha-ha-hah! They do choreography
Still more unique!
They leave their legs open
Whenever they speak! They roll their eyes upward.
And over again,
And slam their legs closed
When they sing about men! Those baritone women!
They are not your friend!

You will make a mistake
If you go there again!

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