

# Nanook Rubs It

Frank Zappa

\*(Well, right about that time people  
A fur-trapper (who was strictly from commercial)  
Had the unmitigated audacity to jump up from behind my igloo (peekaboo) )  
And he started into whippin' on my favorite baby seal  
With a lead-filled snowshoe)\*I said, with a  
Lead-  
Filled  
With a lead filled snowshoe  
He said, "Peekaboo"  
I said, with a  
Lead-  
Filled  
With a lead filled snowshoe  
He said, "Peekaboo"  
He went right upside the head of my favorite baby seal  
he went "whap" with a lead-filled snowshoe, and  
he hit him on the nose and hit him on the fin, and he  
that got me just about as evil as an eskimo boy can be. So I bent down  
and I reached down, and I scooped down and I gathered up a generous  
mitten-ful of the deadly \*YELLOW SNOW\*The deadly yellow snow, from right there where the huskies  
go!Whereupon I proceeded to take that mittenful of the deadly yellow snow  
crystals and rub it all into his beady little eyes with a vigorous  
circular motion hitherto unknown to the people of this area, but destined  
to take the place of the mudshark in your mythology  
here it goes,the circular motion, now Rub It!\*(Here Fido)\*And then  
In a fit of anger  
I pouncedAnd I pounced againGreat Googly Moogly!I jumped up and down on the chest of the himI injured  
The fur trapperWell he was very upset, as you can understand  
And rightly so, because the  
Deadly yellow snow crystals had  
Deprived him of his  
SightAnd he stood up, and he looked around, and he said"I can't see"  
"I can't see"  
"Oh, woe is me"  
"I can't see""Well.....you know  
I can't see  
Nothin""He took a dog-doo snow cone and stuffed it in my right eye  
He took a dog-doo snow cone and stuffed it in my other eye  
And the husky wee-wee

I mean the doggie wee-wee

Has blinded me

And I can't see

Temporarily" Well, the fur-trapper stood there, with his arms outstretched across the frozen white wasteland, trying to figure out what he was going to do about his deflected eyes. And it was at that precise moment that he remembered an ancient Eskimo legend, wherein it is written (on whatever it is that they write it on up there) that if anything bad ever happens to your eyes as the result of some sort of conflict with anyone named

Nanook,

the only way you can get it fixed up is to go Trudging across the tundra

Mile after mile

Trudging across the tundra Right down to the parish of St. Alphonzo

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