

The Duke Regains His Chops

The Mothers of Invention

And you'll be my Duchess
My Duchess of Prunes I'm looking 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!) Prune (Pa-da-dah!)
If they are a fresh Prune (Pa-da-dah!)
Know no cheese
(Chunka, chunka cheeky chunka)
(Chunka, cheesy, stinky chunka)
And they just lie there
Taller and sickening and it just...I don't know (Lo)
And I know, I think
The love I have for you will never end (well, maybe)
And so my love I offer you
A love that is strong, A prune that is true (This is the exciting part. This is like the Supremes
see the way it builds up? Feel it?)
(Baby, Baby, Baby, Baby)

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