

The White Boy Troubles

Frank Zappa

Frank zappa (guitar, synclavier)

Steve vai (guitar)

Ray white (guitar, vocals)

Tommy mars (keyboards)

Chuck wild (piano)

Arthur barrow (bass)

Scott thunes (bass)

Jay anderson (string bass)

Ed mann (percussion)

Chad wackerman (drums)

Ike willis (vocals)

Terry bozzio (vocals)

Dale bozzio (vocals)

Napoleon murphy brock (vocals)

Bob harris (vocals)

Johnny "guitar" watson (vocals)

Ensemble: (singing)

De white boy troubles!

(white boy troubles!)

De white boy troubles!

(boy got troubles!)

Oh what a boidennn!

(oh, heavy boidennn!)

His car's fucked up!

De boy got a provlem!

She ripped up de 'polstry

(wit de red dress on)

Outa dat o-zo-mobile!

(tell me what I say)

Hafta go ta tia-juana now!

(I don't have it)

He should go to brown moses,

Way down in egyppt-lainnn!

(egyppt-lainnn)

Thing-fish: (checking off a clipboard, like a social worker)

Looks likes y'done putty good heahh, harry-as-a-boy! I sees ya' growin' up like a weed, axmodently reproducin' yoseff 'n evvythang. done found some low-rent housin' in a one-dimensional cardbode Vity box on some italian's funt lawn...bunch o' crab-grass underneath de offspring fo quick 'n easy

sanitatum...shit! y'all provvly be savin' up fo yo first lava lamp putty soon!

Harry-as-a-boy:

We're incredibly happy! even though I'm gay for business purposes, my relationship with artificial rhonda has blossomed into something really beautiful, although I must confess to being baffled

W she got knocked up.

Thing-fish:

Well, if de trufe be told, it were de father o' de boy at de gas statium...when y'sent de ol' lady in fo' de inner-tube patchin', 'round de foth o' july.

Harry-as-a-boy:

Quentin? how could he be so unfaithful? I'm sure God has ways of punishing naughty little guys like that!

Thing-fish:

Mights well stop complainin', boy! de damage been done! leastways y'all can pretend to be some kinda daddy! yo' rubber bitch ain't gwine change no diapers! y'said y'all was incredibly happy! enj While y'got it, boy! de shit gwine hit de fan in a minute!

Harry-as-a-boy:

What? something bad is going to happen?

Thing-fish:

You figgit out...judgin' fum de intellectional expressium on yo' beloved's ignint face, de bitch gwine be contemplatin' a career of her own! see dat?

Look like she got her one good eye on a briefcase 'n a tweed spo't coat down de mall somewheres! Durin' de intromissium, few de sisters seen her 'tendin' a consciousness raisin' meetin' over at de hiltum! thass right! bitch passed up de mash potatoes 'n took off wit' de high school cafeteri

Ch.

Francesco opens the door, and stands on the porch, still watching through the binoculars.

Thing-fish: (contd.)

Makin' matters woise, de italian dat be ownin' yo' nativity bungalow been wondrin' 'bouts de hanky an' de panky 'tween you 'n dem two concrete flamingos ovuh by de steps! you been messin' wit de E bird o' new jersey, muthafucker! dat kin git you five to life in dis vicinity! if you wants a little frennly advice, boy, I'd be growin' my ass up a little quicker, 'n whizz on outa heahh!

Leave de ugly baby in de crab-grass, snatch up yo' wretched excuse fo a woman, 'n climb on up de heap! get yo'seff a job drivin' a truck fulla string-beans to utah! make sumfin' out y'seff, so's N afode a ticket to de mammy nun show! den we can piss all ovuh de adulterated wimp you gwine become, an' get de shit rollin' agin'!

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