Dummy Up

The Mothers

Frank zappa (lead guitar, vocals)
George duke (keyboards, synthesizer, vocals)
Tom fowler (bass)
Ruth underwood (percussion)
Jeff simmons (rhythm guitar, vocals)
Don preston (synthesizer)
Bruce fowler (trombone)
Walt fowler (trumpet)
Napoleon murphy brock (tenor saxophone, flute, lead vocals)
Ralph humphrey (drums)
Chester thompson (drums)
Debbie (background vocals)
Lynn (background vocals)
Robert camarena (background vocals)
Sunrise
Get up in the mornin'
You know, I dig this mornin'
The sun is shinin' bright
I'm gonna get outside
Gonna wash my face
Grab my hat
Put it on my head
I take a walk downtown
Yeah... because I feel so-oh good
I think I'm gonna take a walk downtown
Hey! sunrise!
Wo!
Somethin' I never seen before
Been walkin' down the street every day
Nobody like you ever passed my way
Maybe it must be too much sun
Couldn't be my hat, must be too much...
Wait a minute! is that you?
What's that? ...what, what's that? ...
What, what's that? ...what? ...
Dummy up
What is that? ...
I know what that is, I know what that is...
I bet you that's a restaurant menu...

Let me see!...let me see!
Not only do you get the desenex burger
What?
Not only...the desenex burger
Well you are in for a real treat, jim
Wait a minute...i think I like that dance better than...
What are you talkin' about, creep?
What I'm talkin' about is you've been in this killer fog down here too long
What?
You need somethin' to get up and go to school with
Wait a minute, you're not talkin' to an old fool now,
You know I wasn't born yesterday!
Heh heh heh!
Wait a minute...
I like that little dance you were doin' there...
(jeff simmons tries to corrupt napoleon murphy brock by showing him a lewd dance and suggesting that he'd smoke a high-school diploma...)
Hey! wait a minute!
Hey this, this stuff...
I never seen one of these before...that's not a menu...
This stuff is expensive
What is that?
You shoot it, you'll conserve all winter.
I do what?
It lasts longer
(not only do you get the desenex burger)
Now come on, try it.

No, no.
It's really good.
No. smoke that? !
Have I ever lied to you?
Have I ever seen you before?
I don't, I don't even know you!
Look...
I don't even know what that is!
And you're drivin' me to smoke it? !...
Just before, we smoked the tapes that you made.
Smoked the tapes?
Smoked the tapes of your group.
I think I'm with the damned.
You can really get off.
Let's try a joint of this.
A what?
A joint.

You mean this kinda joint?
No man!
Where you been in livin'? ...reseda?
No, san jose.
(the evil dope pusher is cutting up a white gym sock, formerly owned by carl zappa and still damp. the shredded sock will be placed inside of a high-school diploma and ignited with a sulphur-pre
Ion... his first taste of big city life!...)
That's okay, wait...
Hey! the roach of this is really gonna be good, so i'll...
Have mercy!
What do you do with that thing?
What do you do with that thing? yeah!
Wait a minute!
Wait a minute!
Wait a minute!
What do you do with that thing?
I wanna know!
Wait a minute!
(now the next step of this operation: the evil corrupter of youth is going to take him from step one, which is a mere high-school diploma stuffed with a gym sock, to step two, which is a college
Ee stuffed with absolutely nothing at all. smoke that and it'll really get you out there!...)
I still don't feel as good as I felt this mornin'...yeah yeah...
(you'll grow out of it...)
Dummy up!
I heard it again, somebody said...
You see this?
Wait a minute!...
College!
College!
That's college-rhythm.
You mean if I smoke that, it's the same as this,
As if I was at college?
Roll it on up!
Roll it on up!
Roll it on up!
Give me that!...
No no, the college degree is stuffed with absolutely nothing at all.
You get, you get nothing with your college-degree...
But that's what I want!
I forgot, I'm sorry...
Well, if you get nothin', well that's what I want.
(a true zen saying: nothing is what I want. the results of a higher education...)

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