

Montana

Frank Zappa, Cpt. Beefheart & the Mothers

I might be movin' to Montana soon
Just to raise me up a crop of
Dental Floss Raisin' it up
Waxen it down
In a little white box
That I can sell uptown By myself I wouldn't
Have no boss,
But I'd be raisin' my lonely
Dental Floss Raisin' my lonely
Dental Floss Well I just might grow me some bees
But I'd leave the sweet stuff
To somebody else . . . but then, on the other hand I would
Keep the wax
N' melt it down
Pluck some Floss
N' swish it aroun' I'd have me a crop
An' it'd be on top (that's why I'm movin' to Montana) Movin' to Montana soon
Gonna be a Dental Floss tycoon (yes I am)
Movin' to Montana soon
Gonna be a mennil-toss flykune I'm pluckin' the ol'
Dennil Floss
That's growin' on the prairie
Pluckin' the floss!
I plucked all day an' all nite an' all
Afternoon . . .
I'm ridin' a small tiny hoss
(His name is MIGHTY LITTLE)
He's a good hoss
Even though
He's a bit dinky to strap a big saddle or
Blanket on anyway
He's a bit dinky to strap a big saddle or
Blanket on anyway
Any way I'm pluckin' the ol'
Dennil Floss
Even if you think it is a little silly, folks
I don't care if you think it's silly, folks
I don't care if you think it's silly, folks I'm gonna find me a horse
Just about this big,

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>