

Nanook Rubs It (Basic Tracks / Outtake)

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
and 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

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

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