

# The Evil Prince

## Frank Zappa

Frank zappa (lead guitar)

Ike willis (guitar, vocals)

Ray white (guitar, lead vocals)

Bobby martin (keyboards, saxophone, vocals)

Alan zavod (keyboards)

Scott thunes (bass)

Chad wackerman (drums) Well well well, now, dis de nasty sucker dat be responsdable fo de enwhiffment o de original potium. now in his infinite responsdable party personage as de evil prince and through de magik o stage T of course, wes about to see what gwine on in his magikal conjurance up of his little cauldrom of doom! now check it on out now Somewhere, over there, I can tell,

I guess so

Theres the voice of

A potato-headed whatchamacallit

Whoo, do tell!

Who does not wish me well!

His clothes are quite stupid,

And also his shoes!

Ain't no bussiness like show business

He's got a big ol duck-mouth!

Who knows how he chews! He thinks he knows something

About the great plan!

How ultimate blandness

Must rule and command He knows not a drop,

Not a crumb,

Not a whit,

Of the reason for doing

This criminal shit

And then, if he did,

Would it matter a bit?

Not at all!

Because it is writ: Our beige-blandish god

Tends to certify it: Only the boring and bland shall survive!

Only the lamest of lameness will thrive!

Take it or leave it, you wont be alive,

If you are overtly creative! Fairies and faggots and queers are

Creative

All the best music on broadway is

Native Who will step forward

And end all this trouble?

For beige-blandish citizens,  
Clutching the rubble  
Of vanishing dreams  
Of wimpish amusement,  
Replaced by a rash  
Of creative confusement! Soon, my brave zombies,  
You'll make your return!  
Broadway will glow!  
Broadway will burn!  
(along with the remnants of  
Everything new)  
My holy disease will do  
Wonders for you!  
Those lovely producers  
Who paid for you then  
Will do it again, and again, and again! The spying potato  
The spying potato  
With horrible diction  
And terrible diction  
Will rot in the garbage  
I can smell it right now  
When this shows eviction  
Takes place shortly after  
My alternate skill  
Of theatrical sabotage  
Triumphs your will! I've a special review  
Yes I know you really do!  
I've been saving for years  
Yes I know you really have  
For a show just like this,  
For a really stupid show  
With potatoes and queers I'll say it's disgusting, atrocious, and dull  
I'll say it makes boils inside of your skull  
I'll say it's the worst -of-the-worst of the year,  
No wind down the plain, and it's hard on your ear  
I'll say it's the work of an infantile mind  
I'll say that it's tasteless, and that you will find  
A better excuse to spend money or time  
At a tupper-ware party, wee-oo  
So, do be a smarty!  
Oo-oo-wee-oo  
Hold on to that dollar  
A little while longer  
For spending it here,  
Why, it couldn't be wronger! What's happened to Broadway?

Wheres it gone, all the glitter?  
The heart and soul  
The patter?  
The pitter?And after this deadly review hits the paper,  
In will come roper, bender & raper,  
To legally execute all that remains  
Of this tragic amusement for drug-addled brains  
Drug-addled brains, drug addled brains(solo)Hold on to that g-string  
A little while longer  
For spending it here,  
Why, it couldnt be wronger!Whats happened to broadway?  
Wheres it gone, all the glitter?  
The heart and soul  
The patter?  
The pitter?And after this deadly review hits the paper,  
In will come roper, bender & raper,  
To legally execute all that remains  
Of this tragic amusement for drug-addled brains  
Hey hey, hey hey, hey hey, brai-hains . . .

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