

The Duke of Prunes

The Mothers of Invention

A moon beam through the prune In June
Reveals your chest I see your lovely beans
And in that magic go-kart I bite your neck
The cheese I have for you, my dear
Is real and very new
A moon beam through the prune In June
Reveals your chest I see your lovely beans
And in that magic go-kart I bite your neck
The love I have for you, my dear
Is real and very new Prune! (pa-da-dah!)
If it is a real prune Knows no cheese
(cheeky chunky, cheeky chunky)
And stands (Oh no!)
Taller or softer than any tree (or bush)
And I know The love I have for you
Will grow and grow And grow, I think
And so my love I offer you
A love that is strong A prune that is true

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