

Conehead

Frank Zappa

Conehead...she ain't really dumb
She's just a Conehead...'tater chip crumbs
All over her face
Is there any more beer
Stashed away at her place?
She's just a Conehead. . .she can't help herself
"She's a Conehead girl..."
Pitch her a ring
That is the thing
That's getting her hot-uh
A hoop or a ring
Coin' over the top of her Conehead
"She is from a small town in France
'N she's a Conehead kind of girl, kind of guy"
That's what she gives me is-uh Oooh! Conehead
When she's on her knees
The point is so high
I keep sayin' please
Keep it out of my eye, she's a Conehead
(She's a Conehead kind of girl, kind of guy, kind of a girl-thing. . .)
Saturday Night
You're home alone
The TV lights up
As her dad comes home
He's been workin' all day
At the drivin'school
In a stupid-lookin' hat
That he uses to fool
The people of Earth
Who might get back
If they knew he was really
From Remulak, where the
Conehead. . .people are from, where the
Conehead. . .people go to, when the
Conehead. . .people are done with their
Conehead. . .things that are fun
Connie the Cone
Is dressed real neat
Like a teen-age girl
From down the street
But Mom 'n Dad
They don't approve
Carbohydrates
Is all they groove
Connie's eye
Has a tiny tear
But they rinse it away
With a case of beer
A bag of chips
'N fiberglass
Her diet's a riot
I can't keep quiet
I'd love to try it
But I think I'll pass
To eat that kind of stuff they pack
You'd hafta be from Remulak, where the
Conehead. . .people are from, where the

Conehead. . .people go to, when the
Conehead. . .people are done with the
Conehead. . .things that are fun, where the
Conehead. . .people are from, where the
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