

200 Years Old

Frank Zappa

I was sittin' in a breakfast room in Allentown, Pennsylvania,
Six o'clock in the morning, got up too early, it was a terrible
mistake...

Sittin' there face-to-face with a 75 cent glass of orange juice
About as big as my finger and a bowl of horribly foreshortened
cornflakes,
And I said to myself: "This is the life!" . . .

She's two hundred years old
So mean she couldn't grow no lips
Boy, she'd be in trouble if she
Tried to grow a mustache

She's two hundred years old
Squattin' down & pockin' up
In front of the juke box
Like she had true religion, boy
Like she had true religion

She's two hundred years old
Hoy hoy, 200 years old
Half of this, none of that,
One-fifty oh squattin'
Yeah-ah, ain't she got
Religion now, boy