

Botulism on the Hoof

Frank Zappa

Howard: Oh, that's really great! Botulism on the hoof!

Dick: Don't even look at it, Howard, you're over the deadline

Jeff: The new fascist ensemble says that you can't have anything to eat, man, 'cause you're over the deadline

Howard: What's that mean?

Dick: I told you to be down here at noon, man, you're five minutes late, so you can't order, listen, listen . . .

Howard: You . . . told [...], man

Dick: These guys ordered like ten minutes ago

Howard: It's like having Ronald Reagan for a road manager . . . what can you make me in two minutes?

Dick: The deal is that, uh . . .

Howard: . . . besides sick!

Dick: If you help me, uh, . . . for the airport, man, you be able to woof down some kind of scarf out there

Howard: What do you mean, 'Woof down some kind of scarf out there'?

Dick: Then you can stick your fingers in your nose

Howard: I'm hungry, man

Dick: Eat a payday candy bar

Howard: Listen, how about a little dry cereal? How 'bout an orange juice

Dick: Never happened, man

Jeff: Hey, get it on tape, that Barber is a doofus, man