

# Broken Hearts Are For Assholes

Frank Zappa

Hey! Do you know what you are?  
You're an asshole! An ASSHOLE!

Some of you might not agree  
'Cause you probably likes a lot of misery  
But think a while and you will see...  
Broken hearts are for assholes  
Broken hearts are for assholes

Are you an asshole?  
Broken hearts are for assholes  
Are you an asshole too?  
Whatcha gonna do, 'cause you're an asshole...

Maybe you think you're a lonely guy  
Maybe you think you're too tough to cry  
So you went to The Grape,  
Just to give it a try

And Dagmar  
Without a doubt, the ugliest son of a bitch I ever saw in my life  
Was his name...  
One Two Three Four!

The whiskers sticking out from underneath of his  
Pancake make-up  
And yet he was a beautiful lady  
Nearly drove you insane

Let's talk about Leather: LEATHERRRRRR  
And so you kissed a little sailor  
Tex Abel, starring in the latest Shepperton Production:  
Who had just blew in from Spain

Sir Richard Pump-A-Loaf  
You sniffed the reeking buns of Angel  
The story of a demented bread-boffer  
And acted like it was cocaine

Cucumber pud annexed to a fine whole-wheat loaf  
You were dazzled by the exciting new costume of Ko-Ko  
Then on Tuesday night, Caesar's back in town  
In a way you can't explain

Facing off in a no-holds-barred tag team grudge match  
With Kona.  
And so you worked the wall with Michael  
Three-hundred-seventy-nine pounds of Samoan dynamite

Which gave your back an awful strain  
Volcanic Hell  
But you came back on Sunday for the gong show  
Next Thursday, teen town's finest...

But you forgot what I was sayin'  
'Cause you're an asshole, You're an asshole  
That's right

You're an asshole, you're an asshole

Yes, yes

You're an asshole, you're an asshole

That's right

You're an asshole, you're an asshole

Now you been to The Grape 'n' you been to The Chest

'N' now I think you know what you are: you're an asshole

You say you can't live with what you been through

Well, ladies you can be an asshole too

You might pretend you ain't got one on the bottom of you,

But don't fool yourself girl

It's lookin' at you

Don't fool yourself girl

It's winkin' at you

Don't fool yourself girl

It's blinkin' at you

That's why I say

I'm gonna ram it, ram it, ram it

Ram it up yer poop chute

Corn hole

Ram it, ram it, ram it

Ram it up yer poop chute

Fist fuck

Ram it, ram it, ram it

Ram it up yer poop chute

Wrist-watch; Crisco

Ram it, ram it, ram it

Ram it up yer poop chute

Pud!

Don't fool yourself, girl

It's goin' right up yer poop chute

Don't fool yourself, girl

It's goin' right up yer poop chute

(etc., repeats)

Aw, I knew you'd be surprised...