

# Brown Shoes Don't Make It

Frank Zappa

Brown shoes don't make it  
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Quit school, why fake it  
Brown shoes don't make it

TV dinner by the pool  
Watch your brother grow a beard  
Got another year of school  
You're okay, he's too weird  
Be a plumber  
He's a bummer  
He's a bummer every summer  
Be a loyal plastic robot  
For a world that doesn't care  
That's right

Smile at every ugly  
Shine on your shoes and cut your hair

Be a jerk-go to work  
Be a jerk-go to work  
Be a jerk-go to work  
Be a jerk-go to work  
Do your job, and do it right  
Life's a ball  
TV tonight  
Do you love it  
Do you hate it  
There it is  
The way you made it

A world of secret hungers  
Perverting the men who make your laws  
Every desire is hidden away  
In a drawer in a desk by a Naugahyde chair  
On a rug where they walk and drool  
Past the girls in the office

We see in the back  
Of the City Hall mind  
The dream of a girl about thirteen  
Off with her clothes and into a bed  
Where she tickles his fancy  
All night long

His wile's attending an orchid show  
She squealed for a week to get him to go  
But back in the bed his teen-age queen  
Is rocking and rolling and acting obscene  
Baby, baby. . .  
Baby, baby. . .  
Cimmie then cakes, uh!  
If I do I'm gonna lose my...

And he loves it, he loves it  
It curls up his toes  
She wipes his fat neck

And it lights up his nose  
But he cannot be fooled  
Old City Hall Fred  
She's nasty, she's nasty  
She digs it in bed  
That's right

Do it again, ha  
And do it some more  
Hey, that does it, by golly  
And she's nasty for sure  
Nasty nasty nasty  
Nasty nasty nasty  
Only thirteen, and she knows how to nasty

She's a dirty young mind, corrupted  
Corroded  
Well she's thirteen today  
And I hear she gets loaded

If she were my daughter, I'd...  
What would you do, Frankie?  
If she were my daughter, I'd ...  
What would you do, Frankie?  
Check this out  
Smother my daughter in chocolate syrup  
And strap her on again, oh baby  
Smother that girl in chocolate syrup  
And strap her on again, oh baby  
She's my teen-age baby  
She turns me on  
I'd like to make her do a nasty  
On the White House lawn  
Smother my daughter in chocolate syrup  
And boogie 'till the cows come home

Time to go home  
Madge is on the phone  
Got to meet the Gurney's and a dozen gray attorneys  
TV dinner by the pool  
I'm so glad I finished school  
Life is such a ball  
I run the world from City Hall