

# Do You Like My New Car?

Frank Zappa

You are... you gotta tell me something... I mean, seriously, I'm tellin' you this is the first time that any of my girlfriends and I have ever met anybody really from Hollywood... I mean, really... my girlfriend Jim, and Ian, and Aynsley, and Bob, and Frank... I mean, none of us...

Pleased to meet you...

Hi Howie

We never met a pop star from Hollywood... tell me something: have you ever met Davey Jones? or Bobby Sherman?

No.. no, I ..

I mean... David Cassady, he's so...

Jimmy Greenspoon, once I...

Three Dog Night?!!

Yeah...

Oh! I love them! They're my favorite band!.. ow gawd.. oh, do you like my new car? I'm ah.. my Dad just gave it to me for graduation..

Ah yeaah?!! I'ts a ... it's a Fillmore, isn't it? Real futuristic, ah.. I dig the fins... listen: do you know how to get to the ah Hollywood Inn from here?

No, ah.. which one is it?

(burp) excuse me. It's the one by the airport... you know... cause we gotta get up early an'.. fly outta here in the morning, y'know...

Oh, I didn't know that... Where do you guys play tomorrow night? I mean, I'd like to come maybe... in your bus or somethin'...

Yeah?..

(Voice in background):  
In the BUS!

Come in the bus, huh?... Tomorrow we're in ah, let's see... Tierra del Fuego ...

Ook! You're so professional, Howie!

Oh, it's not... it's nothing...

Howie, I mean, the way you gettin' tptp to play, an all these exotic places, I mean...

Yeah

Tell me something.. tell me and my girl-... TELL me: Do you really have a hit record... on the charts now?... with a BULLET? ... I mean that's really important to me...

Listen, honey: Would I lie to you just to get in your pants?

He-Het! Listen! Hey, listen to me tellin' ya: WE ARE NOT GROUPIES!

Naw, I never.. I never said...

We are not groupies! You better understand that!.. I told Robert Planet, I told Elton John, I told all those big guys...

Robert PLANET?!

We are not groupies!

No, I never..

Roger Daltrey never laid a hand on me!

Yaw.. it's obvious to see why... listen, I never...

(2nd non-groupie):  
Howie..

(1st non-groupie):  
Tell him! Tell him right now!

(2nd non-groupie):  
We only like musicians for f-friends. You know?

(voices in back):  
Real straight arrow, Howie, Really... just for friends, Howie...

(2nd non-groupie):  
But we still like you Yeah.. we wouldn't mind coming in your bus, but..

(2nd non-groupie):  
I mean, we still want to hear your record...

Listen you chicks!now didn' .. didn't you just say that you got off bein' ju ked with a BABY OCTOPUS and spewed upon with cream corn? an' that your hair-lipped dyke-o bass-playing girlfriend on the backseat had to have it with a YOO-HOO bottle or she went apeshit?!..

Ooooh..

What's the deal, baby? Come on..

Howie! Howie, lissen yo me... all that's true..

Come across..

All that's true, and sometimes I even dig it with a Doctor Brown's Cream Sod a... or a CEL-RAY!... but! we are not groupies! No matter what you think...

No, I never...

We are not groupies..

You see, there seems to be some kind of a communication problem, honey... be cause I... I am a lonely guy from outta town, y'know an'... an' I want some ACTION... what I'm talkin' about is, I wanna... a-a-steaming... succulent... ever-widening, gooey, drippy, runny kind of a hole with a... with... how sh all I put this... what say we hop in the trunk of your Gremlin AN' GET OUR R

OCKS OFF...

Hey! hey-hey-hey-heyyyy... Jesus!...

(voice in back):  
I'm in this band, man...

(voice up front):  
Very agile, Howie, very agile...

(voice in back):  
I am in this band no matter what we do up here... it's all...

Now lissen! It just so happend... tonight me and my girlfriends, I mean, we've all come here for one thing tonight...

Yeah?

Looking for a guy... And we're looking for a guy from a group

Wow

BUT HE'S GOTTA HAVE A DICK!

WAAAHA!

AND HE'S GOTTA HAVE A DICK THAT'S A MONSTER!!

WAAAAAAAAAH!... That's me!! That's me! ooh! ... oooohh, you voluptuous Manhattan Island clit.. Take me... I'm yours, you hole... Fulfill my... wildest... dreams!....

Ooooh! Anything for you, my most seductive, seclusive... pop star of a man.. . picture this if you can: bead jobs! knotted nylons! bamboo canes! three unreleased recordings of Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young fighting in the dressing-room of the Fillmore East! Why, 'n enchilada wrapped with pickle sauce shook up and down in between a donkey's legs until he can't it stand anymore! All this and more, Howie! Including! an electric coolde pony harness, with fuel injection... fuel injection... fuel injection...

Ooh! my god, I ... I ... I can't stand it!... I mean... I mean, dou you understand the implications of what I'm saying? I CAN'T STAND IT!!! I CAN'T STAND IT !! I CAN'T STAND IT!! OH NO!!... Oh my god... I'm going home! I'm gonna see my baby... (etc) I really can't stand it... please... give it to me... give it to me right here in the trunk of your Gremlin.. give me... GIVE ME THE ENCHILADA WITH THE PICKLES SAUCE SHOVED UP BETWEEN A DONKEY'S ASS UNTIL HE CAN'T COME ANYMORE!...

Hey-hey! haha! Not until you sing me your big hit record!... and I want to hear the big hit record, and I wanna hear it now, an' I wanna hear the big hit record now with a bullet! With a bullet!

The bullet?

The BULLET! The BULLET! I'ts the part that gets me the hottest... hehe!.. now sing me that record, and I wanna hear it right now or you ain't driving no where tonight, buddy...

Well, I know when I'm licked... all over.... Okay, baby: BEND OVER AND SPREAD 'EM!... Here comes my... BULLET!!

(all sing Happy Together)