

For the Young Sophisticate

Frank Zappa

Baby baby why you cryin'
Feeling sorry what she said
Put down the rag, I told her then
Don't wanna hear you cry again
Dear heart, dear heart
Tell me, tell me what's the reason
Dear heart, dear heart
Tell me, tell me what's the reason
You know she went to see the doctor
And then she read a magazine
Forget that book, I told her then
Don't wanna hear about the book again
Dear heart, dear heart
Work out, vinnie
Tell me, tell me what's the reason
Dear heart, dear heart
I thought you were in love, vinnie
Tell me, tell me what's the reason
There was a picture on the story
That showed a young sophisticator
Who falls in love three pages later
With some aggressive agitator
And by and by he comes to hate her
'cause she don't shave her underarms
And he can't go for that
'cause he's a young sophisticator
Baby baby why you cryin'
It made me wonder what she said
Forget that book I told her then
Don't wanna hear 'bout the book again
Dear heart, dear heart
Tell me, tell me what's the reason
Dear heart, dear heart
How you doin', vinnie?
Tell me, tell me what's the reason
Would you still love me if my hair grew
All down the side of my kimono
Well of course I would, it might be hip
If it did not cause you to trip
Dear heart, dear heart
Or radiate a bad aroma
Dear heart, dear heart
Or radiate a cheap aroma
Dear heart, dear heart
Or radia-iate, or radia-ia-ia-iate a butzis aroma
Ha ha ha ha ha ha