

Lonesome Cowboy Burt

Frank Zappa

My name is Burtram
I am a redneck
All my friends,
They call me 'Burt'
(Hi, Burt!)
All my family,
From down in Texas
Make their livin'
Diggin' dirt

Come out here to Californy,
Just to find me
Some pretty girls
Ones I seen
Gets me so horny;
Ruby lips,
'N teeth like pearls!

Wanna love 'em all!
Wanna love 'em dearly!
Wanna pretty girl-
I'll even pay!
I'll buy 'em furs!
I'll buy 'em jewelry!
I know they like me;
Here's what I say:

I'm lonesome Cowboy Burt!
(Speakin' atcha!)
Come smell my fringe-y shirt!
(Reekin' atcha!)
My cowboy pants,
My cowboy dance,
My bold advance,
On this here waitress . . .
Yodel-oh-oo-pee-hey
Yodel-oh-oo-pee!

(He's lonesome Cowboy Burt
Don'tcha get his feelings hurt)
Come on in this place,
'N I'll buy you a taste,
You can sit on my face-
Where's my waitress?

Burtram, Burtram redneck
Burtram, Burtram redneck

I'm an awful nice guy!
Sweat all day in the sun!
Roofer by trade,
Quite a bundle I've made,
I'm unionized roofin' old
Son-of-a-gun!
(He's a unionized roofin' old
Son-of-a-gun!)

When I get off, I get plastered
Drink till I fall onna floor,
Find me some Communist bastard,
'N stomp on his face till he don't
Move no more!
(He stomps on his face till he don't
Move no more!)

I fuss, an' I cuss an' I keep on drinkin',
Till my eyes puff up an' turn red!
I drool on m'shirt,
I see if he's hurt,
Kick him again in the head, yes!
Kick him again in the head, boys!
Kick him again in the head, now!
KICK HIM AGAIN IN THE HEAD!

Lonesome Cowboy Burt!
(Speakin' atcha!)
Come smell my fringe-y shirt!
(Reekin' atcha!)
My cowboy pants,
My cowboy dance,
My bold advance,
On this here waitress . . .
Yodel-oh-oo-pee-yeh
Yodel-oh-oo-pee!

(HE'S LONESOME COWBOY BURT,
A-don'tcha get his feelin's hurt)
Yeah . . . but come on in this place,
An' I'll buy you a taste,
'N you can sit on my face-
Where's my waitress?
OPAL, YOU HOT LITTLE BITCH!