

Man with the Woman Head

Frank Zappa

Are you with me on this, people?

The man with the woman head
Polynesian wallpaper made the face stand out,
a mixture of Oriental and early vaudeville jazz poofster,
forming a hard, beetle-
like, triangular chin much like a praying mantis.
Smoky razor-cut, low on the ear neck profile.
The face the color of a nicotine-stained hand.
Dark circles collected under the wrinkled, folded eyes,
map-like from too much turquoise eyepaint.
He showed his old tongue through ill-fitting wooden teeth,
stained from too much opium, chipped from the years.
The feet, brown wrinkles above straw loafers.
A piece of cocoanut in a pink seashell caught the tongue and kn
otted into thin white strings.
Charcoal grey Eisenhower jacket zipped into a load of green asc
ot.
A coil of ashes collected on the white-on-yellow dacs.
Four slender bones with rings and nails endured the weight of a
hard fast black rubber cigarette holder.
I could just make out Ace as he carried the tray and mouthed,
"You cheap son of a bitch" as a straw fell out of a Coke, cartw
heeled into the gutter.
So this was a drive-in restaurant in Hollywood,
So this was a drive-in restaurant in Hollywood,
So this was a drive-in restaurant in Hollywood.