

Muffin Man

Frank Zappa

The Muffin Man is seated at the table
In the laboratory of the Utility Muffin
Research Kitchen . . .
Reaching for an oversized chrome spoon
He gathers an intimate quantity of dried muffin remnants
And brushing his scapular aside
Proceeds to dump these inside of his shirt. . .
He turns to us and speaks:
"Some people like cupcakes better. I for one
Care less for them!"
Arrogantly twisting the sterile canvas snoot
of a fully charged icing anointment utensil
He pools forth a quarter-ounce green rosette (oh ah yuk yuk.
let's try that again . . .!)
He pools forth a quarter-ounce green rosette
Near the summit of a dense but radiant muffin
of his own design.
Later he says: "Some people . . . some people like cupcakes exc
lusively,
While I myself say there is naughl nor ought there be
Nothing so exalted on the faceof God's grey earth
As that prince of foods . . . The Muffin!"

Girl you thoughl he was a man
Bul he was a muffin
He hung around lill you found
That he didn't know nuthin'
Girl you thought he was a man
But he only was a-puffin'
No cries is heard in the night
As a result of him stuffin'