

# The Duke Regains His Chops

Frank Zappa

And you'll be my Douchess  
My Douchess of Prunes

A moonbeam through the prune  
In June  
Reveals your chest  
I see your lovely beans  
And in that magic go-kart  
I bite your neck  
The cheese I have for you  
My dear  
Is real  
And very new!  
(New cheese!)

Prunes!  
(Pah-Da-Dahhh!)  
If they are fresh prunes . . .  
(Pah-Da-Dahhh!)  
Know no cheese!  
(Chunka Chunka Chinky Chunky Stinky Stanky . . . )  
And they just lie there  
Drowning & sickening  
And it's just . . . I dunno  
Oh-h-h-h-h!  
And I know  
I think  
The love I have for you  
Will never end  
Well . . . maybe  
(Whah!)

And so my love  
I offer you  
A love that is strong  
A prune that is true!  
(Ha Ha!)

This is the exciting part . . .  
It's like the SUPREMES...  
See the way it builds up  
BABY BABY  
D'ya feel it?  
BABY BABY  
My prune is yours, my love  
My cheese for you  
My baby prune  
My baby prune  
I do like you  
My baby cheese etc., etc.  
You know I do  
My dear  
I love you etc., etc.  
Oh cheesy fat  
Oh cheesy fat  
Oh cheesy fat  
Oh baby fat

Oh cheesy fat  
Oh baby blue