

There's No Lust in Jazz

Frank Zappa

Okay, it's, uh, just about time, you guys, what d'you say?
[?]
Uh . . .
One?
Rolling?
Rolling . . . Frank is rolling
Rolling? It's rolling . . . ?
One!
Test two
Test . . . three
Oh, now this is what I call brotherly love
Man, chics are really harm, man. Now there are tits
Hey you're taking between that baby [?]
Aaaaah . . .
No stopping!
Oh, I'm telling you . . .
There is a chic where I'm hung
Oh yes . . . And she enjoys every moment
She wants you Dick
She's waiting for your big . . .
Now listen
Bwana?
She said give me the guy with the throb
AAH!
Oh . . . really?
Okay, enough
What can you say?
See you later
See, this is what happens when you join up a rock group, George
, get off that jazz syndrome . . . there's no lust in jazz