

# 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