

Wild Love

Frank Zappa

Many well-dressed people
In several locations
Are kissing quite a bit
Later in the evening
Leaves will fall
Tears will flow
Wind will blow
Some rain; some snow
A fireplace maybe
A kiss or two
And down they'll go
But that's the way it goes sometimes
You just might find yerself in the clutches of some Wild Love

Mama stroked his dinger
Daddy got a stinky finger
In those days of long ago
Later in the evening
She'd complain
They'd refrain
He'd go home 'n' hone his bone
A tragic case maybe
But also true
I'm sure you know
But that's the way it goes sometimes
You just might find yerself in the clutches of some Wild Love

Now'days you get dressed up
'N' later you get messed up
But still you're pretty hip
Later in the evening
You'll explain
She'll remain
You're real modern
She's the same
A frantic pace maybe
But who's to say
Where it will go