

Your Mouth

Frank Zappa

Your mouth is your religion
You put your faith in a hole like that?
You put your trust and your belief
Above your jaw, and no relief
Have I found

I heard your story when you come home
You said you went to see your sister last night
Well, you might loose a bunch of teeth
And find a funeral wreath
While you'll be laying in the ground
All alone

So tell me where are you coming from
With all them lies
As you stumble in at the breakin' of the day.
Where are you coming from, my shot-gun say
Because it just might wanna blow you away
'Cause it just might wanna blow you away

An evil woman, can make ya cry
If you believe her every time she lies
Well you can be a big fool
If she makes you loose your cool, and so
I've got me some advice you should try

Just let her talk a little
Oh, just let her talk a little more
Just just let her talk a little more
And when she runs out of words
Just say the same thing that I told you before

Now tell me where are you coming from
With all them lies
As you stumble in the breakin' of the day
Where are you coming from, my shot-gun say
Because it just might wanna blow you away
'Cause it just might wanna blow you away
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