

Harry, You're A Beast

The Mothers of Invention

I'm gonna tell you the way it is
And I'm not gonna be kind or easy
Your whole attitude stinks, I say
And the life you lead is completely empty

You paint your head
Your mind is dead
You don't even know what I just said

THAT'S YOU: AMERICAN WOMANHOOD!

You're phony on top
You're phony underneath
You lay in bed & grit your teeth

MADGE, I WANT YOUR BODY!
HARRY, GET BACK!
MADGE, IT'S NOT MERELY PHYSICAL!
HARRY, YOU'RE A BEAST!

Don't come in me, in me
Don't come in me, in me
Don't come in me, in me
Don't come in me, in me

MADGE, I . . . MADGE . . . I COULDN'T HELP IT . . .
I . . . DOGGONE IT!