

The Duke Of Prunes

The Mothers of Invention

A moon beam through the prune in june
Reveals your chest I see your lovely beans
And in that magic go-kart I bite your neck
The cheese I have for you, my dear
Is real and very new
A moon beam through the prune in june
Reveals your chest I see your lovely beans
And in that magic go-kart I bite your neck
The love I have for you, my dear
Is real and very new

Prune! (Pa-da-dah!)
If it is a real prune knows no cheese
(Cheeky chunky, cheeky chunky)
And stands (oh no!)
Taller or softer than any tree (or bush)
And I know the love I have for you
Will grow and grow and grow, I think
And so my love I offer you
A love that is strong a prune that is true