

The Duke Regains His Chops

The Mothers of Invention

And you'll be my duchess
My duchess of prunes

I'm looking 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
(new cheese!)

Prune (pa-da-dah!)
If they are a fresh prune (pa-da-dah!)
Know no cheese
(Chunka, chunka cheeky chunka)
(Chunka, cheesy, stinky chunka)
And they just lie there
Taller and sickening and it just...i don't know (lo)
And I know, I think
The love I have for you will never end (well, maybe)
And so my love I offer you
A love that is strong, a prune that is true

(This is the exciting part. this is like the supremes
See the way it builds up? feel it?)
(Baby, baby, baby, baby)

(My prune is yours, my love
My cheese for you, savings through and through
My baby I do
My baby I do
My baby prunes
My baby prunes
I love you
I love you
O baby prunes
O cheesy fat
O cheesy fat
O cheesy fat)