

Frank Zappa, Father O'Blivion

Get on your feet an' do the Funky Alfonzo!

Father Vivian O'Blivion
Resplendent in his frock
Was whipping up the batter
For the pancakes of his flock
He was looking rather bleary
He forgot to watch the clock

'Cause the night before
Behind the door
A leprechaun had stroked, yes
The night before
Behind the door
A leprechaun had stroked (He stroked it)
The night before
Behind the door
A leprechaun had stroked his
Sma-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ahhh (Stroked his smock)

Which set him off in such a frenzy
He sang "Lock Around The Crock"
An' he topped it off with a
An' he topped it off with a
An' he topped it off with a

Woo-oo-hoo-hoo
Woo-oo-hoo-hoo
Woo-oo-hoo-hoo

As he stumbled on his
He was delighted as it stiffened
And ripped right through his sock

Oh, Saint Alfonzo would be proud of me

He shouted down the block
Dominus Vo-bisque 'em
Et come spear a tu-tu, oh
Won't you eat my sleazy pancakes
Just for Saintly Alfonzo

They're so light an' fluffy white
We'll raise a fortune by tonight
They're so light an' fluffy white
We'll raise a fortune by tonight
They're so light an' fluffy brown
They're the finest in the town
They're so light an' fluffy brown
They're the finest in the town

Good morning, Your Highness (Ooo-ooo-ooo)
I brought you your snow shoes (Ooo-ooo-ooo)
Good morning, Your Highness (Ooo-ooo-ooo)
I brought you your snow shoes