

# Frank Zappa, Magdalena

Mark Volman (lead vocals)  
Howard Kaylan (lead vocals)  
Ian Underwood (woodwinds, keyboards, vocals)  
Aynsley Dunbar (drums)  
Don Preston (keyboards, mini-moog)  
Jim Pons (bass, vocals)

There was a man  
A little ole man  
Who lived in Montreal  
With a wife and a kid  
And a car and a house  
And a teenage daughter  
With a see-thru blouse  
Who loved to grunt and ball - -  
And her name was Magdalena

The little ole man  
Came home one night  
To his house in Montreal.  
He caught his daughter  
In the blouse by the light  
And he said to himself:  
"She looks all right!"  
And he reached for a tit  
And grabbed it tight  
And threw her up  
Against the wall  
(BLUE CROSS!)

Magdalena, my daughter dear,  
Do not be concerned when your  
Canadian daddy comes near.  
My daughter dear  
Do not be concerned when your  
Canadian daddy comes near.  
I work so hard,  
Don't you understand,  
Making maple syrup  
For the pancakes of our land.  
Do you have any idea  
What that can do to a man  
What that can do to a man?  
Do you have any idea  
What that can do to a man  
What that can do to a man?

The little ole man  
With the grubby little hand  
Who lived in Montreal  
Was drooling a bit  
As he reached for her tit  
And he said to himself:  
"This gonna be it!"  
But the girl turned around  
And said: "Go eat shit!"  
And ran on down the hall.  
Right on, Magdalena!

My daughter dear,  
Do not be concerned when your  
Canadian daddy comes near.  
My daughter dear  
Do not be concerned when your

Canadian daddy comes near.  
I work so hard,  
Don't you understand,  
Making maple syrup  
For the pancakes of our land.  
Do you have any idea?  
What that can do to a man  
What that can do to a man?  
Do you have any idea?  
What that can do to a man  
What that can do to a man?

Magdalena, don't you tease me like this  
Right in the hallway with your blouse and your tits  
If your mommy ever finds us like this  
She'll call a lawyer, oh how mom will be pissed

DOODLE DOODLE DOODLE DUH-DUH DEE-UH  
DOODLE DOODLE DOODLE DUH-DUH DEE-UH

Magdalena, Magdalena, Magdalena, Magdalena,  
daughter of the smog-filled winds of Los Angeles,  
I'd like to take you in the closet  
and take off your little clothes  
until you're virtually stark raving nude,  
spread mayonaise and kaopectate all over your body  
and take you down to Hollywood Boulevard  
and we can, we can walk down the streets  
by the stars that say John Provost and Leo G. Carrol  
together, Baby.

We can go dancing up at the Cina Grill ... can't you see it: Frank Pernell and us, until dark ... don't y  
ive inch spike heels that you got at Frederick's, same time you and your mommy got that crotchless  
k, oh please, to your daddy!... come on, Magdalena... to your daddy, Baby... your mom will never k