

# A Token of My Extreme

Frank Zappa

Welcome to the First Church of Appliantology!  
The White Zone is for loading and unloading only! Don't you be Tarot-fied  
It's just a token  
of my extreme  
Don't you be Tarot-fied  
It's just a token  
of my extreme Don't you never try to  
look behind my eyes  
You don't wanna know  
what they have seen  
Don't you never try to  
look behind my eyes  
You don't wanna know  
what they have seen  
Some people think  
That if they go too far  
They'll never get back  
To where the rest of  
them are  
I might be crazy  
But there's one thing  
I know  
You might be surprised  
At what you find  
when ya go! And thus, having rationalized his expedition to L. Ron's modernistic office  
cathedral, warehouse, condominium complex,  
JOE seeks The Answer to his problem... Oh oh oh  
Mystical Advisor  
What is my problem,  
tell me  
Can you see?  
Well, you have nothing  
to fear, my son!  
You are a Latent  
Appliance Fetishist,  
It appears to me! That all seems very,  
very strange  
I never craved  
a toaster  
Or a color T.V. A Latent Appliance  
Fetishist  
Is a person who

refuses to admit  
to his or herself  
That sexual  
gratification can  
only be achieved  
Through the use of  
MACHINES...  
Get the picture?Are you telling me  
I should come out  
of the closet now  
Mr. Ron?No, my son!  
You must go into  
the closetWhat?And you will haveHeh?Hey!  
A lot of fun!  
That's where  
they all live  
So if you want an  
Appliance to love you  
You'll have to  
go in there  
'N' get you oneWell... that seems  
simple enough...Yes, but if you want a  
really good one,  
You'll have to learn a  
foreign language...German, for instance?That's right...  
A lot of really cute  
ones come from  
over there!  
(Fifty bucks, please)And a cheerful group of  
Appliantologists dance  
into the room wearing  
aluminum foil lab smocks,  
lock arms in a circle  
around JOE, making sure  
he pays in full, all the  
while singing with L. RON  
as he delivers his final  
instructions...:  
If you been  
Mod-O-fied,  
It's an illusion,  
an you're in between  
Don't you be  
Tarot-fied,  
It's just a lot of nothin',  
So what can it mean?If you been  
Mod-O-fied,  
It's an illusion,  
an yer in between

Don't you be  
Tarot-fied,  
It's just a lot of nothin',  
So what can it mean? If you been  
Mod-O-fied,  
It's an illusion,

an yer in between...JOE leaves the First Church of Appliantology and sets out to try L. RON's  
expensive advice This is the CENTRAL SCRUTINIZER... Joe has just learned to speak  
German Now, get this, heres why he did it! He's gonna go to this club on  
the other side of town, it's called THE CLOSET...

And they got these Appliances in there that really go for a guy dressed up  
like a housewife who can speak German (you know what I mean)... so  
Joe's learned how to speak German, he goes in this place and he sees  
these little Kitchen Machineries dancing around with each other, and he  
sees this one... that looks like it's a cross between an industrial vacuum  
cleaner and a chrome piggy bank with marital aids stuck all over its body...  
it's really exciting... and when he sees it, he BURSTS INTO SONG...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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