

# Cosmik Debris

## Frank Zappa

The Mystery Man came over  
An' he said: "I'm outa-sight!"  
He said, for a nominal service charge,  
I could reach Nirvana t'nite  
If I was ready, willing 'n able  
To pay him his regular fee  
He would drop all the rest of his pressing affairs  
And devote His Attention to me  
But I said . . .  
Look here brother,  
Who you jivin' with that Cosmik Debris?  
(Now who you jivin' with that Cosmik Debris?)  
Look here brother,  
Don't you waste your time on me  
The Mystery Man got nervous  
An' he fidget around a bit  
He reached in the pocket of his Mystery Robe  
An' he whipped out a shaving kit  
Now, I thought it was a razor  
An' a can of foamin' goo  
But he told me right then when the top popped open  
There was nothin' his box won't do  
With the oil of Afro-dytee  
An' the dust of the Grand Wazoo  
He said:  
"You might not believe this, little fella, but it'll cure your Asthma too!"  
An' I said . . .  
Look here brother,  
Who you jivin' with that Cosmik Debris?  
(Now what kind of a geroo are you anyway?)  
Look here brother,  
Don't you waste your time on me  
Don't waste yer time . . .  
I've got troubles of my own, I said  
An' you can't help me out  
So take your meditations an' your preparations  
An' ram it up yer snout  
"BUT I GOT A KRISTL BOL!", he said  
An' held it to the light  
So I snatched it  
All away from him  
An' I showed him how to do it right

I wrapped a newspaper 'round my head  
So I'd look like I was Deep  
I said some Mumbo Jumbos then  
An' told him he was goin' to sleep  
I robbed his rings  
An' pocket watch  
An' everything else I found  
I had that sucker hypnotized  
He couldn't even make a sound  
I proceeded to tell him his future then  
As long as he was hanging around,  
I said  
"The price of meat has just gone up  
An' yer ol' lady has just gone down . . . "  
Look here brother,  
Who you jivin' with that Cosmik Debris?  
(Now is that a real poncho or is that a Sears poncho?)  
Don't you know,  
You could make more money as a butcher,  
So don't you waste your time on me  
(Don't waste it, don't waste your time on me . . . )  
Ohm shonty, ohm shonty, ohm shonty-ohm  
SSHONTAY

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

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