

Zappa Frank

"Billy The Mountain"

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Billy the Mountain

Billy the Mountain

A regular picturesque

Postcardy mountain

Residing between lovely

Rosamond and Gorman

With his staning wife Ethel

A tree, a tree.

Billy was a Mountain

Ethel was a tree growing off of his shoulder

Billy was a Mountain

Billy was a Mountain

Ethel was a tree growing off of his shoulder

Ethel was a tree growing off of his shoulder

( Hey, hey, hey! )

Billy had two big

Caves for eyes

With a cliff for a jaw

That would go up or down

And whenever it did

He'd puff out some dust

And hack up a boulder, hack.

Hack up a boulder, hack, hack.

Hack up a boulder, hack, hack.

Hack up a boulder.

Now, one day, and I believe it was on Tuesday,

a man in checkered double-knit suit

drove up in large El Dorado Cadillac leased from Bob Spreene

( "Where the freeways meet in Downey!" )

and he laid a huge bulging envelope right at the corner of BILLY

THE MOUNTAIN, that was right where his foot was supposed to be.

Now BILLY THE MOUNTAIN, he couldn't believe it:

All those postcards he'd posed for, for all of those years,

and finally, now at last, his royalties!

"Royalties, royalties, royalties! The royalty check is in, honey!"

... Yes, BILLY THE MOUNTAIN was rich! Yes, and his eyeball caves,

they widened in amazement... and his jaw, which was a cliff, well

it ... it dropped thirty feet! A bunch of dust puffed out ...

rocks and boulders hacked up, hack! hack! ... crushing the Lincoln ...

I gave him the money

He acted real funny

He hacked up a rock and

It totaled my car

Oh do you

Know any trucks

Might be bound for the valley

I don't wanna stand here

All night in this bar

( Dear Lord )

I don't wanna stand here

All night in this bar

( No shit )

I don't wanna stand here

All night in this bar

By two o'clock, when bars had already closed down,  
Billy had broken the

big news to Ethel, AHHHH, and with dust and boulders  
everywhere, Billy,

choked with excitement, announced: "Ethel, we're going  
on a vacation!"...

Yes, and they were going on a vacation, oh, and Ethel,  
Ethel, Ethel, like

any little woman, she of course was very excited ... she  
creaked a little

bit, and some old birds flew off of her. Billy told Ethel  
they were going

to... yes, they where going to New York! "Ethel, we're  
going to...

New York!

But first they were gonna stop in Las Vegas...

"It's off to Las Vegas to check out the lounges,  
Pull a few handles and drink a few beers, oh Ethel,  
Ethel, my darling, you know that I love you,  
I'm glad we could have a vacation this year,  
Oh neat-o, glad we could have a vacation this year."

They left that night, crunchin' across the Mojave  
Desert,

their voices echoing thru the canyons of your minds...

"Ethel, wanna get a cuppa cawfee? Howard Johnson's,  
ahhh

there's a Howard Johnson's! ... Wanna eat some clams?  
...

The first noteworhty piece of real estate they destroyed  
was Edwards Air

Force Base. And to this very day, wing-nuts and data  
reduction clerks

alike speak in reverent whispers about that fateful  
night when Test Stand

Number One and the rocket sled itself got LUNCHEd, I  
said LUNCHEd,

by a famous mountain and his small wooden wife ...

"Word just in to the KTTV news service undeniably links  
this mountain and

his wife to drug abuse and payoffs as part of San  
Joaquin Valley smut ring.

However, we can assure parents in the Southern  
California area that a

recent narcotic crackdown in Torrence ... Hawthorne ...  
Lomita ...

Westchester ... Playa del Rey ... Santa Monica ... Tujunga  
... Sunland

... San Fernando ... Pacoima ... Sylmar ... Newhall ...

Canoga Park ...

Palmdale ... Glendale ... Irwindale ... Rolling Hills ...  
Granada Hills

... Shadow Hills ... Cheviot Hills ... will provide the secret  
evidence

the Palmdale Grand Jury has needed to seek a criminal  
indictement and

pave the way for stiffer legislation, increased federal  
aid, and avert

a crippling strike of bartenders and veterinarians  
throughout the inland

empire ..."

Within the week, Jerry Lewis had hosted a telethon ( La  
La La nice lady )

to raise funds for the injured, "injured", and homeless,  
"homeless"

in Glendale, as Billy had just levelled it.

And a few miles right outside of town Billy caused a

'Oh mine/my(?) papa' in the earth's crust, right over the  
secret underground

dumps, right near the Jack In The Box on Glenoaks  
where they keep the pools

of old poison gas and obsolete germs bombs, just as a  
freak tornado cruised

through ... Yes, it was about three o'clock in the  
afternoon when little

Howard Kaplan was sitting on his porch ( "Toto...!" ) just  
playing

( "Come here, Toto ...!" ) and having a nice time with his  
little accordion,

("Toto...!") and this weird wind came up, direct from  
Glendale,

blowing those terrible germs in his direction ...

and all this caused by huge mountain

("Aunty Em") somewhere over the rainbow, blue birds fly,

sucking up two-thirds of it ( suck, suck, suck)

for an ultimately dispersal over vast stretches of ...  
WATTS!!!

Now, unless I misunderstood, it was right outside of Columbus, Ohio

when Billy received his notice to report for his induction physical. Now

lemme tell ya, Ethel said, now Ethel, Ethel said she wasn't gonna let him

go ... "I'm not gonna let you go, Billy" ... that's right, we now have

confirmed reports from an informed Orange County minister that Ethel is

still an active communist and it is this reporter's opinion that she also

practices covert WITCH-CRAFT ...

It was about this time that the telephone rang inside of the secret

briefcase belonging to one mortal man who might be able to stop all of

this senseless destruction and save America herself. And I'm sorry to

disappoint some of you, it was not Chief Redden. This one man was

Studebaker Hoch, fantastic new super hero of the current economic slump.

Now, some folks say he looked like Zubin Mehta (Zubin Mehta);

still others say "Bullshit, honey, it was just another greasy guy

who happened to be born next to the frozen beef pies  
at Boney's Market...";

still others say "Pshaw/Shawn(?), and piss on you, Jack,

he's just a crazy Italian who drove a red car ..."

You see, nobody ever really knew for sure because  
Studebaker

was sooooo mysterious ....

He was so ( he was so, he was so) mysterious

He was so ( he was so, he was so) mysterious

'Cuz when a person gets to be such a hero, folks

And marvelous beyond compute

You can never really tell about a guy like that

Whether he's really a nice person

Or if he just smiles a lot

Or if he has a son named Pinocchio or what.

Whether he's really a nice person

Or if he has a son named Pinocchio or what.

Some men say he could fly

Some men say he could swim

Others say he could sing like Neil Sedaka,

And all the girls in Flushing would be amazed of him

Two, three amazed of him ... amazed ...

Time passed. January, February, March, July,  
Wednesday, August, Irwindale,

two-thirty in the afternoon, Sunday, Monday, Funny  
Cars, Walnuts, City of

Industry, Big John Masamian ...

So when the phone ring in the secret briefcase, a

strong masculine hand with a Dudley Do-Right  
wristwatch and flexy bracelet

grabbed it and answered in a deep, calmly assured  
voice: "So... ah...

yeah, yeah hello already ... what? ... well, yeah? ... Ah-  
are you kidding?

... You're not kidding ... a mountain ... with a tree  
growing off of its

shoulder? Aw, you're fulla shit, man... ah listen, by the  
way, before you

go on; did you get those white albums I sent ya with the  
pencil on the

front, yeah? Yeah, you should move some of those for  
me ... We're having

a lot of,...listen, so kiss little Jakee on the head... and  
how's your

wife's hemorrhoids?...ah, that's too bad...Listen...so  
you've got a

mountain, with a tree, listen, causing...well, let me write  
this down...

sorta take a few notes here...yeah? ...to El Segundo,  
huh?...causing

untold destruction..( my baby, my baby )...wanted for  
draft evasion?...

an expense account? ... and per diem, too?..."

SOME MEN SAY HE COULD DANCE

They said he could dance

And of course they were right ...

Ladies and gentlemen, this is it: The Studebacher Hoch

Dancing Lesson & Cosmic Prayer For Guidance,  
featuring Aynsley Dunbar!



... HIT IT! ...

TWIRLY, TWIRLY, TWIRLY, TWIRLY, TWIRLY, Fillmore ...

Hey, right hand from a heart

Left hand from a heart

Right hand from a heart

Left hand from a left shoulder

To the heart. Fillmore, Fillmore ...

Nobody can dance like Studebacher Hoch ...

So many rumors have spread about Studebacher Hoch  
... consider this

rumor which was published about three weeks ago in  
ROLLING STONE

( oh, it's gotta be true! ) ... Studebacher Hoch can write  
the Lord's

Prayer on the head of a pin!" (NO!) do-do-do do-do-  
doot doot do-do-do ...

... I'm so hip ... beef pies ... he was born next to the beef  
pies,

underneath Joni Mitchell's autographed picture, right  
beside Elliot

Robert's big bank book, next to the boat where Crosby  
flushed away all

his stash and the cops got him in the boat and drove  
away, to the can where

Neil Young slipped another disc ...

[ Frozen ??? pie

Frozen ??? pie

Frozen ??? pie

And that was the main influence on him

The influence of a frozen beef pie ]

Boldly springing into action he phoned his wife who ran  
a modeling school,

whereupon he... yes, he ran around the back of the  
Broadway at Hollywood

Boulevard and Vine to see if he could find himself  
some big, large,

unused cardboard boxes ( no shit! )... after which he hit  
up the Ralph's

on Sunset for some Aunt Jemima syrup, some Kaiser  
boiler foil and pair

of blunt sissors, yeah! ... yes, and in the parking lot of  
Ralph's ...

where no prices are lower prices than Ralph's... in the  
parking lot of

Ralph's, in between a pair of customized trucks where  
nobody was looking,

he cut out some really, really, really nice wings and he  
covered them

thoroughly with foil ...

Then he took those wings and wedged one under each  
of his powerful

arms and sneaked into a telephone booth ..YES,YES!!  
And then he shut the

fucking door! ... And he pulled down his blue denim  
policeman-type

trouser pants, and he spread even amounts of Aunt  
Jemima maple syrup all

over the inside of his legs! ... Soon the booth was filling  
with flies

( help me! help me! help me! ) ... He held open the legs  
of his boxer

shorts so they could all get in, and when each and  
every one of those

little cocksucking flies had gone into his pants and they  
were lapping up

all that maple syrup, he bent over and he put his head  
between his legs and

he said in a very clear, impressive, Ron-Hubbard-type  
voice: "New York"...

And the booth and everything lifted up, out of parking  
lot, and into

the sky.

Studebacher Hoch

YEAH, YEAH,

Studebacher Hoch

Studebacher Hoch

Studebacher Hoch

YEAH, YEAH,

Studebacher Hoch

Studebacher Hoch

He's coating his legs

With Aunt Jemima syrup up and down

His shorts will be filled with flies

That will be buzzing all around

Studebacher Hoch is really outa sight

Studebacher Hoch, he does it every night

Studebacher Hoch, he treats the flies all right

Studebacher Hoch

That's why they never bite, hey!

Hey please to New York

Fly to New York

He could be a dog

Or a frog

Or a lesbian queen

(Fly to New York)

He could be a narc

Or a lady marine

Or he might play dirty

He's over thirty

Getting old ...

I don't know

His peculiar attire

And the flies he requires

Keep leading him on

'Cuz Ethel is gone

They keep leading him on

'Cuz Ethel is gone

And the mountain she's on

And speaking of mountains - - we'll join Studebacher  
Hoch on the edge

of BILLY THE MOUNTAIN's mouth .. take it away! ...

"Ah ... ya, ya, ya, hey-ah, Billy, listen ... I've come to  
reason with you

... our great country needs you in the armed forces ...  
Your number came

up ... ya can't go on running like this forever ..."

Ah, but Ethel just shook her twigs angrily. But  
Studebacher Hoch, calm,

cool, collected and unperturbed, continued:

"Ya, well listen ... listen you communist sonofabitch ...  
you better get

your ass down there for your fuckin' physical or I'll see  
to it that you

get used for fill dirt in some impending New Jersey  
marsh reclamation ...

And your girlfriend there will wind up disguised as  
series of brooms,

primitive ironing boards or a dog house ... get the (   
cough, cough) get

the picture?"

Ya, well Billy just laughed:

"Ha, ha, ha. If they think they're gonna draft me,  
they're crazy."

Unfortunately, because Studebacher Hoch was  
standing on the edge of

BILLY THE MOUNTAIN's mouth when the giant mountain  
laughed ... Studebacher

Hoch lost his footing and fell screaming, two hundred  
feet into the

rubble below ... ( "Aaahhhhh, oh fuck, I'm gonna need a  
truss ...")

Ah listen, that only goes to show you

And it'll show you once again that

A mountain is something you don't wanna fuck with

You don't wanna fuck with

Don't fuck around

Don't fuck around

Don't fuck with Billy, No

And don't fuck with Ethel

You saw what just happened

To the guy with the flies

Don't fuck around

Don't fuck around

Don't fuck around

Don't fuck around

Don't fuck around

Don't fuck around

Don't fuck around

With Biddilly, Biddilly

Biddilly The Mountain

Eddie, are you kidding?

Eddie, are you kidding?

Oh I forgot to mention this is where we take our  
intermission.

we will see you in a few minutes

Thank you, We'll be back

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