

Zappa Frank

"He Used To Cut The Grass"

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Frank Zappa (lead guitar, vocals)
Warren Cucurullo (rhythm guitar, vocals)
Denny Walley (slide guitar, vocals)
Ike Willis (lead vocals)
Peter Wolf (keyboards)
Arthur Barrow (bass, vocals)
Ed Mann (percussion)
Vinnie Colaiuta (drums)

Joe: (to himself as he walks out of prison)
I'm out at last
Boy, the world
sure looks different
Wow...there's hardly
anything fun to do
Since they made
music illegal
But I'm hooked
I got the habit
I've got to have it
I need to play
But there's no
musicians anymore
They're all gone
Wait! I've got it!
I'll be sullen and
withdrawn
I'll dwindle off into
the twilight realm
Of my own secret
thoughts
I'll walk through
the parking lot
In a semi-
catatonic state
And dream of
guitar notes
To go with the
loading-zone
announcements.

JOE wanders through the world which by then has been totally epoxied over, carefully organized, with everyone reporting daily to his or her appointed place in a line somewhere in front of a window somewhere in a building somewhere in order to collect his or her welfare check, which, when cashed, made it possible for the young ones to continue the payments for the obsolete and irreparable appliances their parents had purchased on the instalment plan years ago, providing as security the future incomes of their children. The rest of these checks were used by the young recipients to buy fun things of their own on credit, most of which broke down or failed within moments of purchase and seemed to be stacking up everywhere.

Central Scrutinizer:
This is the CENTRAL
SCRUTINIZER
The White Zone
is for loading and
unloading only.
If you have to load or
unload, go to the
White Zone.
You'll love it.
It's a way of life.
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SCRUTINIZER
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SCRUTINIZER
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If you have to load or
unload...

As JOE stumbles over mounds of dead consumer goods formed into abstract statues dedicated to the Quality of American Craftsmanship, dreaming his stupid little guitar notes, he hears, somewhere in the back of his head, the voice of MRS. BORG, taunting him:

Mrs. Borg's Voice:
Turn it down!
Turn it down!
I have children
sleeping here!
Don't you boys know
any nice songs?
I'm calling the police!
I did it!
They'll be here...
shortly!
I'm not joking around
anymore!
You'll see now!
There they are...
they're coming!
Listen to that mess,
would you!
Every day this goes on
around here!
He used to
cut my grass...
He was a
very nice boy...
He used to
cut my grass...
He was a
very nice boy...
He used to
cut my grass...
He was a
very nice boy...
He used to
cut my grass...
He was a
very nice boy...

Central Scrutinizer:
This is the CENTRAL SCRUTINIZER... Yes...he used to be
a nice boy...He used to cut the grass...But now his mind
is totally destroyed by music. He's so crazy now he
even believes that people are writing articles and
reviews about his imaginary guitar notes, and so,
continuing to dwindle in the twilight realm of his own
secret thoughts, he not only dreams imaginary guitar
notes, but, to make matters worse, dreams imaginary
vocal parts to a song about the imaginary journalistic
profession...

