

Zappa Frank

"Hot Plate Heaven At The Green Hotel"

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I used to have a job
An' I was doin' very well
Depression came along
An' everybody start to yell
"Where'd they go, them good ol' days,
'An all that crap we used to sell?"
Now I'm in Hot-Plate Heaven,
at the Green Hotel

Republicans is fine,
If you're a multi-millionaire
Democrats is fair,
If all you own is what you wear
Neither of 'em's REALLY right,
'Cause neithor of 'em CARE
'Bout that Hot-Plate Heaven,
'Cause they ain't been there

They really oughta go
'N find out how the hall-way smell --
They'd benefit to know
'Bout what the bums in there could tell
(Of course we're only dreamin',
But I s'pose it's just as well
That's ALL you get to dream
Up in the Green Hotel)

Nature didn't put me here
An' neither did my fate --
I musta been some even ol'
Republican candidate!
He's over here in Washington,
But I wish he was in HELL
'Cause I'm in Hot-Plate Heaven
At the Green Hotel

Things is slightly better now;
They hope we will forget
The misery of 'TRICKLE DOWN',
An' jelly-bean etiquette
The Regal Presidential Style

Has simply not worn well,
An' neither has my rags,
Up in the Green Hotel

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