

Zappa Frank

"Packard Goose"

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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: (clutching the hood ornament of an ancient car)
Maybe you thought I
was the Packard Goose
Or the Ronald
MacDonald of the
nouveau-abstruse
Well fuck all them
people, I don't
need no excuse
For being what I am
Do you hear me, then?

All them rock 'n roll
writers is the worst
kind of sleaze
Selling punk like
some new kind of
English disease
Is that the wave
of the future?
Aw, spare me please!

Oh no, you gotta go
Who do you write for?
I wanna know
I believe you is the
government's whore
And keeping peoples
dumb is where you're
coming from
And keeping peoples
dumb is where you're

coming from
Fuck all them writers
with the pen in
their hand
I will be more
specific so they
might understand
They can all
kiss my ass
But because it's
so grand
They'd best just
stay away
Hey, hey, hey

Hey, Joe, who
did you blow?
Moe pushed
the button boy
And you went
to the show
Better suck a little
harder or the shekels
won't flow
And I don't mean
your thumb
So on your knees
you bum
Just tell yourself
it's yum
And suck it 'till
you're numb

Journalism's
kinda scary
And of it
we should be wary
Wonder what became
of Mary?

And no sooner has he wondered, a vision of Mary
appears to him, delivering a little lecture...

Voice Of Mary's Vision:
Hi! It's me...
the girl from the bus...
Remember?
The last tour?
Well...

Information is

not knowledge
Knowledge is
not wisdom
Wisdom is not truth
Truth is not beauty
Beauty is not love
Love is not music
Music is THE BEST...
Wisdom is the domain
of the Wis
(which is extinct).
Beauty is a French
phonetic corruption
Of a short cloth
neck ornament
Currently in
resurgence...

And no sooner has she spoken (which is awkward and probably incorrect but what the fuck), enormous flabby short cloth neck ornaments obscure the horizon in a multitude, beating their ugly wings and working their hidden chrome snap attachments as they resurge in the direction of the White Zone seeking snack material near the Utensil Shrines of Greater America...

Joe:
If you're in the
audience and like
what we do
Well, we want you
to know that we
like you all too
But as for the
sucker who will
write the review
If his mind
is prehensile
(His mind
is prehensile)
He'll put down
his pencil
(He'll put down
his pencil)
And have
himself a squat
On the Cosmic Utensil
(Cosmic Utensil)
Go give it all you got
On the Cosmic Utensil
(Cosmic Utensil)

Sit 'n spin until you rot
On the Cosmic Utensil
(Cosmic Utensil)
He really needs
to squat
On the Cosmic Utensil
(Cosmic Utensil
Cosmic Utensil)

Now that I got that
over with
I'll just play my
imaginary guitar again
Hey...
soundin' pretty good!
Hey...get down, me...
Boy, what an imagination! Love myself better than I
love myself... I think... What tone! Sounds like an
Elegant Gypsy! What is that? Musk? It's hip!

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