

Zappa Frank

"The Adventures Of Greggery Peccary"

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F.Z. The Adventures of Greggery Peccary.

G.P Oh here comes Greggery, little Greggery Peccary,
The nocturnal gregarious wild swine.

F.Z. A Peccary is a little pig with a white collar that
usually
hangs around between Texas and Paraguay.
Sometimes ranging as far west as Catalina,

G.P. Catalina, Catalina, Catalina.

F.Z. This particular Peccary, is part of that bold,

G.P. Bold

F.Z. New

G.P. New,

F.Z. Bread,

G.P. Breeding

F.Z. That extinguishes itself by a wide tie directly below
the
white collar.

G.P. If it's wide enough, everyone will know, that the tie
I'm
wearing is a symbol of how nimble my mind will go.

F.Z. Swank Swavay
Look out here he comes again.

G.P Whoa, here comes Greggery Peccary
Yes it's great he came.....???

F.Z. Every morning Greggery drives his little red
Volkswagen,
to the ugly part of town, where they keep the

government
buildings.

G.P. voodn, voodn.
Boy, it's so hard to find a place to park around here.

F.Z. Greggery Peccary takes the elevator up to the 83rd
floor of a
grim, grey, evil-looking building with a sign on the front
reading "BIG SWIFTY AND ASSOCIATES...TREND
MONGERS".

And what might you ask is a TREND MONGER?
Well a TREND MONGER is a person, who dreams up a
trend, like
"THE TWIST", or "FLOWER POWER".
And spreads it throughout the land using all the
frightening
little skills that scientists made available.
And so it was one fateful morning Greggery Peccary
made his
way through the steno pool.
G.P. Hi Mildred, Hello Gladys. Wanda!

F.Z. Yes, from the moment they laid eyes on him all the
girls in
the Big Swifty steno pool knew here is a nocturnal
gregarious wild
swine on his way up. A Peccary of destiny adventure
and
romance.

G.P. Is there any mail for me?

Stenographers: Swifty's, this is big swifty's.
At Big Swifty's we all know. You'll go for any gimmick or
gizmo.
G.P. Wouldn't you rather be involved in a
wasting trends.

F.Z. Air hockey.

Stenographers: La La La La La La La Yo Yo Yo Yo

G.P. Is you're wife snoring by the sink?

Stenographers: La La La La La La La Yo Yo Yo Yo

G.P. Ain't your life boring, don't you think?

Stenographers: Yo Yo Yo Yo Yo Yo Yo Yo Yo Yo Yo Yo

G.P. Life is so much better when there's some little something to do.

F.Z. Does it matter that this waste of time is what makes a life for you.

G.P. I must plummet boldly forward to my ultra-avant laminated simulated replica mahogany desk with the strategically placed, imported very hip water pipe, and the latest edition of the "Whole Earth catalog", and rack my agile mind for a spectacular new trend, thereby rejuvenating our limping economy and providing for bored miserable people everywhere, some great new thing to identify with.

Stenographers: We have got all the little answers to the things that might be bothering you.

G.P. We have got your little toys.
(We're busy makin' 'em)

Stenographers: Busy makin' 'em.
Where is he making them.

G.P. Busy making them, just for you.
Highly efficient Mrs Snodgrass.

F.Z. And with that, Greggery turned & strode nonchalantly into his dinky little office, with the desk, and the catalog, and the very hip water pipe, and proceeded with a vigor and determination know only to piglets of a similarly diminutive proportion to single-handedly invent the calendar. With his eyes rolled heavenward, and his little shiny pig hoofs on the desk, Greggery ponders the question of eternity, and fractional divisions thereof, as mysterious angelic voices, sing to him from a great distance, providing the necessary clues for the construction of his new thrilling new trend.

G.P. Sunday, Sunday, whow.
Sunday, Saturday, Tuesday through Monday, Monday.
Sunday, Saturday.

F.Z. And thus the calendar, in all of its colorful
disguises, was
presented to the board and miserable people
everywhere.

Gr
the steno pool identified with it strenuously, and
worshipped
it as a way of life, and tool their little pills by it, and
went back and forth from work by it, and paid their rent
by
it, and before long they were even having birthday
parties in
the office by it. Because now at last, Greggery
Peccary's
exciting new invention had made it possible for
everyone to
find out how old they were.

G.P. What hath GOD wrought?

F.Z. Unfortunately, there were some people who simply
did not wish
to know, and that's why on his way home from the
office one
night, Greggery was attacked by a rage of hunchmen.
Making
his way through the evening traffic, Greggery notices
that the
other vehicles which crowd and bump his little red car,
are
all inhabited by slowly aging very hip young people.
They
appear to be casting sinister glances toward him,
through
their glinting, acid burnout eyeballs, trying to run him
off
the road, or make him bump into something, giving
strong
evidence of hostile aggression. To elude them,
Greggery takes
the "Shot Forest" exit off the expressway. They zoom
after
him in all manner of cars, trucks, garishly painted
busses,
and motorcycles.
Greggery takes a bumpy trail off the main short forest

road,
which leads him up the side of a famous and
conveniently
placed mountain. And into a strange cave, on the edge
of a
cliff, not far from a little twisted tree with eyes on it.
Meanwhile the enraged hunchmen, and hunchwomen,
rumble through
the short forest until realizing that the little swine has
escaped.
They decide to park their steaming vehicles in a
circular
pseudo-wagon train formation and have a Love-In.
Under the
influence of a fantastic amount of trendy chemical
amusement
aid, they proceed to perform lewd acts. Rip each other
off of
small personal possessions and dance with depraved
abandon in
the vicinity of a six foot pile of transistor radi
tuned to a different station.

G.P. What!

F.Z. The hunchman finally expire from exhaustion, and
Greggery who
has viewed the proceedings from a safe distance,
breathes a
sigh of relief.

G.P. Phew!.

F.Z. Only to be terrified once again by a roar of
immense laughter.
Which seems to be rumbling up from the very depths
of the cave
in which he has hidden his car.

G.P. Good Lord, what was that?

F.Z. Greggery doesn't realize he is concealed himself
inside the
very mouth of Billy The Mountain. And as you all know,
whenever Billy laughs, rocks and boulders hack up
and the air for miles around is filled with tons of dust
forming a series of huge brown clouds.

G.P. Who is making those new brown clouds?
Who is making those clouds these days,
Who is making those new brown clouds,

Better ask the philostopher and see what he says

F.Z. Greggery stops at a gas station and makes a mysterious phone call.

G.P. Is this the old loft with the paint peeling off it, by the
chinese police, where the dogs roll by? Is this the
where
they keep the philostophers now with the rugs and the
dust,
where the books go to die? How many yez got, says
yez got
quite a few just sitting around there with nothing to do.
Well I just called yez up cause i wanted to see can the
philostopher be some assistant to me?

F.Z. Greggery receives information that the greatest
living
philostofer known to man kind is currently in
possession of
the very information in question. And furthermore this
information could be his if only Greggery would attend
a
special therapeutic group assembly. Classes now
forming and
available at a special low low introductory fee and now
here
he is the greatest living philostofer known to man kind
Quenton Robert DeNameland. Take it away.

Quenton: Folks, as you can see for yourself, the way
this clock
over here is behaving, time is of affliction. Now this
might be cause for alarm among
certain experience, I tend to proclaim. The eons are
closing.

F.Z. Make your checks payable to Quenton Robert
deNameland greatest
living philostofer known to man kind.

G.P. Who is making those new brown clouds?
Who is making those clouds these days,
Who is making those new brown clouds,
If you ask a pholostopher he'll see that you pays

