

Frank Zappa

"200 Motels Finale"

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They're going to clear out the studio...

(Are you kidding?)

(I am not kidding!)

They're going to tear down all the...

(I hear ya!!)

They're going to whip down all the...

They're going to sweep out all the...

They're going to pay off all the...

(ohhhh-hhhh!)

And then... and then... and then... and then...

Hey hey hey, everybody in the orchestra and the chorus

Talkin' 'bout every one of our lovely and talented dancers

(You got it, Jack!)

The light bulb men, camera men, make-up men (you got it!)

(the fake-up men)

And, the rake-up men.

(especially herbie cohen, yeahoooo...)

They're all going to rise up.

They're going to jump up! I said jump up!

Talkin' 'bout jump right up on off the floor.

Jump right up and hit the door!

They're all going to rise up, and jump off.

They're gonna to ride on home.

They're gonna to ride on home.

They're gonna to ride on home.

They're gonna to ride on home.

And once again take themselves seriously.

Yeah, two, three, four, seriously.

They're all going to go home

Through the driving sleet and rain

They're all going to go home

Through the fog, through the dust.

Through the tropical fever and the blistering frost.

They're all going to go home.

And get out of it as they can be.

And the same goes for me.

Oh, yeah! oh, yeah! oh, yeah! oh, yeah!

And each and every member of this rock oriented
comedy group

In his own special way is going to get out of it as he can
be.

We're all going to get wasted.

We're all going to get twisted.

We're all going to get wasted.

We're all going to get twisted.

And I am definitely going to get

Reamed tonight

'cause I'm such a lonely.. I'm such a lonely..

A lonely, lonely, talkin' 'bout a lonely guy.

Oh, and I know tonight, each and every one of you is
gonna go home,

and write out an order for that pencil-front album, and I
know,

that on account of that, next time I come back, I am
definitely...

I am positively... I just have to, and I'm not kidding,
gonna get...

Bent, reamed and wasted.

A disaster area the size of atlantic city, new JOlsey.

