

## Frank Zappa "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Withdrawn  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 installment 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 furnishings 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.

This is the central

Scrutinizer

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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  
Ng 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  
Rs worse, dreams imaginary vocal parts to a song about the imaginary journalistic profession...

