

## Frank Zappa "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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