

Frank Zappa "Joe's Garage"

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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)
Tommy mars (keyboards)
Arthur barrow (bass, vocals)
Ed mann (percussion)
Vinnie colaiuta (drums)
Jeff (tenor saxophone)
Marginal chagrin (baritone saxophone)
Stumuk (bass saxophone)
Dale bozzio (vocals)
Al malkin (vocals)
Craig steward (harmonica)

A boring old garage in a residential area with a teenage band rehearsing in it. joe (the main character in the central scrutinizers special presentation) sings to us of the trials and tribulations of garage-band husbandry.

Central scrutinizer:
We take you now, to a garage, in canoga park.

Frank zappa:
(it makes it's own sauce...)

Joe:
It wasn't very large
There was just enough room to cram the drums
In the corner over by the dodge
It was a fifty-four
With a mashed up door
And a cheesy little amp
With a sign on the front said fender champ
And a second hand guitar
It was a stratocaster with a whammy bar

At this point, larry (a guy who will eventually give up music and earn a respectable living as a roadie for a group called toad-o) joins in the song...

Larry:

We could jam in joes garage
His mama was screamin
His dad was mad
We was playin the same old song
In the afternoon n sometimes we would
Play it all night long
It was all we knew, n easy too
So we wouldn't get it wrong
All we did was bend the string like...

Hey!

Down in joes garage
We didn't have no dope or lsd
But a coupla quartsa beer
Would fix it so the intonation
Would not offend yer ear
And the same old chords goin over n over
Became a symphony
We would play it again n again n again
Cause it sounded good to me
One more time!

We could jam in joes garage
His mama was screamin,
Turn it down!
We was playing the same old song
In the afternoon n sometimes we would
Play it all night long
It was all we knew, and easy too
So we wouldn't get it wrong
Even if you played it on a saxophone
We thought we was pretty good
We talked about keepin the band together
N we figured that we should
Cause about this time we was gettin the eye
From the girls in the neighborhood
Theyd all come over n dance around
Like...

Twenty teen-age girls dash
In and go stomp-clap,
Stomp-clap-clap...

So we picked out a stupid name
Had some cards printed up for a coupla bucks
N we was on our way to fame
Got matching suits n beatle boots
N a sign on the back of the car
N we was ready to work in a go-go bar

One two three four

Lets see if you got some more!

People seemed to like our song
They got up n danced n made a lotta noise
An it wasn't fore very long
A guy from a company we can't name
Said we oughta take his pen
N sign on the line for a real good time
But he didn't tell us when
These good times would be somethin
That was really happenin
So the band broke up
An it looks like
We will never play again...

Joe:

Guess you only get one chance in life
To play a song that goes like...

(and, as the band plays their little song,
Mrs. borg (who keeps her son sy,
In the closet with the vacuum cleaner)
Screams out the window...

Mrs. borg:

Turn it down!
Turn it down!
I have children sleeping here...
Don't you boys know any nice songs?

Joe:

(speculating on the future)
Well the years was rollin by, yeah
Heavy metal n glitter rock
Had caught the public eye, yeah
Snotty boys with lipstick on
Was really flyin high, yeah
N then they got that disco thing
N new wave came along
N all of a sudden I thought the time
Had come for that old song
We used to play in joes garage
And if I am not wrong
You will soon be dancin to...

Central scrutinizer:

The white zone is
For loading and
Unloading only. if you
Gotta load or unload,
Go to the white

Zone. you'll love it...

Joe:

Well the years was rollin by (etc.)...

Mrs. borg:

Im calling the police!

I did it! they'll be here...shortly!

Officer butzis:

This is the police...

Mrs. borg:

Im not joking around anymore

Officer butzis:

We have the garage surrounded

If you give yourself up

We will not harm you

Or hurt you neither

Mrs. borg:

Youll see them

Officer butzis:

This is the police

Mrs. borg:

There they are, they're coming!

Officer butzis:

Give yourself up

We will not harm you

Mrs. borg:

Listen to that mess, would you?

Officer butzis:

This is the police

Give yourself up

We have the garage surrounded

Mrs. borg:

Everday this goes on around here!

Officer butzis:

We will not harm you, or maim you

(swat team 4, move in!)

Mrs. borg:

He used cut my grass...

He was very nice boy...
That's disgusting!!

Central scrutinizer:
This is the central scrutinizer...
That was joes first confrontation with the law.
Naturally, we were easy on him.
One of our friendly counselors gave him
A do-nut...and told him to
Stick closer to church-oriented social activities.

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