

Frank Zappa "Society Pages"

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Frank zappa (lead guitar, vocals)
Ike willis (rhythm guitar, vocals)
Ray white (rhythm guitar, vocals)
Bob harris (boy soprano, trumpet)
Steve vai (guitar)
Tommy mars (keyboards)
Arthur barrow (bass)
Ed mann (percussion)
David ocker (clarinet, bass clarinet)
Motorhead sherwood (tenor saxophone, vocals)
Denny walley (slide guitar, vocals)
David logeman (drums)
Craig steward (harmonica)
Jimmy carl black (vocals)
Ahmet zappa (vocals)
Moon zappa (vocals)

You're the ol' lady from the society pages
From a small town somewhere I used to be
You owned the paper and a bunch of other stuff
That didn't appeal to me

Ol' lady ol'lady
Ol' lady ol'lady
Ol' lady ol'lady
Ol' lady ol'lady

The hostpital plans (yer brother drew 'em all)
You ran the paper 'n charity ball
Every day on the third or fourth page

There you was..you was quite the rage

Somehow you was all kinda cheap 'n wrong
Just like in a lotta small towns
Where folks like you
Hang around too long
And pass out jobs to yer relatives 'n such
So you all keeps a lot, 'n nobody else
Ever gets too much...to speak of...
So what? what can you say?

So long as the trash gets picked up
So long as the trash gets locked up
Just so the trash don't stack up
Some day you won't be on page three
Or page four anymore

O'lady o'lady
O'lady o'lady
O'lady o'lady
O'lady o'lady

By the grace of God you had a son
He's the one and only one
He grew up and by and by
He came to be a beautiful guy

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