

Frank Zappa "Watermelon In Eastern Hay"

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This is the Central Scrutinizer.
Joe has just worked himself
Into an imaginary FRENZY
During the fade out
Of his imaginary song.
He begins to feel depressed now.
He knows
The End
Is near.
He has realized at last
That imaginary guitar notes
And imaginary vocals
Exist
Only
In the imagination
Of
The imaginer.
[cue music]
And ultimately,
Who gives a fuck anyway?

So... [snort]
So ... [giggle]
Excuse me.
[evil laugh]
So...
Who gives a fuck anyway?
So he goes back
To his ugly little room
And quietly dreams
His last
Imaginary
Guitar solo.
[cue most beautiful guitar solo EVER]

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