

Nazareth

"Road Ladies"

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By: frank zappa as performed by nazareth

Said, don't it ever get lonesome?
Don't it ever get sad when you go out on the road?
No, don't it ever get lonesome?
Don't it ever get sad when you come here to seattle
On a four day show of the tour
And you got nothing but groupies and promotors to
love you
And a pile of laundry by the hotel door.
Don't it ever get lonesome?
Don't it ever make a young man blue?
Don't it ever get lonesome?
Don't it ever make a young man where he'll just wanna
go back home?
When the p.a. system eats it,
And the band plays some of the most terriblest shit
you've ever known.
Don't you ever miss your house in the country
And your hot little mamma there?
Don't you ever miss your house in the country
And your hot little mamma there?
Don't you better get a shot when you find out what the
Road ladies do to you.
I swear someday I ain't never,
I'm never gonna go out on the road again.
I swear someday I ain't never, never, never, never,
Never, never, never, never, never, never
Gonna roam the country side.
No more.
I'm gonna hang up them ol' holiday inns, dude
And watchin someone do it on the floor
Don't you ever miss your house in the country
And your hot little mamma there?
Don't you ever miss your house in the country
And your hot little mamma there?
Don't you better get a shot when you find out what the
Road ladies do to you.
What the road ladies do to you!

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