

The Air

Frank Zappa

The air
Escaping from your mouth
The hair
Escaping from your nose
My heart
Escaping from the scraping
And the shaping
Of the draping
I'm awaking
In a T-shirt
In a Chevy
At the beach
And I'm freezing
And I'm wheezing
And I know
You were only teasing
I hit you
Then I beat you
Then I told you
That I love you
In my car
In a jar
In my car
In a jarThe air
Escaping from your pits
The hair
Escaping from my teeth
My hands
Are gripping
But they're slipping
And they're dripping
Cause I'm tripping
I got busted
(Wasted)
Coming through customs
(I'm so wasted)
With a suitcase
(Wasted)
Full of tapes

(I'm so wasted)
It was special
Tape recording
And they grabbed me
While I was boarding
Yes, they grabbed me
Then they beat me
Then they told me
They don't like me
And I crashed
In my Nash
We can crash
In my Nash
We can crash
In my Nash
We can crash
In my Nash
We can crash
In my Nash

Songwriters

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