

# San Ber'dino

## Frank Zappa

Frank zappa (guitar, vocals)  
George duke (keyboards, synthesizer, vocals)  
Napoleon murphy brock (flute, tenor saxophone, vocals)  
Chester thompson (drums)  
Tom fowler (bass)  
Ruth underwood (vibes, marimba, percussion)  
Bloodshot rollin' red (harmonica)  
Johnny "guitar" watson (vocals) She lives in mojave in a winnebago  
His name is bobby, he looks like a potato She's in love with a boy  
>from the rodeo  
Who pulls the rope on the chute  
When they let those suckers go He's a slobberin' drunk at the palomino  
They give him thirty days in san ber'dino Well there's forty-four men  
Stashed away in tank "c"  
An' there's only one shower  
But it don't apply to bobby You may think they're  
Dumb an' lonely  
But you're wrong  
'cause their love is strong  
Stacked-up hair  
An' a cheap little ring  
They don't care  
'cause it don't mean a thing Looka there...  
They don't care Best-est way that  
They can feel-o  
Out on the highway  
Rollin' a wheel-o  
He's her tootsie  
She's for real-o  
Trailer park heaven  
It's a real good deal-o  
Real good deal-o  
Real good deal-o  
Real good deal-o The rest of their lives  
In san ber'dino  
Gonna spend the rest of their lives  
In san ber'dino  
The rest of their lives  
In san ber'dino

Come on with me  
Come on with me  
Come on with me  
Down in san ber'dino  
Just 60 miles, 60 miles  
Down the san ber'dino freeway  
They got some dark green air  
An' you can choke all day  
That's right!  
Gonna spend the rest of their lives  
Rest of their lives  
Rest of their lives Say now  
Ain't talkin' 'bout fontana  
Ain't talkin' 'bout uh uh  
Ain't talkin' 'bout uh uh  
Ain't talkin' 'bout uh uh  
Ain't talkin' 'bout the redlands, no no  
Zulch is the auto works  
I'm telling you  
That's where they take  
All the cars that they hurt  
Come on and let's all go down to san ber'dino  
Ooo-ooo  
Ooo-ooo  
Ooo-ooo  
Let's-a go down down down  
Down in san ber'dino  
Wouldja b'lieve it  
San ber'dino  
San ber'dino  
(got to call it)  
San ber'dino  
(c'mere)  
San ber'dino  
Etc., etc., etc.  
The rest of their lives  
In san ber'dino Oh bobby, I'm sorry you gotta head like a potato  
I really am

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