

# Joese Garage (Single Version)

## Frank Zappa

A boring old garage in a residential area with a teen-age band  
rehearsing in it. JOE (the main character in the CENTRAL  
SCRUTINIZER'S Special Presentation) sings to us of the trials and  
tribulations of garage-band husbandry. Central Scrutinizer:  
We take you now, to a garage, in Canoga Park. Frank Zappa:

(It makes it's own sauce...) Joe:

It wasn't very large

There was just enough room to cram the drums

In the corner over by the Dodge

It was a fifty-four

With a mashed up door

And a cheesy little amp

With a sign on the front said "Fender Champ"

And a second hand guitar

It was a Stratocaster with a whammy bar At this point, LARRY (a guy who will eventually give up music and  
earn a respectable living as a roadie for a group called Toad-O)

joins in the song... Larry:

We could jam in Joe's Garage

His mama was screamin'

His dad was mad

We was playin' the same old song

In the afternoon 'n' sometimes we would

Play it all night long

It was all we knew, 'n' easy too

So we wouldn't get it wrong

All we did was bend the string like...

Hey!

Down in Joe's Garage

We didn't have no dope or LSD

But a coupla quartsa beer

Would fix it so the intonation

Would not offend yer ear

And the same old chords goin' over 'n' over

Became a symphony

We would play it again 'n' again 'n' again

'Cause it sounded good to me

ONE MORE TIME!

We could jam in Joe's Garage

His mama was screamin',

"TURN IT DOWN!"

We was playing' the same old song  
In the afternoon 'n' sometimes we would  
Play it all night long  
It was all we knew, and easy too  
So we wouldn't get it wrong  
Even if you played it on a saxophone  
We thought we was pretty good  
We talked about keepin' the band together  
'N' we figured that we should  
'Cause about this time we was gettin' the eye  
From the girls in the neighborhood  
They'd all come over 'n' dance around  
like...Twenty teen-age girls dash  
in and go STOMP-CLAP,  
STOMP-CLAP-CLAP...So we picked out a stupid name  
Had some cards printed up for a coupla bucks  
'N' we was on our way to fame  
Got matching suits 'N' Beatle Boots  
'N' a sign on the back of the car  
'N' we was ready to work in a GO-GO Bar  
ONE TWO THREE FOUR  
LET'S SEE IF YOU GOT SOME MORE!  
People seemed to like our song  
They got up 'n' danced 'n' made a lotta noise  
An' it wasn't 'fore very long  
A guy from a company we can't name  
Said we oughta take his pen  
'N' sign on the line for a real good time  
But he didn't tell us when  
These "good times" would be somethin'  
That was really happenin'  
So the band broke up  
An' it looks like  
We will never play again...Joe:  
Guess you only get one chance in life  
To play a song that goes like...(And, as the band plays their little song,  
MRS. BORG (who keeps her son SY,  
in the closet with the vacuum cleaner)  
screams out the window...Mrs. Borg:  
Turn it down!  
Turn it DOWN!  
I have children sleeping here...  
Don't you boys know any nice songs?Joe:  
(Speculating on the future)  
Well the years was rollin' by, yeah  
Heavy Metal 'n' Glitter Rock

Had caught the public eye, yeah  
Snotty boys with lipstick on  
Was really flyin' high, yeah  
'N' then they got that Disco thing  
'N' New Wave came along  
'N' all of a sudden I thought the time  
Had come for that old song  
We used to play in "Joe's Garage"  
And if I am not wrong  
You will soon be dancin' to...Central Scrutinizer:  
The WHITE ZONE is  
for loading and  
unloading only. If you  
gotta load or unload,  
go to the WHITE  
ZONE. You'll love it...Joe:  
Well the years was rollin' by (etc.)...Mrs. Borg:  
I'm calling THE POLICE!  
I did it! They'll be here...shortly!Officer Butzis:  
This is the Police...Mrs. Borg:  
I'm not joking around anymoreOfficer Butzis:  
We have the garage surrounded  
If you give yourself up  
We will not harm you  
Or hurt you neitherMrs. Borg:  
You'll see themOfficer Butzis:  
This is the PoliceMrs. Borg:  
There they are, they're coming!Officer Butzis:  
Give yourself up  
We will not harm youMrs. Borg:  
Listen to that mess, would you?Officer Butzis:  
This is the Police  
Give yourself up  
We have the garage surroundedMrs. Borg:  
Everday this goes on around here!Officer Butzis:  
We will not harm you, or maim you  
(SWAT Team 4, move in!)Mrs. Borg:  
He used cut my grass...  
He was very nice boy...  
That's DISGUSTING!!Central Scrutinizer:  
This is the CENTRAL SCRUTINIZER...  
That was Joe's first confrontation with The Law.  
Naturally, we were easy on him.  
One of our friendly counselors gave him  
A do-nut...and told him to

Stick closer to church-oriented social activities.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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