Concentration Moon

The Mothers of Invention

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Concentration Moon
Over the camp in the valley
Concentration Moon
Wish I was back in the alley
With all of my friends,
Still running free:
Hair growing out
Every hole in me
AMERICAN WAY
How did it start?
Thousands of creeps
Killed in the park
AMERICAN WAY
Try and explain
Scab of a nation
Driven insane
Don't cry
Gotta go bye bye
SUDDENLY: DIE DIE
COP KILL A CREEP! pow pow powGary Kellgren: Tomorrow I get to do another Frank Zappa creation . . . and the day after that . . . and the day after that . . . also at the same time I get to work with The Velvet Underground which is as shitty a group as Frank Zappa's groupJCB: Hi, boys & girls, I'm Jimmy Carl Black, and I'm the Indian of the groupConcentration Moon
Over the camp in the valley
Concentration Moon
Wish I was back in the alley
With all of my friends,
Still running free:
Hair growing out
Every hole in me
AMERICAN WAY
Threatened by US

Drag a few creeps
Away in a bus
AMERICAN WAY
Prisoner: lock
SMASH EVERY CREEP
IN THE FACE WITH A ROCKDon't cry
Gotta go bye bye
SUDDENLY: DIE DIE
COP KILL A CREEP! pow pow pow

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