

He Used to Cut the Grass

Frank Zappa

Frank zappa (lead guitar, vocals)

Warren cucurullo (rhythm guitar, vocals)

Denny walley (slide guitar, vocals)

Ike willis (lead vocals)

Peter wolf (keyboards)

Arthur barrow (bass, vocals)

Ed mann (percussion)

Vinnie colaiuta (drums) Joe: (to himself as he walks out of prison)

I'm out at last

Boy, the world

Sure looks different

Wow...there's hardly

Anything fun to do

Since they made

Music illegal

But I'm hooked

I got the habit

I've got to have it

I need to play

But there's no

Musicians anymore

They're all gone

Wait! I've got it!

I'll be sullen and

Withdrawn

I'll dwindle off into

The twilight realm

Of my own secret

Thoughts

I'll walk through

The parking lot

In a semi-

Catatonic state

And dream of

Guitar notes

To go with the

Loading-zone

Announcements. Joe wanders through the world which by then has been totally epoxied over, carefully organized, with everyone reporting daily to his or her appointed place in a line somewhere in front of a wind

Mewhere in a building somewhere in order to collect his or her welfare check, which, when cashed, made it possible for the young ones to continue the payments for the obsolete and irreparable appliances their parents had purchased on the instalment plan years ago, providing as security the future incomes of their children. the rest of these checks were used by the young recipients to buy furnishings of their own on credit, most of which broke down or failed within moments of purchase and seemed to be stacking up everywhere. Central scrutinizer:

This is the central
Scrutinizer

The white zone
Is for loading and
Unloading only.

If you have to load or
Unload, go to the
White zone.

You'll love it.
It's a way of life.

This is the central
Scrutinizer

The white zone
Is for loading and
Unloading only.

If you have to load or
Unload, go to the
White zone.

You'll love it.
It's a way of life.

This is the central
Scrutinizer

The white zone
Is for loading and
Unloading only.

If you have to load or

Unload...As joe stumbles over mounds of dead consumer goods formed into abstract statues dedicated to the quality of american craftsmanship, dreaming his stupid little guitar notes, he hears, somewhere i

Back of his head, the voice of mrs. borg, taunting him: Mrs. borg's voice:

Turn it down!

Turn it down!

I have children

Sleeping here!

Don't you boys know

Any nice songs?

I'm calling the police!

I did it!

They'll be here...

Shortly!

I'm not joking around
Anymore!
You'll see now!
There they are...
They're coming!
Listen to that mess,
Would you!
Every day this goes on
Around here!
He used to
Cut my grass...
He was a
Very nice boy...
He used to
Cut my grass...
He was a
Very nice boy...
He used to
Cut my grass...
He was a
Very nice boy...
He used to
Cut my grass...
He was a

Very nice boy...Central scrutinizer:

This is the central scrutinizer... yes...he used to be a nice boy...he used to cut the grass...but now his mind is totally destroyed by music. he's so crazy now he even believes that people are writing articles and reviews about his imaginary guitar notes, and so, continuing to dwindle in the twilight realm of his own secret thoughts, he not only dreams imaginary guitar notes, but, to make things worse, dreams imaginary vocal parts to a song about the imaginary journalistic profession...

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>