

You're Probably Wondering Why I'm Here

Frank Zappa

Ray collins (lead vocals, harmonica, tambourine, finger cymbals, bobby pin, tweezers)

Jimmy carl black (drums)

Roy estrada (bass, guitarron, boy soprano)

Elliot ingber (lead guitar, rhythm guitar)

You're probably wondering

Why I'm here

And so am i

So am i

Just as much as you wonder

'bout me bein' in this place

Yeah!

That's just how much I marvel

At the lameness on your face

You rise each day the same old way

And join your friends out on the street

Spray your hair

And think you're neat

I think your life is incomplete

But maybe that's not for me to say

They only pay me here to play

I wanna hear caravan with a drum solo

You're probably wondering

Why I'm here

And so am i

So am i

Just as much as you wonder

'bout me starin' back at you

Yeah!

That's just how much I question

The corny things you do

You paint your face and then you chase

To meet the gang where the action is

Stomp all night

And drink your fizz

Roll your car and say "gee whiz!"

You tore a big hole in your convertible top

What will you tell your mom and pop?

Mam, I tore a big hole in the convertible

You're probably wondering
Why I'm here
And so am i
So am i
Just as much as you wonder
If I mean just what I say
Yeah!
That's just how much I question
The social games you play
You told your mom you're stoked on tom
And went for a cruise in freddie's car
Tommy's asking
Where you are
You boogied all night in a cheesy bar
Plastic boots and plastic hat
And you think you know where it's at?
Yeah!
You're probably wondering
Why I'm here
(not that it makes a heck of a lot of a difference to ya)

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