# The Blue Light

## Frank Zappa

Frank zappa (lead guitar, vocals)
Ike willis (rhythm guitar, vocals)
Ray white (rhythm guitar, vocals)
Steve vai (rhythm guitar, vocals)
Warren cucurullo (rhythm guitar, vocals)
Denny walley (slide guitar, vocals)
Tommy mars (keyboards, vocals)
Peter wolf (keyboards)
Bob harris (keyboards, trumpet, vocals)
Ed mann (percussion)
Arthur barrow (bass, vocals)
Vinnie colaiuta (drums)
Your ethos
Your pathos
Your porthos
Your aramis
Your brut cologne
You're writing home
You are hopeless
Your hopelessness
Is rising around you, rising around you
You like it
It gives you something to do
In the day time
Hey buddy, you need a hobby
You are tired of moving forward
You think of the future
And secretly you piddle your pants
The puddle of piddle
Which used to be little
Is rising around you, rising around you
You like it
It gives you something to do
In the night time
Oh well, you travel to bars
You also go to winchell's doughnuts
And hang out with the highway patrol
Sometimes you'll go to a pizza place
You go to shakey's to get that

American kind of pizza
That has the ugly, waxey, fake yellow
Kind of cheese on the top...
Maybe you'll go to straw hat pizza,
To get all those artificial ingredients
That never belonged on a pizza in the first place
(but the white people really like it...)
Oh well, you'll go anyplace, you'll do anything
Oh you'll give me your underpants
I hope these aren't yours, buddy...
They're very nice, though
You go to santa monica boulevard,

You go to the blue parrot
No problem, you'll go anyplace
You'll do anything
Just so you can hang out with the others
The others just like you
Afraid of the future
(death valley days straight ahead)
The future is scary
(yes it sure is)
Well, the puddle is rising
It smells like the ocean
A body of water to isolate england
And also reseda
The oil in patches
All over atlantis, atlantis
You remember atlantis
Donovan, the guy with the brocade coat
Used to sing to you about atlantis
You loved it, you were so involved then
That's back in the days when you used to
Smoke a banana
You would scrape the stuff off the middle
You would bake it
You would smoke it
You even thought you was getting ripped from it
No problem
Woop! atlantis, they could really get down there
The plankton, the krill
The giant underwater pyramid, the squid decor
Excuse me, todd
The big ol' giant underwater door
The dome, the bubbles, the blue light

Light, light, light, light
Light, light, light, light
Blue light blue light
The seepage, the sewage, the rubbers, the napkins
Your ethos, your porthos,
Your flag pole, your port hole
Your language
You're frightened
The future
Your lang...
You can't even speak your own fucking language
You can't read it anymore
You can't write it anymore
Your language
The future of your language
Your meat loaf
Don't let your meat loaf
Heh, heh, heh
Your micro-nanette
Heh
Your brut
Cologne

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/