We're Turning Again

Frank Zappa

Frank zappa (guitar, synclavier)
Steve vai (guitar)
Johnny "guitar" watson (guitar, vocals)
Ike willis (guitar, vocals)
Ray white (guitar, vocals)
Bobby martin (keyboards, vocals)
Tommy mars (keyboards)
Scott thunes (bass)
Chad wackerman (drums)
Ed mann (percussion)
Turn and turn
Turn and turn
We're turning again
Turn and turn
Turn and turn
We're turning again
They took a whole bunch of acid
So they could see where it's at
(it's over there, over there,
Over there, over there
And underneath also)
They lived on a whole bunch of nothing
They thought they looked very good
They'd never ever worry
They were always in a hurry
To convince themselves that what they were
Was really very groovy
Yes, they believed in all the papers
And the magazines that defined their folklore
They could never laugh
At who or what they thought they were
Or even what they thought
They sorta oughta be
They were totally empty
(totally empty)
And their lives were really useless
So what the fuck?
They didn't have no sense of humor
Now they got nothing left

To laugh about
Including themselves
Turn and turn
Turn and turn
We're turning again
Turn and turn
Turn and turn
We're turning again
They were mellow
They were yellow
They were wearing smelly blankets
They looked like donovan fans
They walkin' 'round
With stupid flowers
In they hair and everywhere
They tried to stuff 'em up the guns
Of all the cops
And other servants of the law
Who tried to push 'em around
And later moved 'em down
But they were full of all that shit
That they believed in
So what the fuck?
(what the fuck?)

Now I've seen 'em tightenin' up they headbands
On the weekend
And they get loaded
When they came to town
They walked around in greenwich village
To buy posters they could hang up
In them smelly little secret
Black light bedrooms
On long island
Singin': "jimi come back!"
Now come back and regulate the boy's fuzz-tone
Your haze was so purple
It caused your axis to be bold as love
Now jimi (feed back) gimme some feedback
Come back and feed back on my knapsack
You can feed back the fuzz tone from your wah-wah
While you bend down
And set your stuff on fire
Turn and turn
Turn and turn

We're turning again
Turn and turn
Turn and turn
We're turning again
We can turn it around
We can do it again
We can go back in time
Through the canyons of your mind
On the eve of destruction
We can act like we are
Something really special
You just jump in the bath-tub
With that other guy jim
And make him be more careful
We can visit big mama
And wrap her on the back
When she eats her sandwich
(la la la la)
We can take care of janis
When she gets so depressed
She can't take it no more
We can laugh at keith moon's jokes
(ha ha ha ha ha)
And the colour tv
(ha ha)
He threw out the windum
From the second floor
Everybody come back
No one can do it like you used to
If you listen to the radio
And what they play today
You can tell right away:
All those assholes really need you!
Turn and turn
Turn and turn
We're turning again
Turn and turn
Turn and turn
We're turning again
Turn and turn
Turn and turn
We're turning again
Turn and turn
Turn and turn
We're turning again

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