Our Bizarre Relationship

The Mothers of Invention

FZ: Bizarre!
Suzy: Bizarre . . . ha ha!
No-one could ever understand our bizarre relationship because I was your intellectual frigid housekeeper.
Especially when you'd be going to bed with one chick at night and I wake up in the morning and find another one there, screaming at me . . . ha ha . . . Asked me what the fuck that chick was doing in your bed and I'd walk in and you weren't with the same one you were in the night before.
Oh, I'll never forget that, as long as I live.
That house, well it had your shit all over . . . and we had a cat and we had fleas and we had lots of crabs that we proceeded to give to everyone in Laurel Canyon except for Elmer and Phil, because they were too sick to ball . . . ha ha . . . Elmer has a mentality of approximately One Peanut. Possibly.
As a matter of fact, I can remember Elmer telling me that you really had a lot of talent, but he didn't see how anyone could ever make it that insisted on saying FUCK on stage.
And he used to drive by in his gold Cadillac and peer in the window . . . ha ha . . . 'Cause he never could get over the amount of groupie status that, that you had and he didn't. Possibly because he's 50 years old and wretched . . .
FZ: HA HA HA!

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