## The Radio Is Broken

## Frank Zappa

The cosmos at large It's so very big

It's so far away

The comets, the craters, the vapors

The solar windThe residual echoes

(The residual echoes)

The residual echoes

(The residual echoes)

The residual echoes from the giant explosion

Where they said it beginned The germs from space, the negative virus knit-wear

The blobulent suit, that's right, the blobulent suit

It's made of rubber, it's very ugly, it's got an air hose

The guy that has it all has a space wrenchThe things that were supposed to be green

In the black and white movies

They get you in the neck when you're not looking

They get you, they get you, get you, get you, get youThe radio is broken, it don't work no more

The radio is broken, it don't work no more

The lovely Lisa Kranston

Her father invented the secret fuel for the rocket

(That's right!)So she gets to go with a clipboard

She writes it down when the meters go around

And falls in love in a space warp

Space warp, space warpThe giant knobs

The porthole where you see the earth for the first time

The corrugated fiberglass interior walls

The partially reclining G-force lawn furniture The brown hole

The pointed brassieres

The atomic war

The tiny little dresses on the space girls

A love-starved race begging to reproduce with earthmenThey need to reproduce

(With John Agar)

They need to reproduce

(With Morris Ankrum)

They need to reproduce

(With Richard Basehart)

They need to reproduce

(With Jackie Coogan)

They need to reproduce

(With Sonny Tufts) The botchino, the botchino, the botchino

## The gigantic spider

The co-pilot always plays the harmonica

The navigator always gets killed by a bad space personUh oh,the radio is broken

It don't work anymore

The radio is broken

It don't work anymore

The radio is broken

It don't work anymoreWe'll never get back to the Earth no more, uh oh

We have to fall in love, on Uranus!

The radio is

That's right, uh-oh

The radio is broken

The meteor stormYou spilled your coke

You're stepping on the popcorn

John Agar, uh oh

Dwarf Nebula

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