

Packard Goose

Frank Zappa

Frank zappa (lead guitar, vocals)
Warren cucurullo (rhythm guitar, vocals)
Denny walley (slide guitar, vocals)
Ike willis (lead vocals)
Peter wolf (keyboards)
Arthur barrow (bass, vocals)
Ed mann (percussion)
Vinnie Colaiuta (drums) Joe: (clutching the hood ornament of an ancient car)
Maybe you thought i
Was the packard goose
Or the ronald
Macdonald of the
Nouveau-abstruse
Well fuck all them
People, I don't
Need no excuse
For being what I am
Do you hear me, then? All them rock 'n roll
Writers is the worst
Kind of sleaze
Selling punk like
Some new kind of
English disease
Is that the wave
Of the future?
Aw, spare me please! Oh no, you gotta go
Who do you write for?
I wanna know
I believe you is the
Government's whore
And keeping peoples
Dumb is where you're
Coming from
And keeping peoples
Dumb is where you're
Coming from
Fuck all them writers
With the pen in
Their hand

I will be more
Specific so they
Might understand
They can all
Kiss my ass
But because it's
So grand
They'd best just
Stay away
Hey, hey, heyHey, joe, who
Did you blow?
Moe pushed
The button boy
And you went
To the show
Better suck a little
Harder or the shekels
Won't flow
And I don't mean
Your thumb
So on your knees
You bum
Just tell yourself
It's yum
And suck it 'till
You're numbJournalism's
Kinda scary
And of it
We should be wary
Wonder what became

Of mary?And no sooner has he wondered, a vision of mary appears to him, delivering a little lecture...Voice of

mary's vision:
Hi! it's me...
The girl from the bus...
Remember?
The last tour?
Well...Information is
Not knowledge
Knowledge is
Not wisdom
Wisdom is not truth
Truth is not beauty
Beauty is not love
Love is not music
Music is the best...

Wisdom is the domain

Of the wis

(which is extinct).

Beauty is a french

Phonetic corruption

Of a short cloth

Neck ornament

Currently in

Resurgence...And no sooner has she spoken (which is awkward and probably incorrect but what the fuck), enormous flabby short cloth neck ornaments obscure the horizon in a multitude, beating their ugly wings Orking their hidden chrome snap attachments as they resurge in the direction of the white zone seeking snack material near the utensil shrines of greater america...Joe:

If you're in the

Audience and like

What we do

Well, we want you

To know that we

Like you all too

But as for the

Sucker who will

Write the review

If his mind

Is prehensile

(his mind

Is prehensile)

He'll put down

His pencil

(he'll put down

His pencil)

And have

Himself a squat

On the cosmic utensil

(cosmic utensil)

Go give it all you got

On the cosmic utensil

(cosmic utensil)

Sit 'n spin until you rot

On the cosmic utensil

(cosmic utensil)

He really needs

To squat

On the cosmic utensil

(cosmic utensil

Cosmic utensil)Now that I got that

Over with

I'll just play my
Imaginary guitar again
Hey...
Soundin' pretty good!
Hey...get down, me...
Boy, what an
Imagination!
Love myself better
Than I love myself...
I think...
What tone!
Sounds like an
Elegant gypsy!
What is that?
Musk?
It's hip!

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>