

# 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 beganThe 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, they 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 furnitureThe 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 person Uh 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 anymore We'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 storm You spilled your coke  
You're stepping on the popcorn  
John Agar, uh oh  
Dwarf Nebula

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