

Hot Plate Heaven At The Green Hotel

Frank Zappa

I used to have a job
An' I was doin' very well
Depression came along
An' everybody start to yell
'where'd they go, them good ol' days,
'an all that crap we used to sell? '
Now I'm in hot-plate heaven,
At the green hotelRepublicans is fine,
If you're a multi-millionaire
Democrats is fair,
If all you own is what you wear
Neither of 'em's really right,
'cause neithor of 'em care
'bout that hot-plate heaven,
'cause they ain't been thereThey really oughta go
'n find out how the hall-way smell --
They'd benefit to know
'bout what the bums in there could tell
(of course we're only dreamin',
But I s'pose it's just as well
That's all you get to dream
Up in the green hotel)Nature didn't put me here
An' neither did my fate --
I musta been some even ol'
Republican candidate!
He's over here in washington,
But I wish he was in hell
'cause I'm in hot-plate heaven
At the green hotel

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>