

Don't Eat There

Frank Zappa

[Waitress:] Are you having breakfast for lunch?

[Howard:] I'm having breakfast and he's lunched. I'll tell you what, what can you give me immediately? If not sooner, nothing hot, nothing . . . So that by the time he's finished eating those hot cakes and those dead things that I won't finish myself

[Waitress:] Bacon and eggs? Are you, are you gonna have breakfast?

[Dick:] No no no no no

[Howard:] No no

[Dick:] No no no no no

[Howard:] He'll never go for that

[Dick:] No no no, a roll and some orange juice

[?:] . . . Jimmy Graham

[Waitress:] Orange juice and . . . uh . . . a roll, uh-huh?

[Aynsley:] One stale roll

[Dick:] Yeah

[FZ:] Bread and water

[Aynsley:] One stale roll

[Dick:] Bread and water

[Waitress:] Thank you

[Howard:] Frank, you really missed it at the club last night. You should have seen what went on, man, if you would have had your tape recorder there, you would have been rolling on the ground, holding your sides. It was the greatest. Everybody was out of it, drinking wine, cheap wine. And then there was this group, this nice tight little group that was playin' and they did about two numbers, and he said: "Okay, uh, any of you guys wanna come up here?" And of course Old Stewed Simmons was the first one to check out the cat's guitar, and so he immediately proceeded to play lead. This chick came out of the audience, man, a la Janis Joplin in a gold lame, only she was rancid, and she came out there and tried to sing blues changes like Buddy Miles or something, but it just didn't work 'cause she was singing, "Get yourself together . . . You are where it's at . . .," she did it for like . . . forty minutes, man, it was wonderful . . .