

He Used to Cut the Grass

Frank Zappa

Joe:

I'm out at last
Boy, the world sure looks different
Wow . . . there's hardly anything fun to do
Since they made music illegal
But I'm hooked
I got the habit
I've got to have it
I need to play
But there's no musicians anymore
They're all gone
Wait! I've got it!
I'll be sullen and withdrawn
I'll dwindle off into the twilight realm
Of my own secret thoughts
I'll walk through the parking lot
In a semi-catatonic state
And dream of guitar notes
To go with the loading zone announcements.

Central Scrutinizer:

This is the CENTRAL SCRUTINIZER
The White Zone is for loading and unloading only.
If you gotta load or unload, go to the White Zone.
You'll love it.
It's a way of life.
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Mrs. Borg Voice:

Turn it down!
Turn it down!
I have children sleeping here!
Don't you boys know any nice songs?
I'm calling the police!
I did it!
They'll be here . . . shortly!
I'm not joking around anymore!
You'll see now!
There they are . . . they're coming!
Just listen to that mess, would you!
Every day this goes on around here!
He used to cut my grass . . .
He was a very nice boy . . .
He used to cut my grass . . .
He was a very nice boy . . .
He used to cut my grass . . .
He was a very nice boy . . .
He used to cut my grass . . .
He was a very nice boy . . .

Central Scrutinizer:

This is the CENTRAL SCRUTINIZER . . . Yes . . . he used to be a nice boy . . . He used to cut the grass . . . But now his mind is totally destroyed by music. He's so crazy now he even believes that people are writing articles and reviews about his imaginary guitar notes, and so, continuing to dwindle in the twilight realm of his own secret thoughts, he not only dreams imaginary guitar notes, but, to make matters worse, dreams imaginary vocal parts to a song about the imaginary journalistic profession . . .