

## Packard Goose

Frank Zappa

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, hey

Hey, 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 numb

Journalism'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 wh at the fuck), enormous flabby short cloth neck ornaments obscure the horizon in a multitude, beating their ugly wings and working their hidden chrome sn ap attachments as they resurge in the direction of the White Zone seeking sn ack 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!