

# Road Ladies

Frank Zappa

Don't it ever get lonesome?  
Yeah! Sure gets lonesome  
Don't it ever get sad when you go out on the road?  
Oh, there was one time in Minneapolis when I thought I had the clap f  
or sure  
Don't it ever get lonesome?  
Lonesome ain't the word  
Don't it ever get sad when you go out on a thirty day tour?  
Oh, I'll take away  
You got nothing but groupies and promoters to love you  
And a pile of laundry by the hotel door

Don't it ever get lonesome?  
Don't it ever give a young man the blues?  
Don't it ever get lonesome?  
Don't it ever make a young man wanna go back home?  
When the P.A. system eats it,  
And the band plays some of the most terriblest shit you've ever known

Don't you ever miss your  
House in the country and your  
Hot little mama too?  
Don't you ever miss your  
House in the country and your  
Hot little mama too?  
Don't you better get a  
Shot from the doctor what the  
Road Ladies do to you?

I know someday I will never,  
I'll never go out on the road again, oh, yeah  
I know someday I will never,  
I ain't gonna roam the countryside  
No more  
I'm gonna hang up them ol' Holiday Inns, yeah  
And heal my knees up,  
From when I was doin' it on the floor  
See me doing it!  
See me do it on the floor

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