

Sam with the Showing Scalp Flat Top

Frank Zappa

Sam with the showing scalp flat top,
Particular about the point it made.
(I got it . . .)
Why, when I was knee-high to a grasshopper,
This black juice came out on a hard shelled chin.
And they called that 'tobacco juice'.
I used to fiddle with my back feet music for a black onyx.
My entire room absorbed every echo.
The music was . . . thud like.
The music was . . . thud like.
I usually played such things as rough-neck and thug.
Opaque melodies that would bug most people.
Music from the other side of the fence.
A black swan figurine lay on all color lily pads.
On a little conglomeration table of pressed black felt.
With same color shadows, in seamed knobbed knees, and what-
nots.
The long hallway rolled out into oddball odd.
Beside the fly-pecked black doorway,
That looked closed on the tar-lattice street.
Up a wrought iron fire escape.
Rolled out a tiny wooden platform with dark, hard, dark rubber
wheels.
Roll, skreek! Roll, skreek! Roll, skreek!
Sam with the showing scalp flat top,
Particular about the point it made.

Sam was a BASKET CASE!
A hardened dark ivory clip held . . . saleable everyday pencils
.
I wish I had a pair 'o bongos!
Bongo Fury!
Bongo Fury!
Oowwww! Bongo Fury!
(Boogie!)
Bongo Fury!
Bongo Fury . . .
Bongo Fury . . .