

San Ber'dino

Frank Zappa

She lives in Mojave in a Winnebago
His name is Bobby, he looks like a potato

She's in love with a boy
From the rodeo
Who pulls the rope on the chute
When they let those suckers go
(Yeah-hey! Suckers!)

He got slobberin' drunk at the Palomino
They give him thirty days in San Ber'dino

Well there's forty-four men
Stashed away in Tank "C"
An' there's only one shower
But it don't apply to Bobby

You may think they're
Dumb an' lonely
But you're wrong
'Cause their love is strong
Stacked-up hair
An' a cheap little ring
They don't care
'Cause it don't mean a thing

Looka there . . .
They don't care

Best-est way that
They can feel-o
Out on the highway
Rollin' a wheel-o
He's her Tootsie
She's for real-o
Trailer park heaven
It's a real good deal-o
Real good deal-o
Real good deal-o
Real good deal-o
Real good deal-o

The rest of their lives
In San Ber'dino
Gonna spend the rest of their lives
In San Ber'dino
Gonna spend the rest of their lives
Down in San Ber'dino
Come on with me
Come on with me
Come on with me
Down in San Ber'dino
Just 60 miles, 60 miles
Down the San Ber'dino freeway
They got some dark green air
An' you can choke all day
That's right!

Gonna spend the rest of their lives
Rest of their lives
Rest of their lives

Say now,
Ain't talkin' 'bout Fontana
Ain't talkin' 'bout uh uh
Ain't talkin' 'bout uh uh
Ain't talkin' 'bout uh uh
Ain't talkin' 'bout the Redlands, no no
ZULCH is the auto works
I'm tellin' you
That's where they take
All the cars that they hurt
Come on and let's all go down to San Ber'dino
Ooo-ooo
Ooo-ooo
Ooo-ooo
Let's-a go down down down
Down in San Ber'dino
Wouldja b'lieve it
Wouldja b'lieve it now, come on
San Ber'dino
San Ber'dino
San Ber'dino
(Got to call it)
San Ber'dino
(C'mere)
San Ber'dino
San Ber'dino
San Ber'dino
San Ber'dino
(Oh, God, they all stay there)
The rest of their lives
In San Ber'dino

Oh Bobby, I'm sorry you gotta head like a potato
I really am
(Ketchup!)