

The Air

Frank Zappa

The air
Escaping from your mouth
The hair
Escaping from your nose
My heart
Escaping from the scraping
And the shaping
Of the draping...
I'm awaking
In a T-shirt
In a Chevy
At a beach
And I'm freezing
And I'm wheezing
And I know
You were only teasing
Then I hit you
And I beat you
And told you
That I love you
In my car
In a jar

The air
Escaping from your pits
The hair
Escaping from my teeth
My hands
Are gripping
But they're slipping
And they're dripping
'Cause I'm tripping
I got busted
Coming through customs
With a suitcase
Full of tapes
It was special
Tape recording
And they grabbed me
While I was boarding
Then they hit me
And they beat me
And they told me
They don't like me
And I crashed
In my Nash
We can crash
In my Nash
etc.