

## 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.