

# The 'Torchum' Never Stops

Frank Zappa

[Thing-Fish:]

Now, dis nasty sucker is de responsable party fo de en-whiffment o' de origu mal potium. Through de magik o' stage-kraff, we be able to see him at woik!

He now be preparin' some ugly shit to make yo' life even mo' mizzable den it awready are, since dis batch be resigned to render him IMMORTAL! We does no t know if it gwine woik yet, but we kin always hope fo' de best!

[singing]

Flies all green 'n buzznin'  
In his dunjing of despair  
Prisoners grummle an' piss dey' clothes  
'N scratch dey' matted hair  
A tiny light fum a window-hole  
A hunnit yards away  
Is all dey ever gets t'know  
'Bouts de reg'luh life in de day

An' it stink so bad, de stones been chokin'  
'N weepin' greenish drops  
In de room where de giant fowah-puffer woikin',  
'N de torchum never stops  
De torchum never stops  
De torchum,  
De torchum,  
De torchum never stops  
(Go on, 'DEWLLA! Play dat lil' guitar one mo' 'gin!)

[spoken]

Uh-oh! I smells trubba! He be messin' wit pigmeat heahhh! Muthafucker be rejectin' some CO-LOG- NUH directly into de DUO-DEENUM of de unsuspecting victim! Now he gone see if he immune to it by eatin' a dab hisseff!

[singing]

Flies all green an' buzznin'  
In his dunjing of despair  
An EVIL PRINCE eats a steamin' pig  
In a chamber, right near dere

He eat de snouts an' de trotters foist!  
De loins an' de groins id soon re-spersed  
His carvin' style id well re-hoist  
He stan' 'n shout:

All main be coist!  
All main be coist!  
All main be coist!  
All main be coist!

An' dis-ergree? Well, no one durst . . .  
He de best, of cose, of all de woist  
Some wrong been done, he done it foist . . .  
An' he stink so bad, his bones been chokin'  
And weepin' greenish drops,

In de vat of GALOOT CO-LOG-NUH,  
Where de Re-zease be berlin' up  
Berlin' an' uh boilin' up  
CO-LOG-NUH!  
CO-LOG-NUH!  
GALOOT CO-LOG-UH-NUH!

[spoken]

Oh! Do yoseff a favum 'n DON'T USE IT! Oooooooh! Look at THESE ugly suckers!  
Boy, when white folks come back fum bein' dead, they sho' gets scary-lookin'  
'! But don't take their appearance too seriously, people, 'cause dey say dis  
de sort o' folks dat belongs on BROADWAY!

[Evil Prince: (singing)]

Somewhere, over there, I can tell,  
There's a voice of  
A potato-headed whatchamacallit  
Who does not wish me well!

His clothes are quite stupid,  
And also his shoes!  
He's got a big ol' duck-mouth!  
(Who knows how he chews!)

He thinks he knows something  
About THE GREAT PLAN!  
How ULTIMATE BLANDNESS  
Must RULE and COMMAND

He knows not a drop,  
Not a crumb,  
Not a whit,  
Of the reason for doing  
This criminal shit  
And then, if he did,  
Would it matter a bit?  
Not at all!  
Because IT IS WRIT:

Our BEIGE-BLANDISH GOD  
Tends to CERTIFY IT:

"Only the boring and bland shall survive!  
Only the lamest of lameness will thrive!"  
Take it or leave it, you won't be alive,  
If you are overtly CREATIVE!

Fairies and faggots and queers are  
'CREATIVE'  
All the best music on Broadway is  
'NATIVE'

Who will step forward  
And end all this trouble?  
For beige-blandish citizens,  
Clutching the rubble  
Of vanishing dreams  
Of wimpish amusement,  
Replaced by a rash  
Of 'CREATIVE' confusement!

Soon, my brave Zombies,  
You'll make your return!  
Broadway will glow!  
Broadway will burn!  
(Along with the remnants of  
EVERYTHING NEW)  
My HOLY DISEASE will do  
Wonders for you!  
Those lovely producers  
Who paid for you 'then'  
Will do it again, and again, and again!

The spying potato  
With horrible diction  
Will rot in the garbage  
When this show's eviction  
Takes place shortly after  
My alternate skill  
Of THEATRICAL SABOTAGE  
Triumphs YOUR will!

I've a special review  
I've been saving for years  
For a show just like this,  
With POTATOES and QUEERS

I'll say it's disgusting, atrocious, and dull  
I'll say it makes boils inside of your skull  
I'll say it's the worst-of-the-worst of the year,  
No wind down the plain, and it's hard on your ear  
I'll say it's the work of an infantile mind  
I'll say that it's tasteless, and that you will find  
A better excuse to spend money or time  
At a Tupper-Ware Party,  
So, do be a smarty!  
Hold on to that dollar  
A little while longer  
For spending it here,  
Why, it couldn't be wronger!

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO BROADWAY?  
WHERE'S IT GONE, ALL THE GLITTER?  
THE 'HEART' AND THE 'SOUL'  
THE PATTTER?  
THE PITTER?

And after this deadly review hits the paper,  
In will come ROPER, BENDER & RAPER,  
To legally execute all that remains  
Of this tragic amusement for drug-addled brains

[Thing-Fish: (singing)]

Flies all green an' buzznin'  
In his dunjing of despair  
Who are all o' dem ZOMBIES  
Dat he fuckin' wit down dere?  
Are dey crazy?  
Are dey sainted?  
Are dey STAGE-KRAFF someone painted?

It have never been explained,  
Since at first it were created,

But, a MUSICAL, like we's in,  
Require a WHOLE BUNCH O' EVERYTHIN'!  
We talkin' EVERYTHIN' DAT EVER BEEN!  
Look at her!  
Look at him!

Dat what de deal we dealing in  
Dat what de deal we dealing in  
Dat what de deal we dealing in  
Dat what de deal we dealing in