

# Trouble Every Day

Frank Zappa

Well I'm about to get sick  
From watchin' my TV  
Been checkin' out the news  
Until my eyeballs fail to see  
I mean to say that every day  
Is just another rotten mess  
And when it's gonna change, my friend  
Is anybody's guess

So I'm watchin' and I'm waitin'  
Hopin' for the best  
Even think I'll go to prayin'  
Every time I hear 'em sayin'  
That there's no way to delay  
That trouble comin' every day  
No way to delay  
That trouble comin' every day

Wednesday I watched the riot . . .  
Seen the cops out on the street  
Watched 'em throwin' rocks and stuff  
And chokin' in the heat  
Listened to reports  
About the whisky passin' 'round  
Seen the smoke and fire  
And the market burnin' down  
Watched while everybody  
On his street would take a turn  
To stomp and smash and bash and crash  
And slash and bust and burn

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Well, you can cool it,  
You can heat it . . .  
'Cause, baby, I don't need it . . .  
Take your TV tube and eat it  
'N all that phony stuff on sports  
'N all the unconfirmed reports  
You know I watched that rotten box  
Until my head begin to hurt  
From checkin' out the way  
The newsman say they get the dirt  
Before the guys on channel so-and-so

And further they assert  
That any show they'll interrupt  
To bring you news if it comes up  
They say that if the place blows up  
They will be the first to tell,

Because the boys they got downtown  
Are workin' hard and doin' swell,  
And if anybody gets the news  
Before it hits the street,  
They say that no one blabs it faster  
Their coverage can't be beat

And if another woman driver  
Gets machine-gunned from her seat  
They'll send some joker with a brownie  
And you'll see it all complete

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Hey, you know something people?  
I'm not black  
But there's a whole lots a times  
I wish I could say I'm not white

Well, I seen the fires burnin'  
And the local people turnin'  
On the merchants and the shops  
Who used to sell their brooms and mops  
And every other household item  
Watched the mob just turn and bite 'em  
And they say it served 'em right  
Because a few of them are white,  
And it's the same across the nation  
Black and white discrimination  
Yellin' "You can't understand me!"  
'N all that other jazz they hand me  
In the papers and TV and  
All that mass stupidity  
That seems to grow more every day  
Each time you hear some nitwit say  
He wants to go and do you in  
Because the color of your skin  
Just don't appeal to him  
(No matter if it's black or white)  
Because he's out for blood tonight

You know we got to sit around at home  
And watch this thing begin  
But I bet there won't be many live  
To see it really end  
'Cause the fire in the street  
Ain't like the fire in the heart  
And in the eyes of all these people  
Don't you know that this could start  
On any street in any town  
In any state if any clown  
Decides that now's the time to fight  
For some ideal he thinks is right  
And if a million more agree  
There ain't no Great Society  
As it applies to you and me

Our country isn't free  
And the law refuses to see  
If all that you can ever be  
Is just a lousy janitor  
Unless your uncle owns a store  
You know that five in every four  
Just won't amount to nothin' more  
Gonna watch the rats go across the floor  
And make up songs about being poor

Blow your harmonica, son!