

# Uncle Bernie's Farm

Frank Zappa

I'm dreaming . . . (Oh no-o-o!)

There's a bomb to blow yo mommy up  
A bomb for your daddy too (ouch.)  
A baby doll that burps & pees  
A case of airplane glue  
A hungry plastic troll  
To scarf yo buddy's arm  
A box of ugly plastic things marked:  
Uncle Bernie's Farm!

There's a little plastic congress  
There's a nation you can buy (I'll take two.)  
There's a doll that looks like mommy  
She'll do anything but cry (I seen her.)  
There's a doll that looks like daddy  
He's a funny little man  
Push a button & ask for money  
There's a dollar in his hand (check his wallet.)

We gotta send Santa Claus back to the Rescue Mission  
Christmas don't make it no more  
Don't you know that murder & destruction  
Scream the toys in every store (think this'll sell in New York?)  
)

There's a man who runs the country  
There's a man who tried to think  
And they're all made out of plastic  
When they melt they start to stink  
There's a book with smiling children  
Nearly dead with Christmas joys!  
And smiling in his office  
Is the creep who makes the toys . . .

FZ: We got this car: when it hits the wall you see the guy dying . . . got the little plastic puddles of blood . . . by the car

I'M DREAMING . . .

Ray: He has intestines . . . he has plastic intestines you can stuff back into his stomach . . .

FZ: There's this other thing, I've got bombs. I've got rockets, I've got a . . . I've got a stilson wrench & plastic brass knuckles . . .

Ray: And it comes with a tape recorder with sound effects . . .

FZ: We got a '39 Chevy . . .