

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 dyin
g . . . got the little plastic puddles of blood . . . by the ca
r

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 knu
ckles . . .

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

FZ: We got a '39 Chevy . . .