

# We're Turning Again

Frank Zappa

Turn turn  
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We're turning again  
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They took a whole bunch of acid  
So they could see where it's at  
(It's over there, over there,  
Over there, over there  
And under here also)  
Doont, da-doodem doodem!  
They lived on a whole bunch of nothing  
They thought they looked very good  
They'd never ever worry  
They were always in a hurry  
To convince themselves that what they were  
Was really very groovy  
Yes, they believed in all the papers  
And the magazines that defined their folklore  
They could never laugh  
At who or what they thought they were  
Or even what they thought  
They sorta oughta be  
They were totally empty  
(Totally empty)  
And their lives were really useless  
So what the fuck?  
They didn't have no sense of humor  
(Oodly-oodly-yeah!)  
Now they got nothing left  
To laugh about  
Including themselves

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Bprr . . . bprr . . . the year 1967  
Drug-crazed youth discovered vagrancy as a way of life  
EWW-WW!  
Dey were mellow  
Dey were yellow  
Dey were wearing smelly blankets  
Dey looked like DONOVAN fans  
(HU-UR-DE-EE  
GU-UR-DE-EE)  
Dey walkin' 'round  
With stupid flowers  
In dey hair an' evvywhere  
Dey tried to stuff 'em up de guns  
Of all the cops and other servants of the law  
(LA LA-LA-LA LA-LA)

Who tried to push 'em around  
And later moved 'em down  
But they were full of all that shit  
That they believed in  
(PHEW!)

So what the fuck?  
(WHAT THE FUCK?)

Now I seen 'em tightenin' up dey headbands  
On the weekend and dey get loaded  
When dey came to town  
Dey walk around in GREEMICH VILLAGE  
To buy posters dey could hang up  
In dem smelly little secret  
Black light bedrooms  
On LONN-ISLAND  
Singin': "JIMI COME BACK!"

Now come back and regulate de boy's FURZ-tone  
Yo' HAZE was so PURPLE  
It caused your AXIS to be BOLD AS LOVE  
(JIMI-JIMI-JIMI-JIMI-JIMI FEED BACK)

Now Jimi gimme some feedback  
Come back and feed back on my knapsack  
You can feed back the fuzz tone from your WAH-WAH  
While you bend down  
And set your stuff on FIRE

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We can turn it around  
We can do it again  
We can go back in time  
Through the canyons of your mind  
On the EVE O' DESTRUCTION  
We can act like we are something really special  
WOOOH, we'll just jump in the bath-tub  
With that other guy JIM  
And make him be more careful  
We can visit Big Mama  
And whap her on the back  
When she eats her sandwich  
(LA LA LA LA)

We can take care of Janis  
When she gets so depressed  
She can't take it no more  
We can laugh at Keith Moon's jokes  
(HA HA HA HA HA)

And the colour TV  
(HA HA)

He threw out de windum  
Fum de second flew-ah!  
(YEAHHHHHHH!)

Everybody come back  
No one can do it like you used to  
If you listen to the radio  
And what they play today  
You can tell right away:  
All those assholes really need you!

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