

You're Probably Wondering Why I'm Here

Frank Zappa

Bop bop-bop bop-bop bop-BOW
Bop bop-bop bop-bop bop-BOW

You're probably wondering
Why I'm here
And so am I
So am I

Just as much as you wonder
'Bout me bein' in this place
(Yeah!)

That's just how much I marvel
At the lameness on your face
You rise each day the same old way
And join your friends out on the street
Spray your hair
And think you're neat
I think your life is incomplete
But maybe that's not for me to say
They only pay me here to play

(I wanna hear Caravan with a drum sola!)

You're probably wondering
Why I'm here
And so am I
So am I

Just as much as you wonder
'Bout me starin' back at you
(Yeah!)

That's just how much I question
The corny things you do

You paint your face and then you chase
To meet the gang where the action is
Stomp all night
And drink your fizz
Roll your car and say "Gee whiz!"
You tore a big hole in your convertible top
What will you tell your Mom and Pop?

(Mom, I tore a big hole in the convertible)

You're probably wondering
Why I'm here
And so am I
So am I

Just as much as you wonder
If I mean just what I say
(Yeah!)

That's just how much I question
The social games you play

You told your Mom you're stoked on Tom
And went for a cruise in Freddie's car

Tommy's asking
Where you are
You boogied all night in a cheesy bar
Plastic boots and plastic hat
And you think you know where it's at?

You're probably wondering
Why I'm here
(Not that it makes a heck of a lot of a difference to ya)