

# The Blue Light

Frank Zappa

Your ethos  
Your pathos  
Your Porthos  
Your Aramis  
Your Brut Cologne  
You're writing home  
You are hopeless  
Your hopelessness  
Is rising around you, rising around you  
You like it  
It gives you something to do  
In the day time  
Hey buddy, you need a hobby  
You are tired of moving forward  
You think of the future  
And secretly you piddle your pants  
The puddle of piddle  
Which used to be little  
Is rising around you, rising around you  
You like it  
It gives you something to do  
In the night time

Oh well, you travel to bars  
You also go to Winchell's Doughnuts  
And hang out with the Highway Patrol  
Sometimes you'll go to a pizza place  
You go to Shakey's to get that  
American kind of pizza  
That has the ugly, waxey, fake yellow  
Kind of cheese on the top...  
Maybe you'll go to Straw Hat Pizza,  
To get all those artificial ingredients  
That never belonged on a pizza in the first place  
(But the white people really like it...)  
Oh well, you'll go anyplace, you'll do anything  
Oh you'll give me your underpants  
I hope these aren't yours, buddy...  
They're very nice, though  
You go to Santa Monica Boulevard,  
You go to the Blue Parrot  
No problem, you'll go anyplace  
You'll do anything  
Just so you can hang out with the others  
The others just like you  
Afraid of the future  
(Death Valley Days straight ahead)  
The future is scary  
(Yes it sure is)  
Well, the puddle is rising  
It smells like the ocean  
A body of water to isolate England  
And also Reseda  
The oil in patches  
All over Atlantis, Atlantis  
You remember Atlantis  
Donovan, the guy with the brocade coat

Used to sing to you about Atlantis  
You loved it, you were so envolved then  
That's back in the days when you used to  
Smoke a banana  
You would scrape the stuff off the middle  
You would bake it  
You would smoke it  
You even thought you was getting ripped from it  
No problem  
Woop! Atlantis, they could really get down there  
The plankton, the krill  
The giant underwater pyramid, the squid decor  
Excuse me, Todd  
The big ol' giant underwater door  
The dome, the bubbles, the blue light  
Light, light, light, light  
Light, light, light, light  
Blue light blue light  
The seepage, the sewage, the rubbers, the napkins  
Your ethos, your Porthos,  
Your flag pole, your port hole  
Your language  
You're frightened  
The future  
Your lang...  
You can't even speak your own fucking language  
You can't read it anymore  
You can't write it anymore  
Your language  
The future of your language  
Your meat loaf  
Don't let your meat loaf  
Heh, heh, heh  
Your Micro-Nanette  
Heh  
Your Brut  
Cologne