

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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