

You're Probably Wondering Why I'm Here

The Mothers of Invention

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 solo
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?
Mam, 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?
Yeah! You're probably wondering
Why I'm here
(Not that it makes a heck of a lot of a difference to ya)

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