

# He Used to Cut the Grass

## Frank Zappa

Frank Zappa (lead guitar, vocals)

Warren Cucurullo (rhythm guitar, vocals)

Denny Walley (slide guitar, vocals)

Ike Willis (lead vocals)

Peter Wolf (keyboards)

Arthur Barrow (bass, vocals)

Ed Mann (percussion)

Vinnie Colaiuta (drums) Joe: (to himself as he walks out of prison)

I'm out at last

Boy, the world

sure looks different

Wow... there's hardly

anything fun to do

Since they made

music illegal

But I'm hooked

I got the habit

I've got to have it

I need to play

But there's no

musicians anymore

They're all gone

Wait! I've got it!

I'll be sullen and

withdrawn

I'll dwindle off into

the twilight realm

Of my own secret

thoughts

I'll walk through

the parking lot

In a semi-

catatonic state

And dream of

guitar notes

To go with the

loading-zone

announcements. JOE wanders through the world which by then has been totally epoxied over, carefully organized, with everyone reporting daily to his or her appointed place in a line somewhere in front of a window somewhere in a building somewhere in order to collect his or her welfare check, which, when cashed, made it possible for the young ones to continue the payments for the obsolete and irreparable appliances their parents had purchased on the

instalment plan years ago, providing as security the future incomes of their children. The rest of these checks were used by the young recipients to buy fun things of their own on credit, most of which broke down or failed within moments of purchase and seemed to be stacking up everywhere.

Central Scrutinizer:

This is the CENTRAL  
SCRUTINIZER

The White Zone  
is for loading and  
unloading only.

If you have to load or  
unload, go to the  
White Zone.

You'll love it.

It's a way of life.

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As JOE stumbles over mounds of dead consumer goods formed into abstract statues dedicated to the Quality of American Craftsmanship, dreaming his stupid little guitar notes, he hears, somewhere in the back of his head, the voice of MRS. BORG, taunting him: Mrs. Borg's Voice:

Turn it down!

Turn it down!

I have children  
sleeping here!

Don't you boys know  
any nice songs?

I'm calling the police!

I did it!

They'll be here...

shortly!

I'm not joking around  
anymore!

You'll see now!

There they are...

they're coming!  
Listen to that mess,  
would you!  
Every day this goes on  
around here!  
He used to  
cut my grass...  
He was a  
very nice boy...  
He used to  
cut my grass...  
He was a  
very nice boy...  
He used to  
cut my grass...  
He was a  
very nice boy...  
He used to  
cut my grass...  
He was a  
very nice boy...

very nice boy...Central Scrutinizer:

This is the CENTRAL SCRUTINIZER... Yes... he used to be a nice boy... He used to cut the grass... But now his mind is totally destroyed by music. He's so crazy now he even believes that people are writing articles and reviews about his imaginary guitar notes, and so, continuing to dwindle in the twilight realm of his own secret thoughts, he not only dreams imaginary guitar notes, but, to make matters worse, dreams imaginary vocal parts to a song about the imaginary journalistic profession...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>