Frank Zappa, Outside Now

Frank Zappa (lead guitar) Ike Willis (guitar, vocals) Ray White (guitar, vocals) Bobby Martin (keyboards, saxophone, vocals) Alan Zavod (keyboards) Scott Thunes (bass) Chad Wackerman (drums)

Act II

SCENE FOURTEEN OUTSIDE NOW

JOE: (somewhat exhausted) These executives have plooked the fuck out of me And there's still a long time to go before I've Paid my debt to society And all I ever really wanted to do was Play the guitar 'n bend the string like Reent-toont-teent-toont-teenooneenoonee I've got it I'll be sullen and withdrawn I'll dwindle off into the twilight realm Of my own secret thoughts I'll lay on my back here 'til dawn In a semi-catatonic state And dream of guitar notes That would irritate An executive kinda guy...

And sure enough JOE dreams up a few of those guitar notes that every executive despises...those low ones...every exec knows it's only the records with the high squeally ones that get to be hits (except for Duane Eddy)...

Well, I guess that one did the trick If they only could heard it Half-a-dozen of em woulda strangled While they was suckin on each others' dick But that was just a bunch of imaginary Notes I played Just a little extra somethin' To keep me goin from day to day That's okay I'll be gettin outta here pretty soon Then I won't have to live In this ugly fuckin room Can't wait to see I can't wait to see what it's like On the outside now . . . Can't wait to see I can't wait to see what it's like On the outside now . . . Can't wait to see I can't wait to see what it's like On the outside now . . . Can't wait to see I can't wait to see what it's like On the outside now . . . Can't wait to see I can't wait to see what it's like On the outside now . . . Can't wait to see I can't wait to see what it's like

On the outside now . . . Can't wait to see I can't wait to see what it's like On the outside now . . . Can't wait to see I can't wait to see what it's like On the outside now . . . Can't wait to see I can't wait to see I can't wait to see On the outside now . . . Outside now . . .

And JOE just lays there, dreaming imaginary guitar notes for years on end, until finally they let him out...