

# Frank Zappa, Road Ladies

Don't it ever get lonesome?

"Yeah! Sure gets lonesome..."

Don't it ever get sad when you go out on the road?

"Oh, there was one time in Minneapolis... when I thought I had the clap for sure"

Don't it ever get lonesome?

"Lonesome ain't the word"

Don't it ever get sad when you go out on a thirty day tour?

"Oh, I'll take away..."

You got nothing but groupies and promoters to love you

And a pile of laundry by the hotel door

Don't it ever get lonesome?

Don't it ever give a young man the blues?

Don't it ever get lonesome?

Don't it ever make a young man wanna go back home?

When the P.A. system eats it,

And the band plays some of the most terriblest shit you've ever known

Don't you ever miss your house in the country

And your hot little mama too?

Don't you ever miss your house in the country

And your hot little mama too?

Don't you better get a shot from the doctor

What the Road Ladies do to you?

I know someday I will never

I'll never go out on the road again, oh, yeah...

I know someday I will never

I ain't gonna roam the countryside

"No more"

I'm gonna hang up them ol' Holiday Inns, yeah

And heal my knees up

From when I was doin' it on the floor

"See me doing it!"

"See me do it on the floor!"

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