

# Frank Zappa, Uncle Remus

Wo, are we movin' too slow?  
Have you seen us,  
Uncle Remus . . .  
We look pretty sharp in these clothes (yes, we do)  
Unless we get sprayed with a hose  
It ain't bad in the day  
If they squirt it your way  
'Cept in the winter, when it's froze  
An' it's hard if it hits  
On yer nose  
On yer nose

Just keep yer nose  
To the grindstone, they say  
Will that redeem us,  
Uncle Remus . . .  
I can't wait till my Fro is full-grown  
I'll just throw 'way my Doo-Rag at home  
I'll take a drive to BEVERLY HILLS  
Just before dawn  
An' knock the little jockeys  
Off the rich people's lawn  
An' before they get up  
I'll be gone, I'll be gone  
Before they get up  
I'll be knocking the jockeys off the lawn  
Down in the dew