

# Frank Zappa, We're Turning Again

Frank Zappa (guitar, synclavier)  
Steve Vai (guitar)  
Johnny &quot;Guitar&quot; Watson (guitar, vocals)  
Ike Willis (guitar, vocals)  
Ray White (guitar, vocals)  
Bobby Martin (keyboards, vocals)  
Tommy Mars (keyboards)  
Scott Thunes (bass)  
Chad Wackerman (drums)  
Ed Mann (percussion)

Turn and turn  
Turn and turn  
We're turning again  
Turn and turn  
Turn and turn  
We're turning again

They took a whole bunch of acid  
So they could see where it's at  
(It's over there, over there,  
Over there, over there  
And underneath also)  
They lived on a whole bunch of nothing  
They thought they looked very good  
They'd never ever worry  
They were always in a hurry  
To convince themselves that what they were  
Was really very groovy  
Yes, they believed in all the papers  
And the magazines that defined their folklore  
They could never laugh  
At who or what they thought they were  
Or even what they thought  
They sorta oughta be  
They were totally empty  
(Totally empty)  
And their lives were really useless  
So what the fuck?  
They didn't have no sense of humor  
Now they got nothing left  
To laugh about  
Including themselves

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They were mellow  
They were yellow  
They were wearing smelly blankets  
They looked like Donovan fans  
They walkin' 'round  
With stupid flowers  
In they hair and everywhere  
They tried to stuff 'em up the guns  
Of all the cops  
And other servants of the law  
Who tried to push 'em around  
And later moved 'em down  
But they were full of all that shit

That they believed in  
So what the fuck?  
(What the fuck?)  
Now I've seen 'em tightenin' up they headbands  
On the weekend  
And they get loaded  
When they came to town  
They walked around in Greenwich Village  
To buy posters they could hang up  
In them smelly little secret  
Black light bedrooms  
On Long Island  
Singin': "Jimi come back!"  
Now come back and regulate the boy's fuzz-tone  
Your haze was so purple  
It caused your axis to be bold as love  
Now Jimi (feed back) gimme some feedback  
Come back and feed back on my knapsack  
You can feed back the fuzz tone from your wah-wah  
While you bend down  
And set your stuff on fire

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Turn and turn  
We're turning again  
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We can turn it around  
We can do it again  
We can go back in time  
Through the canyons of your mind  
On the eve of destruction  
We can act like we are  
Something really special  
You just jump in the bath-tub  
With that other guy Jim  
And make him be more careful  
We can visit Big Mama  
And wrap her on the back  
When she eats her sandwich  
(La la la la)  
We can take care of Janis  
When she gets so depressed  
She can't take it no more  
We can laugh at Keith Moon's jokes  
(Ha ha ha ha ha)  
And the colour TV  
(Ha ha)  
He threw out the windum  
From the second floor  
Everybody come back  
No one can do it like you used to  
If you listen to the radio  
And what they play today  
You can tell right away:  
All those assholes really need you!  
Turn and turn  
Turn and turn  
We're turning again  
Turn and turn  
Turn and turn  
We're turning again

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