

Frank Zappa, Hot-Plate Heaven At The Green Ho

I used to have a job
An' I was doin' fairly well
Depression came along
An' everybody start to yell
"Where'd they go, them good ol' days,
An' all that crap we used to sell?"
Now I'm in Hot-Plate Heaven,
at the Green Hotel

Republicans is fine,
If you're a multi-millionaire
Democrats is fair,
If all you own is what you wear
Neither of 'em's REALLY right,
'Cause neither of 'em CARE
'Bout that Hot-Plate Heaven,
'Cause they ain't been there

They really oughta go
'N find out how the hall-way smell
They'd benefit to know
'Bout what the bums in there could tell
(Of course we're only dreamin',
But I s'pose it's just as well
That's ALL you get to dream
Up in the Green Hotel)

Nature didn't put me here,
An' neither did my fate
It musta been some evil ol'
Republican candidate!
He's over there in Washington,
But I wish he was in HELL
'Cause I'm in Hot-Plate Heaven
At the Green Hotel

Things is slightly better now;
They hope we will forget
Their misery of 'TRICKLE DOWN',
An' jelly-bean etiquette
The Regal Presidential Style
Has simply not worn well,
But neither has my rags,
Up in the Green Hotel

I said the Green Hotel
I mean the Green Hotel
Been there once
The Green Hotel
We're goin' again
The Green Hotel
Neither has my rags,
Up in the Green Hotel
Hey, pass me the dog-food!