

# Frank Zappa, The Radio Is Broken

Frank Zappa (guitar, vocals, drum machine)  
Steve Vai (guitar, acoustic guitar)  
Ray White (guitar, vocals)  
Roy Estrada (vocals)  
Bob Harris (boy soprano)  
Ike Willis (vocals)  
Bobby Martin (keyboards, saxophone, vocals)  
Tommy Mars (keyboards)  
Arthur Barrow (keyboards, bass, micro bass, rhythm guitar)  
Ed Mann (percussion)  
Scott Thunes (bass)  
Chad Wackerman (drums)  
Vinnie Colaiuta (drums)  
Craig Steward (harmonica)  
Dick Fegy (mandolin)  
Marty Krystall (saxophone)

The cosmos at large  
It's so very big  
It's so far away  
The comets...the craters...the vapors  
The solar wind  
The residual echoes...the residual echoes  
The residual echoes from the giant explosion  
Where they said it began

The germs from space!  
The negative-virus knit-wear  
The blobulent suit  
That's right! THE BLOBULENT SUIT  
It's made of rubber, it's very ugly  
It's got an air hose...  
(The guy that has it all has a SPACE WRENCH!)

The things that were supposed to be green  
In the black and white movies  
They get you in the neck when you're not looking  
They get you, they get you, they get you, get you, get you  
The radio is broken -- it don't work no more  
The radio is broken -- it don't work no more  
The lovely Lisa Kranston:  
(Her father invented the sacred fuel (that's right!)  
For the rocket)  
So she gets to go with a clipboard!  
She writes it down when the meters go around  
And falls in love in a space warp  
Space warp  
Space warp

The giant knobs  
The porthole where you see the earth for the first time  
The corrugated fiberglass interior walls  
The partially reclining G-force lawn furniture  
The brown hole  
The pointed brasseries  
The atomic war  
The tiny little dresses on the space girls  
A love-starved race begging to reproduce  
With earthmen  
They need to reproduce (with John Agar)  
They need to reproduce (with Morris Ankrum)  
They need to reproduce (with Richard Basehart)  
They need to reproduce (with Jackie Coogan)  
They need to reproduce (with Sonny Tufts)

The botchino...the botchino...the botchino

The gigantic spider  
The co-pilot always plays the harmonica  
The navigator always gets killed by a bad space person  
Uh-oh -- the radio is broken  
It don't work anymore  
The radio is broken  
It don't work anymore  
The radio is broken  
It don't work anymore  
We'll never get back to the Earth no more  
Uh-oh!  
We have to fall in love on Uranus!  
The radio is...  
That's right -- uh-oh  
The radio is broken  
The meteor storm  
You spilled your coke  
You're stepping on the popcorn  
JOHN AGAR!  
Uh-oh...  
(Dwarf Nebula)