

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 secret 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)