

# Frank Zappa, Tinseltown Rebellion

From Madam Wong's to Starwood  
To the Whiskey on the Strip  
You can hear the crashing, blasting strum  
Of bands that come to be real hip  
And get a record contract  
From a talent scout some day  
They'll sell their ass, their cocks and balls  
They'll take the check 'n walk away  
If they're lucky they'll get famous  
For a week or two perhaps  
They'll buy some ugly clothes to wear  
And hope the business don't collapse  
Before some stupid magazine  
Decides they're really good  
They're a Tinsel Town Rebellion Band  
From downtown Hollywood

Tinsel Town Rebellion,  
Tinsel Town Rebellion Band  
It's a little bitty Tinsel Town Rebellion  
A Tinsel Town Rebellion Band

They used to play all kinds of stuff  
And some of it was nice  
Some of it was musical  
But then they took some guy's advice  
To get a record deal, he said,  
They would have to be more punk  
Forget their chops and play real dumb  
Or else they would be sunk  
So off they go to S.I.R. to learn some stupid riffs  
And practice all their poses  
In between their powder sniffs

Chop a line now, snort it up now

And when they think they've got it  
They launch a new career  
Who gives a fuck if what they play  
Is somewhat insincere

Tinsel Town Rebellion,  
Tinsel Town Rebellion Band  
A Tinsel Town Rebellion,  
A Tinsel Town Rebellion Band  
Did you know that in Tinsel Town the people down there  
Think that substance is a bore  
And if your New Wave group looks good  
They'll hurry on back for more  
Of leather groups and plastic groups  
And groups that look real queer  
The Tinsel Town aficionados  
Come to see and not to hear  
But then again this system works  
As perfect as a dream  
It works for all of those record company pricks  
Who come to skim the cream  
From the cesspools of excitement  
Where Jim Morrison once stood  
It's the Tinsel Town Rebellion  
From downtown Hollywood

It's everybody happy?  
Oh, never mind!

No problem