

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