

Frank Zappa, When The Lie's So Big

Frank Zappa (lead guitar, vocals)
Ike Willis (guitar, vocals)
Mike Keneally (guitar, synthesizer, vocals)
Bobby Martin (keyboards, vocals)
Ed Mann (percussion)
Walt Fowler (trumpet)
Bruce Fowler (trombone)
Paul Carman (alto saxophone)
Albert Wing (tenor saxophone)
Kurt McGettrick (baritone saxophone)
Scott Thunes (bass)
Chad Wackerman (drums)
Eric Buxton (vocals)

They got lies so big
They don't make a noise
They tell 'em so well
Like a secret disease
That makes you go numb

With a big ol' lie
And a flag and a pie
And a mom and a bible
Most folks are just liable
To buy any line
Any place, any time

When the lie's so big
As in Robertson's case,
(That sinister face
Behind all the Jesus hurrah)

Could result in the end
To a worrisome trend
In which every American
Not "born again"
Could be punished in cruel and unusual ways
By this treacherous cretin
Who tells everyone
That he's Jesus' best friend

When the lie's so big
And the fog gets so thick
And the facts disappear
The Republican Trick
Can be played out again
People, please tell me when
We'll be rid of these men!

Just who do they really
Suppose that they are?
And how did they manage to travel as far
As they seem to have come?
Were we really that dumb?

People, wake up
Figure it out
Religious fanatics

Around and about
The Court House, The State House,
The Congress, The White House

Criminal saints
With a "Heavenly Mission" --
A nation enraptured
By pure superstition

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