

# Hungry Freaks, Daddy

## Frank Zappa

Ray Collins (lead vocals, harmonica, tambourine, finger cymbals, bobby pin, tweezers)

Jimmy Carl Black (drums)

Roy Estrada (bass, guitarron, boy soprano)

Elliot Ingber (lead guitar, rhythm guitar) Mr. America, walk on by your schools that do not teach

Mr. America, walk on by the minds that won't be reached

Mr. America try to hide the emptiness that's you inside

But once you find that the way you lied

And all the corny tricks you tried

Will not forestall the rising tide of HUNGRY FREAKS DADDY!

They won't go on four no more

Great mid-western hardware store

Philosophy that turns away

From those who aren't afraid to say what's on their minds

The left behinds of the great society HUNGRY FREAKS, DADDY! Mr. America, walk on by

your supermarket dream

Mr. America, walk on by the liquor store supreme

Mr. America try to hide the product of your savage pride

The useful minds that it denied

The day you shrugged and stepped aside

You saw their clothes, and then you cried,

"Those HUNGRY FREAKS, DADDY!"

They won't go on four no more

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From those who aren't afraid to say what's on their minds

The left behinds of the great society

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>