

Honey, Don't You Want a Man Like Me

Frank Zappa

Frank Zappa (lead guitar, vocals)

Ray White (rhythm guitar, vocals)

Eddie Jobson (keyboards, violin, vocals)

Patrick O'Hearn (bass, vocals)

Terry Bozzio (drums, vocals)

Ruth Underwood (percussion, synthesizer)

Don Pardo (vocals)

David Samuels (vibes)

Randy Brecker (trumpet)

Mike Brecker (tenor saxophone, flute)

Lou Marini (alto saxophone, flute)

Ronnie Cuber (baritone saxophone, clarinet)

Tom Malone (trombone, trumpet, piccolo)

John Bergamo (percussion over-dub)

Ed Mann (percussion over-dub)

Louanne Neil (osmotic harp over-dub) Honey honey, hey

Baby don't you want a man like me

Honey honey, hey

Baby don't you want a man like me He was the Playboy Type (he smoke a pipe)

His fav'rite phrase was "OUTA-SITE!"

He had an Irish Setter It was a singles bar, a Tuesday night

The moon was dim, the band was tight

They did the bump together What a splendid sight, (Ren-nen-nen-nen) her teeth were white

The drinks were cheap (it was Ladies Nite)

He was glad that he met her She was an office girl ("My name is Betty")

Her fav'rite group was HELEN REDDY

(They discussed the weather) Honey honey, hey

Baby don't you want a man like me

Honey honey, hey

Baby don't you want a man like me Honey honey, hey

Baby don't you want a

Baby don't you want a

Baby don't you want a man She was the lonely sort, just a little too short

Her jokes were dumb and her fav'rite sport

Was hockey (in the winter) He was duly impressed and was quick to suggest

Any sport with a PUCK had to be 'bout the best

As he jabbed his elbow in her ("Get it honey? Get it?") Later on they went off to where the music was soft,

The candles were drippy, they saw a REAL HIPPY

Who delivered their dinner The rice was brown, and soon they found

That the crowd around that had jammed the room,
Well it seemed to be getting thinner
Honey honey, hey
Baby don't you want a man like me
Honey honey, hey
Baby don't you want a man like me
Honey honey, hey
Baby don't you want a
Baby don't you want a
Baby don't you want a man
He took her home to a motor court
She wouldn't kiss him, he tried to ignore it,
But it made him angry!
angry, it made me angry, it made me so angry I could have killed that
lousy BITCH!)
He called her a slut, a pig and a whore
A bitch and a cunt and she slammed the door
In a petulant frenzy!
(A petulant frenzy, this is a petulant frenzy.
I'm petulant, and I'm having a frenzy)
On the sofa she weeps
BOO HOO HOO HOO
She weeps and she weeps
BOO HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO
She weeps and she peeks
Through the curtain
He just got in his car
But the battery's dead
So he asks to use the phone
And she gives him some head
And that's the end of the story
Honey honey, hey
Baby don't you want a man like me
Honey honey, hey
Baby don't you want a man like me
Honey honey, hey
Baby don't you want a
Baby don't you want a man
Baby don't you want a man sometimes?

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