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
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

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