

# The Downtown Talent Scout

## Frank Zappa

Frank zappa (lead guitar, vocals)  
Elliot ingber (rhythm guitar)  
Roy estrada (bass)  
Jimmy carl black (drums)  
Ray collins (tambourine)The kids are freaking out  
Everybody's goin' nuts  
The heats out every night  
To call up names and kick thier butts  
But everytime you turn around  
You'll see some joker staring back  
He's got a secret tape recorder  
And a camera in a sack  
Pretending that he's just another  
Of the kiddies freaking out  
But they pay him off in acid  
Cos he's a downtown talent scoutHe's got your name  
And he's got your face  
He's got your ex-old lady's place  
He's here to see what's goin down  
And they don't believe the things he's foundThe badges gleam and the minors scream  
When he pulls on the scene  
They got no warrants in their pockets  
But that badge makes them supremeYou kids are smoking dandelions  
You're sniffing paper bags baby  
You're dropping good n' plenties  
We can tell your posture sags  
Now line up here against the wall  
Your bodies frail and thin  
And open up your pockets  
While we dump the evidence inWell they know that smoking flowers  
Won't win a case in court  
And they know that good n' plenties  
Aren't the psychedelic sort  
But they tear your place apart  
Because they simply couldn't pass  
A chance to drag some freaks downtown  
For smoking devil grassWell you never get your day in court  
The food downtown is foul  
The day of trial you nearly die

With maggots in your bowel  
But modern law and justice  
Has advanced to such a point  
That a jury trial is useless  
They simply take you to the jointCause after all you look so freaky  
How could anyone believe  
That what you think and what you feel  
Comes close at all to what is realBlow your harmonica son

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