

Honey, Don't You Want a Man Like Me?

Frank Zappa

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)

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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

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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

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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?