

Hungry Freaks, Daddy

Frank Zappa

Mister America
Walk on by
Your schools that do not teach
Mister America
Walk on by
The minds that won't be reached
Mister America
Try to hide
The emptiness that's you inside
When 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
For 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 . . .

Mister America
Walk on by
Your supermarket dream
Mister America
Walk on by
The liquor store supreme
Mister 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
For 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)