

# 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)