

Flakes

Frank Zappa

Flakes! Flakes

Flakes, flakes

F#m **E**
They don't do no good

E **D**
They never be workin

D **F#m** **E**
When they oughta should

E **C#m**
They waste your time

D **Bm**
There wastin mine

Asm
California got the most of them

F#m
Boy they got a host of them

E **A** **B**
R: Swear to god they get the most
At every business on the coast
Swear to god they get the most
At every business on the coast

They got the flakes

Flakes! Flakes!

They can't fix yer brakes
You ask them "Where's my motor?"
Well it was eaten snakes
You can stab an shoot an spit
But they wont be fixin it
There lyin and lazy
They can be drivin you crazy

R: Swear to god they get the most...

Take it away bob!!!

D **Em**
I asked as nice as I could

D
If my job would
G **A** **B**
Somehow be finished by friday

D **Em**
Well the whole damn weekend

Em
Came and went Frankie

D
An they didn't do nothing
G **A** **B**
But they charged me double for sunday

D **Em**
You know no matter what you do

D
They gonna cheat an rob you

Were coming to get you, were
Coming to get you

