

# Hungry Freaks, Daddy

## The Mothers of Invention

Mr. America, walk on by your schools that do not teach  
Mr. America, walk on by the minds that won't be reached  
Mr. America try to hide the emptiness that's you inside  
But 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 on four 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! Mr. America, walk on by your supermarket dream  
Mr. America, walk on by the liquor store supreme  
Mr. 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 on four 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

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