

## **Zappa Frank**

### **"Flakes"**

Visit "[Flakes](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

-----

Flakes! Flakes!

Flakes! Flakes!

They don't do no good

They never be workin'

When they oughta should

They waste your time

They're wastin' mine

California's got the most of them

Boy, they got a host of them

Swear t'God they got the most

At every business on the coast

Swear t'God they got the most

At every business on the coast

They got the Flakes

Flakes! Flakes!

They can't fix yer brakes

You ask 'em, \*"Where's my motor?"\*

\*"Well, it was eaten by snakes..."\*

You can stab 'n' shoot 'n' spit

But they won't be fixin' it

They're lyin' an' lazy

They can be drivin' you crazy

Swear t'God they got the most

At every business on the coast

Swear t'God they got the most

At every business on the coast

\*[Take it away, Bob...]\*

I asked as nice as I could

If my job would

Somehow be finished by Friday

Well, them whole damn weekend

came 'n' went, Frankie

\*[Wanna buy some mandies, Bob?]\*

'N' they didn't do nothin'

But they charged me double for Sunday

You know, no matter what you do,

They gonna cheat 'n' rob you

Then they'll send you a bill

That'll get your senses reelin'

And if you do not pay

They got computer collectors

That'll get you so crazy

'Til your head'll go through th' ceilin'

Yes it will!

I'm a moron, 'n' this is my wife

She's frosting a cake  
With a paper knife  
All what we got here's  
American made  
It's a little bit cheesey,  
But it's nicely displayed  
Well we don't get excited when it  
Crumbles 'n' breaks  
We just get on the phone  
And call up some Flakes  
They rush on over  
'N' wreck it some more  
'N' we are so dumb  
They're linin' up at our door  
Well, the toilet went crazy  
Yersterday afternoon  
The plumber he says  
\*Never flush a tampon!\*This great information  
Cost me half a week's pay  
And the toilet blew up  
Later on the next day-ay-eee-ay  
Blew up the next day  
WOO-OOO  
We are millions 'n' millions,  
We're coming to get you

We're protected by unions  
So don't let it upset you  
Can't escape the conclusion  
It's probably God's Will  
That civilization  
Will grind to a standstill  
And we are the people  
Who will make it all happen  
While yer children is sleepin',  
Yer puppy is crappin'  
You might call us Flakes  
Or something else you might coin us  
But we know you're so greedy  
That you'll probably join us  
We're coming to get you, we're coming to get you  
We're coming to get you, we're coming to get you  
We're coming to get you, we're coming to get you  
We're coming to get you, we're coming to get you

Visit [Zappa Frank](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.