

Zappa Frank

"The Downtown Talent Scout"

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Frank Zappa (lead guitar, vocals)
Elliot Ingber (rhythm guitar)
Roy Estrada (bass)
Jimmy Carl Black (drums)
Ray Collins (tambourine)

The kids are freaking out
Everybody's goin' nuts
The heats out every night
To call up names and kick thier butts
But everytime you turn around
You'll see some joker staring back
He's got a secret tape recorder
And a camera in a sack
Pretending that he's just another
Of the kiddies freaking out
But they pay him off in acid
Cos he's a downtown talent scout

He's got your name
And he's got your face
He's got your ex-old lady's place
He's here to see whats goin down
And they don't believe the things he's found

The badges gleam and the minors scream
When he pulls on the scene
They got no warrants in their pockets
But that badge makes them supreme

You kids are smoking dandelions
You're sniffing paper bags baby
You're dropping Good N' Plenties
We can tell your posture sags
Now line up here against the wall
Your bodies frail and thin
And open up your pockets
While we dump the evidence in

Well they know that smoking flowers
Won't win a case in court

and they know that Good N' Plenties
Aren't the psychedelic sort
But they tear your place apart
Because they simply couldn't pass
A chance to drag some freaks downtown
For smoking devil grass

Well you never get your day in court
The food downtown is foul
The day of trial you nearly die
With maggots in your bowel
But modern law and justice
Has advanced to such a point
That a jury trial is useless
They simply take you to the joint

Cause after all you look so freaky
How could anyone believe
That what you think and what you feel
Comes close at all to what is real Blow your harmonica
son

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