

# Frank Zappa

## "Honey, Don't You Want A Man Like Me?"

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Frank Zappa (lead guitar, vocals)  
Ray White (rhythm guitar, vocals)  
Eddie Jobson (keyboards, violin, vocals)  
Patrick O'Hearn (bass, vocals)  
Terry Bozzio (drums, vocals)  
Ruth Underwood (percussion, synthesizer)  
Don Pardo (vocals)  
David Samuels (vibes)  
Randy Brecker (trumpet)  
Mike Brecker (tenor saxophone, flute)  
Lou Marini (alto saxophone, flute)  
Ronnie Cuber (baritone saxophone, clarinet)  
Tom Malone (trombone, trumpet, piccolo)  
John Bergamo (percussion over-dub)  
Ed Mann (percussion over-dub)  
Louanne Neil (osmotic harp over-dub)

Honey honey, hey  
Baby don't you want a man like me  
Honey honey, hey  
Baby don't you want a man like me

He was the Playboy Type (he smoke a pipe)  
His fav'rite phrase was "OUTA-SITE!"  
He had an Irish Setter

It was a singles bar, a Tuesday night  
The moon was dim, the band was tight  
They did the bump together

What a splendid sight,(Ren-nen-nen-nen) her teeth  
were white  
The drinks were cheap (it was Ladies Nite)  
He was glad that he met her

She was an office girl ("My name is Betty")  
Her fav'rite group was HELEN REDDY  
(They discussed the weather)

Honey honey, hey  
Baby don't you want a man like me  
Honey honey, hey

Baby don't you want a man like me

Honey honey, hey

Baby don't you want a

Baby don't you want a

Baby don't you want a man

She was the lonely sort, just a little too short

Her jokes were dumb and her fav'rite sport

Was hockey (in the winter)

He was duly impressed and was quick to suggest

Any sport with a PUCK had to be 'bout the best

As he jabbed his elbow in her ("Get it honey? Get it?")

Later on they went off to where the music was soft,

The candles were drippy, they saw a REAL HIPPY

Who delivered their dinner

The rice was brown, and soon they found

That the crowd around that had jammed the room,

Well it seemed to be getting thinner

Honey honey, hey

Baby don't you want a man like me

Honey honey, hey

Baby don't you want a man like me

Honey honey, hey

Baby don't you want a

Baby don't you want a

Baby don't you want a man

He took her home to a motor court

She wouldn't kiss him, he tried to ignore it,

But it made him angry!

angry, it made me angry, it made me so angry I could  
have killed that

lousy BITCH!)

He called her a slut, a pig and a whore

A bitch and a cunt and she slammed the door

In a petulant frenzy!

(A petulant frenzy, this is a petulant frenzy.

I'm petulant, and I'm having a frenzy)

On the sofa she weeps

BOO HOO HOO HOO

She weeps and she weeps

BOO HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO

She weeps and she peeks

Through the curtain

He just got in his car  
But the battery's dead  
So he asks to use the phone  
And she gives him some head  
And that's the end of the story

Honey honey, hey  
Baby don't you want a man like me  
Honey honey, hey  
Baby don't you want a man like me  
Honey honey, hey  
Baby don't you want a  
Baby don't you want a man  
Baby don't you want a man sometimes?

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