

Frank Zappa, Flakes

Frank Zappa (lead guitar, vocals)
Adrian Belew (rhythm guitar, vocals)
Tommy Mars (keyboards, vocals)
Peter Wolf (keyboards)
Patrick O'Hearn (bass, vocals)
Terry Bozzio (drums, vocals)
Ed Mann (percussion, vocals)
Napoleon Murphy Brock (background vocals)
Andre Lewis (background vocals)
Randy Thornton (background vocals)
Davey Moire (background vocals)

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 cheeseey,
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...