

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

05/05/2026

Honey, Don't You Want a Man Like Me?

Par Frank Zappa

Album : Zappa In New York [CD2]

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

U-a-u-u

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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