

Zappa Frank

"Penguin In Bondage"

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She's just like a penguin in Bondage, boy
Oh yeah, Oh yeah, Oh...
Rennenhenninnahenninnenninahennn
Way over on the wet side
Of the bed (Knirps for moisture)

Just like the mighty Penguin
Flappin' her eight ounce wings

Lord, you know it's all over
If she comes atcha on the strut & wrap 'em
all around yer head

Flappin her eight ounce wings, flappinumm

She's just like a Penguin in Bondage, boy

Shake up the pale-dry
Ginger ale
Tremblin' like a Penguin
When the battery fail

Lord, you must be havin' her jumpin' through
a hoopa real fire
With some Kleenex wrapped around a
coat-hang wire

She's just like a Penguin in Bondage, boy
Oh yeah, Oh yeah, Oh...
Rennenhenninnahenninneninahenn
Howlin' over to some
Antarcticated moon

In the frostbite nite
With her flaps gone white
Shriekin' as she spot the hoop across the room

Lord, you know it must be a Penguin bound down
When you hear that terrible screamin' and
there ain't no other
Birds around

She's just like a Penguin in Bondage, boy
Oh yeah, Oh yeah, Oh...
She's just like a Penguin in Bondage, boy
Oh yeah, Oh yeah, Oh...
Rennenhenninnahenninneninahennn
Aw, you must be careful
Not to leave her straps
TOO LOOSE

'Cause she just might box yer dog
She just might box yer doggie
An' leave you a dried-up dog biscuit

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