

## Zappa Frank

### "Penis Dimension"

Visit "[Penis Dimension](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Mark Volman (vocals)  
Howard Kaylan (vocals)  
Ian Underwood (keyboards, woodwinds)  
Aynsley Dunbar (drums)  
George Duke (keyboards, trombone)  
Martin Lickert (bass)  
Ruth Underwood (orchestra drum set)  
Jim Pons (vocals)

Mark Volman:  
Penis dimension.

Howard Kaylan:  
Penis dimension.

Everybody:  
Penis dimension is worrying me.  
I can't hardly sleep at night  
'Cause of penis dimension

Do you worry?  
Do you worry a lot?

No!

Do you worry?  
Do you worry and moan ...  
That the size of your cock is not monsrtous enough?

It's your penis dimension!  
Penis dimension!

Howard Kaylan:  
Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Mark Volman:  
Hiya friends. Now just be honest about it. Did you ever consider the possibliity that your penis, and in the case of many dignified ladies, that the size of the titties themselves might provide elements of subconscious tension? Weird, twisted anxieties that could force a

human being to have to become a politician. A policeman. A jesuit monk. A rock and roll guitar player. A wino. You name it. Or in the case of the ladies, the ones that can't afford a silicone beef-up, may become writers of hot books.

Howard Kaylan:

"Manuel, the gardener, placed his burning phallus in her quivering quim."

Mark Volman:

Yes, or they become Carmelite nuns.

Howard Kaylan:

"Gonzo, the lead guitar player, placed his mutated member in her slithering slit." Ha ha ha!

Mark Volman:

Ooh, or racehorse jockeys. There is no reason why you, or your loved one should suffer. Things are bad enough, without the size of your organ adding even more misery to the troubles of the world.

Howard Kaylan:

Right on, right on!

Mark Volman:

Now, if your a lady and you've got munchkin tits, you can console yourself with this age-old line from primary school:

Mark Volman & Howard Kaylan:

Anything over a mouthful, is wasted.

Mark Volman:

Yes! and isn't it the truth? And if you're a guy, one night you're at a party and you're trying to be cool, I mean, you aren't even wearing any underwear your being so cool, and somebody hits on you one night, and looks you up and down and he says uh,

Howard Kaylan:

Eight inches or less?

Mark Volman:

Well let me tell you, brother, that's the time when you got to turn around and look that son of a bitch right between the eyes. And you got to tell him these words:

