

Ten Years After

"Dear Penis"

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Dear penis, I don't think I like you any more,
You used to watch me shave,
Now all you do is stare at the floor,
Oh, Dear penis, I don't like you any more.

It used to be you and me,
A paper towel and a dirty magazine,
That's all we needed to get by,
Now it seems things have changed,
And I think that you're the one to blame,
Dear penis, I don't like you any more.

He sings.

Dear Rodney, I don't think I like you any more,
'Cause when you get to drinkin',
You put me places I've never been before,
Dear Rodney, I don't like you any more.

Why can't we just get a grip,
On our man to hand relationship,
Come to terms with truly how we feel,
If we put our heads together,
We can just stay home forever,
Dear Penis.
I think I like you after all.

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