

Frank Zappa, Penguin In Bondage

Frank Zappa (lead guitar, vocals)
George Duke (keyboards, synthesizer, vocals)
Tom Fowler (bass)
Ruth Underwood (percussion)
Jeff Simmons (rhythm guitar, vocals)
Don Preston (synthesizer)
Bruce Fowler (trombone)
Walt Fowler (trumpet)
Napoleon Murphy Brock (tenor saxophone, flute, lead vocals)
Ralph Humphrey (drums)
Chester Thompson (drums)
Debbie (background vocals)
Lynn (background vocals)
Robert Camarena (background vocals)

Thank you.
Brian, I could use a little bit more monitor.
Hello hello, can't you turn up any more than that?
Hello hello, hey!
Alright!
Pardon me folks.

The name of this song is Penguin in Bondage,
An' it's a song that ah, deals with the possible variations on
a basic theme which is...well,
You understand what a basic theme is.
And then the variations include ah, manoeuvres that might be
executed with the aid of ah, extra-terrestrial gratification
and devices which might or might not be supplied in a local
department store or perhaps a drugstore but at very least in
one of those fancy new shops that they advertise in the
back-pages of the free press.
This song suggests to the suggestible listener that the
ordinary procedure ah,
That I am circumlocuting at this present time in order to get
this text on television,
Is that ah, if you wanna do something other than what you
thought you were gonna do when you first took your clothes off
and you just happened to have some DEVICES around...
Then it's, it's not only okay to get into the
PARAPHERNALIA of it all but...Hey!
What did he say? Ready?

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 hoop a 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...