

Frank Zappa, Magic Fingers

Ooh the way you love me lady
I get so hard now I could die
Ooh the way you love me sugar,
I get so hard now I could die

Open up your pocketbook
Get another quarter out
Drop it in the meter mamma
Try me on for size

Open up your pocketbook
Get another quarter out
Drop it in the meter mamma
Try me on for size

Ooh the way you squeeze me baby,
Red balloons just pop behind my eyes
Ooh the way you squeeze me girl,
Red balloons just pop behind my eyes

Open up your pocketbook
Get another quarter out
Drop it in the meter mamma
Try me on for size

Open up your pocketbook
Get another quarter out
Drop it in the meter mamma
Try me on for size

Mark:
Do you really wanna please me?

Howard:
Well, you know I do, babe

Mark:
Well, tell me why you do it
I really wanna know

Howard:
Oh, no, no, it wouldn't be right
For me to tell you tonight

Mark:
You better tell me right away
Or I'll pack up and go!

Howard:
Don't get mad
It ain't no big thing

Mark:
You better tell me right away,
Don't you treat me cold

Howard:
HOLD IT, HOLD IT, HOLD IT, HOLD IT!
Well, there are a lot of reasons why I'd . . . I'd drag a girl such as yourself back to this . . . plastic ho