

# 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...