Punky's Whips

Frank Zappa

Terry bozzio (drums)
Roy estrada (vocals, bass)
Adrian belew (guitar)
Ed mann (percussion)
Patrick o'hearn (bass)
Tommy mars (keyboards)
Peter wolf (keyboards)
Alright!
What's this?
Thank you! what? ok!
Thank you! wait a minute!
Ah...take these...
Ok!
In today's rapidly changing world
Rock groups appear every fifteen minutes,
Utilising some new promotional device.
Some of these devices have been known
To leave irreparable scars
On the minds of foolish young consumers.
One such case is seated before you:
Little skinny terry 'ted' bozzio,
That cute little drummer!
That's right!
Terry recently fell in love
With a publicity-photo of a boy named punky meadows...
(oh punky!)...
Lead guitar player from a group called angel.
In the photograph,
Punky was seen with a beautiful shiny hairdo
In a semi-profile which emphasized the pootched out succulence
Of his insolent pouting rictus,
The sight of which drove the helpless young drummer mad with desire!
I can't stand the way he pouts
'cause he might not be pouting for me!
Punky meadows, pouting for you?
Ha! you bet sailor!
You mean,
You mean he's not...he's not pouting...
He's not pouting for me?

His hair's so shiny and it's done real nice
'til I squirm with ecstasy
Punky, punky, give me your lips to die on!
Oh punky, isn't it romantic?
Punky, punky, give me your lips
To die on...i promise not to come in your mouth
Punky, punky, your album's the shits!
It's all wrong!
I ain't really queer
But if he ever got near
Steven tyler would pay to see!
Pay to see!
Punky's lips, punky's lips
His hair's so shiny,
I love his hips!
I love his teeth and his gums and such!
Punky
(what is it? you come home!)

You're an angel!
You're too much
(oh god!)
The boys of my thoughts in my lonely teenage room!
He's been havin' a rash
(no shit!)
That keeps the girls away
(it's true)
Skin doom
(skin doom)
Is what the doctors say
And that makes me wonder
I wonder what punky is rehearsing today
I'll just go over, and hear him play
His hair is so pretty...i'd like to bite his neck
I've heard a rumor he's more fluid than jeff beck
But I ain't queer
I ain't gay
(he's a little fond of chiffon in a wrist array-ee-ay-ee-ay)
A wrist array-ee-ay
(that's all that is, I swear!)
Punky's lips, punky's lips!
Oh! I love his hair while eatin' dunk-y chips
Yeah! I love his blink and his blank-blank-blank
Why, maybe he'd like to yank my crank?
Yank it punky!

Yank it faster!
Yank it harder!
Yank it all nite long!
Come on punky!
Get funky!
I ain't queer
No no no no!
I ain't gay
No no no no!
(he's a little fond of chiffon in a wrist array-ee-ay-ee-ay)
Wrist array-ee-ay
And then he told me now:
I ain't queer!
(hey!)
I ain't gay!
(hey! hey!)
(he's a little fond of chiffon in a wrist array-ee-ay-ee-ay)
I-i, lord,
I'm fo-o-o-ond of chiffo-on
In a wrist array-ee-ay
Oh oh oh oh!
I-i, I said I'm fo-o-ond of chiffo-on
In a wri-i-i-i-ist array
Come on punky!
Give me your lips!
Ride on my venus-trip!
Patrick o'hearn,
Adrian belew,
Tommy mars,
Terry bozzio,
Peter wolf,
Ed mann.
Thanks for comin' to the show!

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