

Magic Fingers

Frank Zappa

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, mama
And try me on for size
Open up your pocketbook,
Get another quarter out,
Drop it in the meter, mama
And 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, mama
And try me on for size
Open up your pocketbook,
Get another quarter out,
Drop it in the meter, mama
And try me on for size

[Mark:]
Oh, do you really wanna please me?

[Howard:]
You know I do, baby

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

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

[Mark:]
You better tell me right away
Or I 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 yours

elf back to this . . . plastic hotel room and . . . rip you off for spare change to run a . . . to run a vibrating machine attached to this queen-size, bulk-purchase, kapok-infested, do-not-remove-tag-under-penalty-of-law type bed and . . . and make you take off all your little clothes . . . until you are nearly STARK RAVING NUDE! (Save for your chrome-with-heavy-duty-leather-thong Peace Medallion, heh . . .) And make you assume a series of marginally erotic poses involving . . . a plastic chair and . . . an old guitar strap while I . . . did a wee-wee in your hair and . . . beat you with a pair of tennis shoes . . . I got from Jeff Beck