

# The Penis Song

Momus

Buckminster Fuller, inventor of the geodesic dome  
Once gave a lecture he entitled 'everything I know'  
Taking the title literally, he spoke four years or so  
And I intend to do the same, so make yourself at home  
(Pull up a chair, smoke a cigar or something)  
Cynthia Plaster Caster once took my cast and showed me  
In a penis exhibition in a gallery on Broadway  
So many people saw my penis in its glass case  
They recognise my penis now before my face

The subject for today: does knowledge elevate or demean us?  
Everything you didn't want to know about my penis

A baker has a penis thing for flattening the dough  
But stick it in the oven and it rises up, like so  
The man who chops the melons up with a long and pointed knife  
Has a penis with a mottled skin, I know, I asked his wife  
(Very curious)  
A priest beneath his cassock has a penis just the same  
Some call the hypothalamus the penis of the brain  
One man's sport is fly fishing, and the other's, pocket billiards  
Congratulations, Watson, on your almost-Freudian brilliance

The comedian from hell always thinks he can entertain us  
With everything we didn't want to know about his penis

Like the heather of the Highlands, mine is tipped with flecks of purple  
With a head as wise as Solomon, although shaped like a turtle  
It wears a flesh-tone roll-neck and the neck goes up and down  
It comes out in the evenings and on Friday paints the town  
Obsessively, compulsively, it only wants one thing  
To fill your chosen orifice with ropes of pearly string  
Delivering its message to your womb or to your tongue  
And then going slack and flaccid when its pressing work is done

In witty conversation, by drip or intravenous  
I drop everything you didn't want to know about my penis  
(Some sort of Tourettes Syndrome)

It's a very fine philosopher, debating right and wrong  
Shows promise as a songwriter (it writes most of my songs)  
Don't bury it in boxer shorts but wear it like a tie  
Or avant garde jewellery hanging from your fly  
(Very chic!)

Jean Luc Godard once declared, to gales of mystified laughter  
That some men wash their hands before they touch it, others after  
And if you slot it carefully where the sun will never shine  
You'll feel what's mine becoming yours, what's yours becoming mine

Well ladies and hermaphrodites, my tender-hearted readers  
Everything you didn't want to know about my penis

There was a bohemian monk  
Who went to bed in a bunk  
He dreamt that Venus  
Was stroking his penis  
And woke up all covered in

Thought for the day: does abstinence dirty us or clean us?  
Everything you didn't want to know about my penis

It's a tribute to the power of something otherwise mundane  
That waving it under a stranger's nose is said to scar his brain  
I'm doing my bit to see the power of taboo remains intact:  
I keep a penis on my head but never lift my hat  
(I keep a penis on my head but never lift my hat)

And if I've bored you stiff with this riff about my penis  
I wouldn't let a little thing like that come between us

And if you can think of another song even more atrocious  
Well supercalifragilisticexpifuckingdocious