

Dear Penis

David Allan Coe

Dear penis,
I don't think I like you anymore,
You used to watch me shave,
Now all ya do is stare at the floor,
Oh dear penis,
I don't like you anymore.

It used to be you and me,
A paper towel and a dirty magazine,
That's all we needed to get by,
Now it seems things have changed,
And I think that you're the one to blame,
Dear penis, I don't like you anymore.

He sings

Dear Rodney,
I don't think I like you anymore,
Cos when you get to drinking,
You put me places I've never been before,
Dear Rodney, I don't like you anymore.

Why cant we just get a grip,
On our man to hand relationship,
Come to terms with truly how we feel,
If we put our heads together,
We'd just stay home forever,
Dear penis, I think I like you after all.

Oh and Rodney,
While you're shaving, shave my balls.