

*D G A D*

Dear Penis, I don't thing I like you any more,

*G A D*

You used to watch me shave, now all you do is stare at the floor,

*G A D*

Oh dear penis, I don't like you any more.

*G A D*

It used to be you and me, a paper towel and a dirty magazine,

*G A D*

That's all we needed, to get by.

*G A D*

*D*

Now is seems things have changed, and I think

that you're the one to blame dear penis

*A D*

I don't like you any more.

*D G A D*

He Says, Dear Rodney I don't think I like you any more,

*G A D*

Cause when you get to drinking, you put me places I've never been before.

*G A D*

Dear Rodney I don't like you any more.

*G A D*

Why can't get a grip on our man to hand relationship,

*G A D*

Come to terms with truly how we feel.

*G A D G*

If we put our heads together, we'd just stay home forever, dear penis,

*A D*

I think I like you after all.

*G A D*

Oh and Rodney, while your shavin, shave my balls.

[AKORTR](#)