

Row Skid

"MONKEY BUSINESS"

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Outside my window there's a
Whole lot of trouble comin'
The cartoon killers and the
Rag cover clones
Stack heals kickin' rhythm
Of social circumcision
Can't close the closet on a
Shoe box full of bones
Kangaroo lady with her bourbon in a pouch
Can't afford the rental on a bamboo couch
Collecting back her favors 'cause her well is running
dry
I know her act is terminal but she ain't gonna die
Slim Intoxicado drinkin' dime store hooch
Is always in a circle with his part-time pooch
Little creepy's playing dollies on the New York rain
Thinkin' Bowie's just a knife. Ooh the pain
I ain't seen the sun since I don't know when
The freaks come out at nine and it's twenty to ten
What's this funk That you call junk?
To me it's just monkey business

Blind man in the box that will probably die

The village kids laugh as they walk by

A psycho is on the edge of this human garbage dump

And the vultures in the sewers are telling him to jump

Into the fire from the frying pan

Tripping on his tongue for a cool place to stand

Where's this shade that you've got it made

To me it's just monkey business

CHORUS

Monkey business

Slippin' on the track

Monkey business

Jungle in black

Ain't your business

If I got no monkey on my back

CHORUS

The Vaseline gypsies and the silicone souls dressed to
the society

Hypocrite heartbeat and cheap alibis can't get you by
that monkey

CHORUS

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