

## Watchtower

### "Ready For The Monkey House"

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Your face is like  
the moment when the sexist hero traps  
The slippy villain with the weasel face  
you don't have to speak  
Your expression is the truth  
that your words don't say  
And the truth won't go away  
in many dark corners I have thought myself about this  
Did you do it out of malice  
did you fall or were you kissed.

Could you ask your friend in the cowboy jacket  
and those boots up to his knee  
Would he shut his mouth for me  
I've heard just enough  
All I want to hear about pipes and drums  
and how little time it takes the clutz to come  
The golden gift of silence  
is I don't have to hear you speak  
So would you take him out yourself  
before I put you both back in the street

Now the story shifts  
and we see a young man  
Standing in the wings  
too old before his time  
Collecting grey hairs  
he's proud and he's scared and he says "I don't care"  
How can he be so blind  
so how did you corrupt him  
You must have got him where it counts  
now he's so numb he's ready to freeze  
And you're ready for the monkey house

Ready for the monkey house  
the monkey house but you won't take me

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