

# 100 Monkeys

## "Made Of Gold"

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Well, I'm shaky and I'm nervous and I'm anxious as hell  
Manic, seeing static, in a panic as well  
I'm gonna give myself a heart attack  
But the doctor says you're much too young for that  
I'm gonna give myself a heart attack  
But the doctor says you're much too young

Oh my hero was much younger than I  
When my hero was immortalized  
On magnetic tape and digital sound waves  
There's no grave for the soul  
No vinyl coffin made of gold

You're made of gold (x7)

I never cared for the radio  
They don't play him, they don't know  
My hero lives on video, my hero lives on video  
You can watch him move as he grooves by frame  
In a mess of curls as the girls scream his name

(Spencer Bell!)

He was the lyricist, a mad scientist  
An architect of quick wit  
The best to smoke and drink with  
The best to joke and think with  
He was one of the lost  
The first to be found  
Keep playing his songs keep us comfort  
To keep us proud  
To have known this body  
Whose soul is still so loud

My hero lives on video (x8)

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I'm gonna give myself a heart attack  
But the doctor says  
You're much too young for that

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