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Elton John "Monkey Suit"

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If you're looking for the glory You think that you might find In a bullet-riddled stolen car On a back road in the pines If it's round just like a medal On a tired old man of war Or hidden like that Burma Star In my dad's bottom drawer

Look at you in your monkey suit Driving south, nothing left to prove You come back here in your cowboy boots Dressed to kill in your monkey suit Every pose you strike, every frame they shoot Shows you dressed to kill in your monkey suit

Build your ladder to the moon Beat on that sacred drum Trample on the hands of those That cling to every rung Every seed you crush beneath

Like stone ground in a mill You never drew a decent breath But you're just dressed to kill

Look at you in your monkey suit Driving south, nothing left to prove You come back here in your cowboy boots Dressed to kill in your monkey suit Every pose you strike, every frame they shoot Shows you dressed to kill in your monkey suit

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