

Gorillaz

"Fire Coming Out Of A Monkey's Head"

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Once upon a time, at the foot of a great mountain
There was a town where the people known as Happy
Folk, lived
Their very existence, a mystery to the rest of the world
Obscured as it was by great clouds

Here they played out their peaceful lives
Innocent of the litany of excess and violence
That was growing in the world below
To live in harmony with the spirit
Of the mountain called, Monkey was enough

Then one day, strange folk arrived in the town
They came in camouflage, hidden behind dark glasses
But no one noticed them
They only saw shadows, you see
Without the truth of the eyes, the Happy Folk were blind

Falling out of aeroplanes and hiding out in holes
Waiting for the sunset to come, people going home
Jump out from behind them and shoot them in the head
Now everybody dancing the dance of the dead
The dance of the dead, the dance of the dead

In time, the strange folk found their way
Into the higher reaches of the mountain
And it was there that they found
The caves of unimaginable sincerity and giving

By chance, they stumbled upon the place

Where all good souls come to rest
The strange folk, they coveted the jewels
In these caves above all things

And soon they began to mine the mountain
It's rich seam fueling the chaos of their own world
Meanwhile, down in the town, the Happy Folk slept
restlessly
Their dreams invaded by shadowy figures digging
away at their souls

Every day, people would wake and stare at the
mountain
Why was it bringing darkness into their lives?
And as the strange folk mined deeper and deeper into
the mountain
Holes began to appear, bringing with them a cold and
bitter wind
That chilled the very soul of the Monkey

For the first time, the happy folk felt fearful
For they knew that soon the Monkey would stir from its
deep sleep
Then there came a sound, distant first, it grew into
catastrophany
So immense that it could be heard far away in space

There were no screams, there was no time
The mountain called Monkey had spoken
It was only fire and then, nothing

Oh, little town in U.S.A., the time has come to see
There's nothing you believe you want
But where were you when it all came down on me?
Did you call me? No

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