

Headstone Epitaph

"Tweeter And The Monkey Man"

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(Traveling Wilburys)

Tweeter and the Monkey Man were hard up for cash
They stayed up all night selling cocaine and hash
To an undercover cop who had a sister named Jan
For reasons unexplained she loved the Monkey Man
Tweeter was a Boy Scout, 'course he went to Viet Nam
Found out the hard way nobody gives a damn
Thought that they'd find freedom just across the Jersey
line
Hopped into a stolen car, took Highway 99
When the walls came down
All the way to hell
Never saw them when they standin
Never saw them when they fell
The undercover cop, he never liked the Monkey Man
Even back in high school, wanted to see him in the can
Jan got married at fourteen to a racketeer named Bill
Made secret plans with the Monkey Man from a
mansion on the hill
It was out on Thunder Road, Tweeter at the wheel
Pulled into paradise, you could hear the tires squeal
It was Jan who'd told him many times "It was you to me
who'd taught:
In Kingston everything's legal as long as you don't get
caught"
When the walls came down
All the way to hell
Never saw them when they standin
Never saw them when they fell
Some place by Riway prison they ran out of gas
The undercover cop cornered 'em, said "You didn't
think that this could last"
Jan jumped up out of bed said "There's some place I
gotta go"
She took the gun out of the drawer, and said "It's best
that you don't know"
An ambulance rolled up, State Trooper close behind
Tweeter took his gun away and messed up his mind
The undercover cop was found face down in a field
The Monkey Man was on the river bridge using Tweeter
as a shield

When the walls came down
All the way to hell
Never saw them when they standin
Never saw them when they fell
The town of Jersey City is quieting down again
I'm sitting in a gambling club called The Lion's Den
The TV set is blown up, every bit of it is gone
Ever since the night when they showed that the Monkey
Man was on
Maybe I'll go to Florida, get myself some sun
There ain't no more opportunity here and everythings
been done
Sometimes I think of Tweeter, sometimes I think of Jan
Sometimes I don't think about nothin' but the Monkey
Man
When the walls came down
All the way to hell
Never saw them when they standin
Never saw them when they fell

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