

## John Prine "Space Monkey"

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Space monkey, space monkey  
What you doing out there?  
Why it's dark as a dungeon way up in the air

Come gather round me you little monkeys and a story  
I'll tell  
About a brave young primate, outer space knew him  
well  
He was born at the top of a big old tree  
Way back in 1953.

He could swing through the jungle and hang by his  
toes  
Till they took him to russia cause they could I suppose  
They dressed him up in a spacesuit and it started to  
snow  
Shot him off in a rocket where no man would go

Space monkey space monkey  
What you doing out there?  
Why it's dark as a dungeon way up in the air  
There'll be no one to greet you when you get back  
home  
No hammer or sickle you'll be on your own.

He had plenty of cuban bananas and loads of spam  
But he found great difficulty trying to open the can  
One day he slipped on a banana peel and the ship lost  
control  
It spun out of orbit and shot o]ut the black hole

It's been four decades now, that's nine monkey years  
That's a long time for a space monkey to confront all  
his fears

Space monkey space monkey  
What you doing out there?  
Why it's dark as a dungeon way up in the air  
There'll be no one to greet you when you get back  
home  
No hammer or sickle you'll be all on your own.

Space monkey, space monkey  
It's time to get real  
The space race is over, how does it feel  
Cold war's had a heatwave, iron curtain's torn down  
They've rolled up the carpet in space monkey town

Now leningrad is petersburg and petersburg's hell  
For a card-carrying monkey with a story to tell  
The space monkey was reportedly last sighted about  
A half a block off of red square  
In a karaoke bar having a few drinks with some of his  
friends  
There was the dog that flew sputnik  
And a blind red-headed, one legged parrot  
Who had done some minor research for dow chemical  
They were drinking american vodka  
Imported all the way from paducah, kentucky  
And reportedly had their arms around each other's  
Shoulders singing.  
"those were the days, my friend, we thought they'd  
never end"

Space monkey, space monkey  
There's nothing to do  
But it's better than living in a communist zoo  
There'll be no one to greet you when you get back  
home  
No hammer or sickle you'll be all on you own

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