

## **Robbie Williams**

# **"Me And My Monkey"**

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There was me and my monkey  
And with his dungarees and roller blades smoking  
filter tips  
Reclining in the passenger seat of my super-charged  
jet black Chevrolet  
He had the soft-top down (he liked the wind in his face)  
He said 'Son, you ever been to Vegas?' I said 'no'  
He said 'that's where we're gonna go - you need a  
change of pace'  
And we hit the strip with all the wedding chapels and  
the neon signs  
He said 'I left my wallet in El Segundo' and proceeded  
to take two grand of mine  
We made tracks to The Mandalay Bay Hotel  
Asked the bell boy if he'd take me and my monkey as  
well?  
He looked in the passenger seat of my car and with a  
smile he said  
'If your monkey's got that kind of money sir, then we've  
got a monkey bed!'

Me and my monkey  
With a dream and a gun  
I'm hoping my monkey don't point that gun at anyone  
Me and my monkey  
Like Butch and the Sundance Kid  
Trying to understand why he did what he did  
Why he did what he did

We got the elevator, I hit the 33rd floor  
We had a room up top with the panoramic views like  
nothing you'd ever seen before  
He went to sleep in the bidet and when he awoke  
He ran his little monkey fingers through yellow pages  
Called up some escort services and ordered some  
okey doke  
Forty minutes later there came a knock at the door  
In walked this big bad ass baboon into my bedroom  
with three monkey whores  
'Hi! My name is Sunshine - these are my girls  
Lace my palm with silver baby and oh yeah, they'll rock  
your world'

So I watched pay-per-view and polished my shoes and  
my gun  
Was diggin' old Kurt Cobain singing 'bout lithium

There came a knock at the door and in walked  
Sunshine  
'What's up? You'd better get your ass in here boy, your  
monkey's having too much of a good  
time!'

Me and my monkey  
Drove in search of the sun  
Me and my monkey  
Don't point that gun at anyone  
Me and my monkey  
Like Billy The Kid  
Trying to understand why he did what he did  
Why he did what he did

Got tickets to see Sheena Easton, the monkey was high  
Said it was a burning ambition to see her before he  
died  
We left before encores, he couldn't sit still  
Sheena was a blast baby but my monkey was ill  
We went to play black-jack, kept hitting twenty three  
Couldn't help but notice this Mexican just staring at me  
Or was it my monkey? I couldn't be sure  
It's not like you'd never seen a monkey in rollerblades  
and dungarees before  
Now don't test my patience 'cause we're not about to  
run  
That's a bad ass monkey boy and he's packing a gun  
'My name is Rodriguez', he says with death in his eye  
'I've been chasing you for a long time amigos, and now  
your monkey's gonna die!'

Me and my monkey  
drove in search of the sun  
Now me and my monkey  
We don't wanna kill no mexican  
But we've got ten itchy fingers  
and one thing to declare  
When the monkey is high  
you do not stare, you do not stare  
you do not stare...

Looks like we've got ourselves a mexican standoff here  
boy  
huh...  
And I ain't about to run  
Put your gun down, boy

huh huh...  
How did I get mixed up with this fucking monkey  
anyhow?

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