

## **Robbie Williams**

# **"There Was Me And My Monkey"**

Visit "[There Was Me And My Monkey](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

It 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 when 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 make tracks to the Mandalay Bay Hotel  
Asked the bell boy if he 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 paronama views like  
nothing you'd ever seen before  
He went to sleep in the bidest  
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 baboom 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' on Kurt Cobain singing about 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 blackjack 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 Rodrigue he says with death in his eye  
I've been chasing you for 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 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 stand off  
here boy  
And I ain't about to run  
Put your gun down boy

How'd I get mixed up with this fuckin' monkey anyhow

Visit [Robbie Williams](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.