

Skepticism

"Monkey Business"

Visit "[Monkey Business](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Outside my window there's a
Whole lot of trouble comin'
The cartoon killers and the
Rag cover clones
Stack heels kickin' rhythm
Of social circumcision
Can't close the closet on
Shoe box full of bones

Kangaroo lady with her bourbon
in a pouch
Can't afford the rental on
a bamboo couch
Collecting back her favors 'cause her
well is running dry
I know her act is terminal,
But she ain't gonna die

Slim intoxicado drinkin' dime
store hooch
Is always in a circle with his
part-time pooch
Little creepy's playing dollies in the
New York rain
Thinkin' Bowie's just a knife
Ooh the pain

I ain't seen the sun since I don't
know when
The freaks come out at nine
And it's twenty to ten
What's this funk
That you call junk
To me it's just monkey business

Blind man in the vox that will
probably die
The village kids laugh as they walk by
A psycho is on the edge of this human
garbage dump
And the vultures in the sewers

are telling
Him to jump

Into the fire from the frying pan
Tripping on his tongue
For a cool place to stand
Where's this shade
That you've got it made
To me it's just monkey business

Monkey business
Slippin' on the track
Monkey business
Jungle in black
Ain't your business if I got
No monkey on my back

Monkey business
Slippin' on the track
Monkey business
Jungle in black
Ain't your business
If I got
Monkey's on my back

The vaseline gypsies and silicone souls
Dressed to the society
Hypocrite heartbeat and cheap alibis
Can't get you by that monkey

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