

Clockwork Monkey "Evolution"

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Cocoa beans, flat screens,
Things that go BANG!
A thousand singers
Neatly in the palm of my hand.

All-wheel, "No deal!"
Electric 'n' gas.
The rain comes down
And then it drips from a tap.

All gather around
The vowels and the nouns
The lights and the noise
All the girls, all the boys

Descended from the apes
Wound-up to become
Clockwork Monkeys,
Each his own little drum,
With a head full of wishes,
A mouth full of kisses
Bright bright spark, out...

Sweet stuff cool stuff
Things that go fast
Get it real quick
Coz it's never gonna last.

It's a good feel, feel good
Keeping my eyes
One forever forward
And the other behind.

Your dreams are recurring
That hand that keeps stirring you
Moving, arousing you
Turning you, wearing you

Down from the apes
Wound-up to become
Clockwork Monkeys,
Each his own little drum,

With a head full of wishes,
And a mouth full of kisses

See none, hear none,
Speak none too,
But it's underneath the nails
And it sticks to the shoes.

Sit down, stand up,
Learn to say "please",
When you're old enough to perish
Then we'll give you the keys.

Your dreams are beautiful
Your rhythm impeccable
Marching the hollow men
Into the straw

Descended from the apes
Wound-up to become
Clockwork Monkeys,
Clanging on their drums,
With head full of wishes,
Wishes full of heading
Down from the apes
Wound-up to become
Clockwork Monkeys,
Clinging to their drums,
With head full of wishes,
Wishing and wishing...

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