

America "Green Monkey"

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When the deep blue night is running close on your
track
And you can feel the green monkey crawlin' across
your back
Don't take me so real that you forget how to feel
Don't let the threat of the dagger turn your heart into
steel

Smell the perfume of the silent dream
Fly the ocean, read a story to me
Speak the wisdom of a redwood tree
Speak to me

So you think that star cluster shining bright in the sky
Will speak the fate of your evening, tell the truth to your
lie
Don't let the features you read control the tickets you
buy
Soon as you learn that you live, you're just beginning to
die
Smell the perfume of the silent dream
Fly the ocean, read a story to me
Speak the wisdom of a redwood tree
Speak to me

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