

Manson Marilyn**"My Monkey"**

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i had a little monkey

I sent him to the country and I fed him on gingerbread

along came a choo-choo, knocked my monkey coo-coo

and now my monkey's dead

at least he looks that way

but then again don't we all

what I make is what I am, I can't be forever

I had a little monkey

I sent him to the country and I fed him on gingerbread

along came a choo-choo and knocked my monkey coo-coo

and now my monkey's dead

poor little monkey

make you...break you...make you...break you...lookout

what I make is what I am, I can't live forever

we are our own wicked gods

with little g's and big dicks

sadistic and constantly inflicting a slow demise

I had a little monkey and I sent him to the country

and I fed him on gingerbread

along came a choo-choo and knocked my monkey coo-coo

and now my monkey's dead

the primate's scream of consonance is a reflection

of his own mind's dissonance

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