

# America, Green Monkey

When the deep blue night is running close on your track  
And you can feel the green monkey crawl in across your back  
Dont take me so real that you forget how to feel  
Dont 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  
Dont let the features you read control the tickets you buy  
Soon as you learn that you live, youre just beginning to die  
Smell the perfume of the silent dream  
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Speak the wisdom of a redwood tree  
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