

# Marilyn Manson, My Monkey

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, 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 be forever)  
We are out own wicked gods  
With little "g's" and big dicks  
Sadistic and constantly inflicting a slow demise  
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  
The primate's scream of consonance is a reflection  
Of his own mind's dissonance