

Patti Smith, Space Monkey

Blood on the T.V., ten o'clock news.
Souls are invaded, heart in a groove.
Beatin' and beatin' so outta time.
What's the mad matter with the church chimes?
Here comes a stranger up on Ninth Avenue.
Leanin' green tower, indiscreet view.
Over the cloud, over the bridge,
sensitive muscle, sensitive ridge of my
space monkey. Sign of the time-time
Space monkey, so outta line-line.
Space monkey, sort of divine.
And he's mine, mine, all mine.

Pierre Clementi, snot full o' cocaine.
The sexual streets, why it's all so insane.
Humans are running, lavender room.
Hoverin' liquid, move over moon for my
space monkey. Sign of the time-time
Space monkey, sort of divine-vine
Space monkey, so out of line and he's mine, mine, oh he's mine

(spoken)

A stranger comes up to him; hands him an old, rusty Polaroid.
It starts crumbling in his hands.
He says, "Oh man, I don't get the picture. This is no picture.
This is just...this just-a...this just-a...
This is my jack-knife. This is my jack-knife.
This is my jack-knife. This is my jack-knife." [shriek]

Rude excavation, landin' site.
Boy hesitatin', jack-knife.
He rips his leg open, so out of time.
Blood and light runnin'. It's all like a dream.
Light of my life, he's dressed in flame.
It's all so predestined. It's all such a game for my
space monkey. Sign of the time-time.
Space monkey, sort of divine-vine.
Space monkey, so out of line and it's all just space, just space.

There he is, up in a tree.
Oh, I hear him callin' down to me.
That banana-shaped object ain't no banana.
It's a bright, yellow U.F.O.
And he's coming to get me. Here I go.
Up, up, up, up, up, up, up, up, up, up ...
Oh, goodbye mama. I'll never do dishes again.
Here I go from my body.
Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Help!