

Rolling Stones, Monkey Man

(M. Jagger/K. Richards)

I'm a fleabit peanut monkey
All my friends are junkies
That's not really true
I'm a cold Italian pizza
I could use a lemon squeezer
Would you do?
But I've been bit and I've been tossed around
By every she-rat in this town
Have you, babe?
Well, I am just a monkey man
I'm glad you are a monkey woman too
I was bitten by a boar
I was gouged and I was gored
But I pulled it on through
Yes, I'm a sack of broken eggs
I always have an unmade bed
Don't you?
Well, I hope we're not too messianic
Or a trifle too satanic
We love to play the blues
Well I am just a monkey man
I'm glad you are a monkey, monkey woman too, babe
I'm a monkey
I'm a monkey
I'm a monkey man
I'm a monkey man
I'm a monkey...
(ad lib)