

Therapy?, Rock You Monkeys

I want the high life
I want bananas
I want a brother and sister in Havana
I wanna get laid by the C.I.A.
I'm on my way to the U.S.A.

I want a green card
I want freedom
Take me to your leader 'cos I wanna meet him
My people are cold
My country is old
But my drugs are cool
And the prices are good so

Rock you monkeys
Rock you monkeys
Rock you monkeys
Now get your things and go
Away

I want cocaine by the barrel
I trade it for oil and top camel
Life's a gas
Life's a bitch
Fucked in the ass by a pinko snitch

So rock you monkeys
Rock you monkeys
Rock you monkeys
Now get your things and go

Rock you monkeys
Rock you monkeys
Rock you monkeys
Now get your things and go

Now I'm the president
And I like it
A fully fledged bible black-belt tyrant
The F.B.I. the C.I.A.
Oh, fuck me, fuck me U.S.A.

Rock you monkeys
Rock you monkeys
Rock you monkeys
Now get your things and go

Rock you monkeys
Rock you monkeys
Rock you monkeys
Now get your things and go

Now get your things and go
Now get your things and go
Now get your things and go