

# Bruce Springsteen, Part Man, Part Monkey

They prosecuted some poor sucker in these United States  
For teaching that man descended from the apes  
They coulda settled that case without a fuss or fight

If they'd seen me chasin' you, sugar, through the jungle last night  
They'da called in that jury and a one two three said  
Part man, part monkey, definitely

Well the church bell rings from the corner steeple  
Man in a monkey suit swears he'll do no evil  
Offers his lover's prayer but his soul lies  
Dark and driftin' and unsatisfied  
Well hey bartender, tell me whaddaya see  
Part man, part monkey, looks like to me

Well the night is dark, the moon is full  
The flowers of romance exert their pull  
We talk awhile, my fingers slip  
I'm hard and crackling like a whip

Well did God make man in a breath of holy fire  
Or did he crawl on up out of the muck and mire  
Well the man on the street believes what the bible tells him so  
Well you can ask me, mister, because I know  
Tell them soul-suckin' preachers to come on down and see  
Part man, part monkey, baby that's me