

Dada, About Monkeys And God

(sounds of the city, people talking)

(Yeah, yeah, oh yeah)

The man who made the movies
About monkeys and God
Wants all the boys and girls
To be packin' a rod
He thinks the world will be a better place
If everyone out in the human race
Would carry the equipment that'll keep 'em safe
With just one little flaw

You gotta worry 'bout those crazy kids
With the quick draw
While you're prayin' to the man
Who made the movies
About monkeys and God
Yeah, yeah, alright
Yeah, yeah, alright

Wake up in the morning
Smell that San Francisco air
I know it's gonna be a good day, yeah, yeah
Walk around without a care
Golden Gates embrace me
Yeah, it really has it all
A perfect day awaits me
With just one little flaw

You gotta worry 'bout those crazy kids
With the quick draw
While you're prayin' to the man
Who made the movies
About monkeys and God
Oh yeah, alright
Yeah, yeah, oh yeah, yeah
Ha, ha, ha, ha-ha-ah

The man who made the movies
About monkeys and God
Wants everyone packin' in the USA
He smiles wide to applause
Now we're all gonna get our way
Now we're all in charge of Judgment Day
Now we get on our knees to pray
With just one little flaw

You gotta worry 'bout
Those crazy kids
With the quick draw, oh no
While you're prayin' to the man
Who made the movies
About monkeys and God, oh-ho
Prayin' to the man
Who made the movies
About monkeys and God, oh-ho
Prayin' to the man
Who made the movies
About monkeys and God
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Prayin' to the man
Who made the movies
About monkeys and God

Prayin' to the man
Who made the movies
About monkeys and God
Alright, yeah, yeah
Good night