Headstones, Tweeter And The Monkey Man

Tweeter and the Monkey Man were hard up for cash They stayed up all night selling cocaine and hash To an undercover cop who had a sister named Jan For reasons unexplained she loved the Monkey Man

Tweeter was a Boy Scout, 'course he went to Viet Nam Found out the hard way nobody gives a damn Thought that they'd find freedom just across the Jersey line Hopped into a stolen car, took Highway 99

And the walls came down All the way to hell Never saw them when they standin' Never saw them when they fell

The undercover cop, he never liked the Monkey Man Even back in high school, wanted to see him in the can Jan got married at fourteen to a racketeer named Bill Made secret plans with the Monkey Man from a mansion on the hill

It was out on Thunder Road, Tweeter at the wheel Pulled into paradise, you could hear the tires squeal It was Jan who'd told him many times, "It was you to me who'd taught: In Kingston everything's legal as long as you don't get caught"

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Some place by Rahway prison they ran out of gas
The undercover cop cornered 'em, said, "You didn't think that this could last"
Jan jumped up out of bed, said, "There's some place I gotta go"
She took the gun out of the drawer, and said, "It's best that you don't know"

An ambulance rolled up, State Trooper close behind Tweeter took his gun away and messed up his mind The undercover cop was found face down in a field The Monkey Man was on the bridge, using Tweeter as a shield

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The town of Jersey City is quieting down again I'm sitting in a gambling club called The Lion's Den The TV set is blown up, every bit of it is gone Ever since the night when they showed that the Monkey Man was on

Maybe I'll go to Florida, get myself some sun There ain't no more opportunity here and everything's been done Sometimes I think of Tweeter, sometimes I think of Jan Sometimes I don't think about nothin' but the Monkey Man

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