

James Taylor, Gorilla

He's got arms like legs, he's got hands on his feet.
He's got a nose like a doughnut, got a tendency to overeat.
He don't use tools or weapons, he don't eat meat.
He likes to stick to the bushes, tends to avoid the street.
But he rides my El Dorado when he comes to town.
You know he's out there somewhere trying to track you down.

Look up in the sky, mama that's the one, yeah.
See the mighty profile block the noonday sun.
He comes from the heart of darkness a thousand miles from here,
that's the land where they understand what a woman might like to hear.
You know that he loves you baby for what you really are,
his love is a burning hot as a big old ten cent cigar.

[random grunting]

Now most of y'all gave seen a gorilla in a cage at the local zoo.
He mostly sits around contemplating all the things that he'd prefer to do.
He dreams about the world outside from behind those bars of steel,
and no one seems to understand about the heartache the man can feel.
The people stop and stare but nobody seems to care.
It don't seem right somehow, it just don't seem fair. He's still a gorilla.