

Ookla The Mok, Gorilla Gorilla

Well my girlfriend and I went to the zoo
On a Sunday afternoon
We hadn't been there since we were seven or eight
She had her notebook and pen, she was all set
To work on her masters project
On the dating routines of the higher primates
She was studying how the monkeys lived
From an arch-feminist perspective
I was the king of the jungle in my mind
One theory was that anything with muscles that big
Had to be a sexist pig
You know gorillas aren't pigs, they still can be swine
Gorilla gorilla, my girlfriend explained condescendingly
Gorilla gorilla, this was their genus and their species
Gorilla gorilla, yes that is their name
But I was thinking, Gorilla gorilla, me Tarzan you Jane
She was writing this neat information down
I was beating my chest making OO OO sounds
Hanging upside down off the gibbon exhibit
She dropped her notebook and put her pen behind her ear
And said in a voice all the monkeys could hear
"Young man, you get down from that cage this minute!"
I was feeding my shoe to a marmoset
And my girlfriend got real upset
She said "I've only one thing to say to you."
Paraphrasing two of her books which still sit on my shelves
Origin of Species and Our Bodies, Ourselves
She said, "I guess that it's true, monkey see, monkey do."
"Gorilla gorilla," she said as she walked out the room
"Gorilla gorilla, you're not a mandrill or a big baboon you're a
Gorilla gorilla" That's not my name
But she called me Gorilla gorilla just the same
She called me Gorilla gorilla but then she changed her mind
"Cause I've never seen a gorilla who smoked or drank or lied
I thought you were a gorilla, but that isn't true
Cause I've never seen a gorilla as ugly as you"