

Page Martin, Monkey In My Dreams

There's a monkey in my dreams
Clinging like a thief
Forcing my eyes open
Wrestling in my sheets
I'm living on my own now
Without you on my back
But still you keep on calling
No disappearing act
You used to be so good at that
You used to be so good at games
Now you go 'round and around
Exiting the way you came
Just a monkey in my dreams
That's what you are
A loose valve of escaping steam
That's what you are
A motor running in an empty car
That's what you are
And I won't stoop to the obscene
You're a monkey
Just a monkey
You're a monkey in my dreams
Gonna shake that monkey right outta my bed
Gonna shake that monkey right outta my head
I'm losing eight good hours
With this hollow ghost of you
Screeching in my sleep tank
Sleeping in my shoes
You used to be so good at that
You used to be so good at games
Now you go 'round and around
Exiting the way you came
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Gonna shake that monkey right outta my bed
Gonna shake that monkey right outta my head
Time to shake the monkey outta my bed
Time to shake the monkey outta my head
I can't reason on the phone
I won't talk to your machine
No doctor would prescribe you
No doctor is that mean
You used to be so good at that
You used to be so good at games
Now you go 'round and around
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