

Robbie Williams, Me & My Monkey

It was me and my monkey
Him with his dungarees and rollerblades
Smoking filter tips reclining in the passenger seat
Of my supercharged jet black chevrolet
He had the soft top down
He liked the wind in his face
He said 'son, you ever been to vegas? '
I said 'no' he said 'that's where we're gonna go,
You need a change of place'
And when we hit the strip with all the wedding chapels
And the neon signs he said
'i left my wallet in el segundo'
And proceeded to take two grand of mine
We made tracks to the mandalay bay hotel
Asked the bell boy if he'd take me and my monkey as well
He looked in the passenger seat of my car
And with a smile he said
'if your monkey's got that kind of money sir,
And we've got a monkey bed'

Me and monkey
With a dream and a gun
Hoping my monkey
Don't point that gun at anyone
Me and monkey
Like butch and the sundance kid
Trying to understand
Why he did what he did
Why he did what he did

And at the elevator I hit the 33rd floor
He had a room up top with a panoramic view
It's like nothing you've ever seen before
He went to sleep in the bidet and when he awoke
He ran his little monkey fingers through the yellow pages
Called up escort services and ordered some oki doke
Forty minutes later there came a knock at the door
In walked this big, bad-ass baboon into my bedroom
With 3 monkey whores
'hi, my name is sunshine. these are my girls.
Lace my palm with silver baby oh yeah
And they'll rock your world'
So I watched pay per view and polished my shoes and my gun
Was sticking on kurt cobain sing about lithium
There came and knocked at the door and in walked sunshine
'what's up? ' - 'you better get your ass in here boy y
Our monkey is having too much of a good time'

Me and my monkey
Drove in search of the sun
Me and my monkey
Don't point that gun at anyone
Me and my monkey
Like billy the kid
Trying to understand
Why he did what he did
Why he did what he did

Got tickets to see sheena easton
The monkey was high
Said it was a burning ambition to see her before he died
We left before encores

He couldn't sit still
Sheena was a blast baby
But my monkey was ill
When I played black jack
Kept hittin' 23
Couldn't help but notice this mexican just staring at me
Or was it my monkey
I couldn't be sure
It's not like you've never seen a monkey in rollerblades
And dungarees before
Now don't test my patience cause we're not about to run
That's a bad-ass monkey boy and he's packing a gun
'my name is rodriguez' he says with death in his eye
'i've been chasing you for a long time amigos
And now your monkey is gonna die'

Me and my monkey
Drove in search of the sun
Me and my monkey
We don't wanna kill no mexican
But we got ten itchy fingers
One thing to declare
When the monkey is high
You do not stare
You do not stare
You do not stare

Looks like we got ourselves a mexican stand off here boy
And I ain't about to run
Put your gun down boy
How did I get mixed up with this f**king monkey anyhow