

Robbie Williams, There Was Me And My Monkey

And with his dungarees and roller blades
Smoking filter tips
Reclining in the passenger seat of my super charged 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 pace
And when we hit the strip with all the wedding chapels and the neon signs
He said left my wallet in El Segundo and proceeded to take two grand of mine
We make tracks to the Mandalay Bay Hotel
Asked the bell boy if he 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
Then we've got a monkey bed

Me and my monkey
With a dream and a gun
I'm hoping my monkey don't point that gun at anyone
Me and my monkey
Like butch and the sundance kid
Trying to understand why he did what he did
Why he did what he did

We got the elevator, I hit the 33rd floor
We had a room up top with the paronama views like nothing you'd ever seen before
He went to sleep in the bidest
And when he awoke
He ran his little monkey fingers through yellow pages
Called up some escort services and ordered some okey doke
Forty minutes later there came a knock at the door
In walked this big bad ass baboom into my bedroom with three monkey whores
Hi, my name is Sunshine, these are my girls
Lace my palm with silver baby and oh yeah
They'll rock your world
So I watched pay per view and polished my shoes and my gun
Was diggin' on Kurt Cobain singing about lithium
There came a knock at the door and in walked Sunshine
What's up you'd better get your ass in here boy
Your monkey's 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 go 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
We went to play blackjack kept hitting twenty three
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'd 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 Rodrigue he says with death in his eye
I've been chasing you for long time amigos

And now your monkey's gonna die

Me and my monkey
Drove in search of the sun
Now me and my monkey
We don't wanna kill no Mexican
But we've 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've got ourselves a Mexican stand off here boy
And I ain't about to run
Put your gun down boy
How'd I get mixed up with this f**kin' monkey anyhow