

Skid Row, Monkey Business (Edited Version)

Outside my window theres a
Whole lot of trouble comin
The cartoon killers and the
Rag cover clones
Stack heels kickin rhythm
Of social circumcision
Cant close the closet on
Shoe box full of bones

Kangaroo lady with her bourbon
in a pouch
Cant afford the rental on
a bamboo couch
Collecting back her favors cause her
well is running dry
I know her act is terminal,
But she aint gonna die

Slim intoxicado drinkin dime
store hooch
Is always in a circle with his
part-time pooch
Little creepys playing dollies in the
New York rain
Thinkin Bowies just a knife
Ooh the pain

I aint seen the sun since I dont
know when
The freaks come out at nine
And its twenty to ten
Whats this funk
That you call junk
To me its just monkey business

Blind man in the vox that will
probably die
The village kids laugh as they walk by
A psycho is on the edge of this human
garbage dump
And the vultures in the sewers
are telling
Him to jump

Into the fire from the frying pan
Tripping on his tounge
For a cool place to stand
Wheres this shade
That youve got it made
To me its just monkey business

Monkey business
Slippin on the track
Monkey business
Jungle in black
Aint your business if I got
No monkey on my back

Monkey business
Slippin on the track
Monkey business
Jungle in black

Aint your business
If I got
Monkeys on my back

The vaseline gypsies and silicone souls
Dressed to the society
Hypocrite heartbeat and cheap alibis
Cant get you by that monkey