

# Traveling Wilburys, Tweeter And The Monkey Man

Tweeter and the Monkey Man were hard up for cash  
They stayed up all night selling cocaine and hash  
To an undercover cop who had a sister named Jan  
For reasons unexplained she loved the Monkey Man

Tweeter was a boy scout before she went to Vietnam  
And found out the hard way nobody gives a damn  
They knew that they found freedom just across the Jersey Line  
So they hopped into a stolen car took Highway 99

And the walls came down all the way to hell  
Never saw them when they're standing  
Never saw them when they fell

The undercover cop never liked the Monkey Man  
Even back in childhood he wanted to see him in the can  
Jan got married at fourteen to a rackateer named Bill  
She made secret calls to the Monkey Man from a mansion on the hill

It was out on thunder road - Tweeter at the wheel  
They crashed into paradise - they could hear them tires squeal  
The undercover cop pulled up and said "Everyone of you's a liar  
If you don't surrender now it's gonna go down to the wire

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An ambulance rolled up - a state trooper close behind  
Tweeter took his gun away and messed up his mind  
The undercover cop was left tied up to a tree  
Near the souvenir stand by the old abandoned factory

Next day the undercover cop was hot in pursuit  
He was taking the whole thing personal  
He didn't care about the loot  
Jan had told him many times it was you to me who taught  
In Jersey anything's legal as long as you don't get caught

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Someplace by Rahway prison they ran out of gas  
The undercover cop had cornered them said "Boy, you didn't  
think that this could last"  
Jan jumped out of bed said "There's someplace I gotta go"  
She took a gun out of the drawer and said "It's best if you don't know"

The undercover cop was found face down in a field  
The monkey man was on the river bridge using Tweeter as a shield  
Jan said to the Monkey Man "I'm not fooled by Tweeter's curl  
I knew him long before he ever became a Jersey girl"

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Now the town of Jersey City is quieting down again  
I'm sitting in a gambling club called the Lion's Den  
The TV set been blown up, every bit of it is gone  
Ever since the nightly news show that the Monkey Man was on

I guess I'll to to Florida and get myself some sun

There ain't no more opportunity here, everything's been done  
Sometime I think of Tweeter, sometime I think of Jan  
Sometime I don't think about nothing but the Monkey Man

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