

Monkey Business

Skid Row

Outside my window there's a whole lot of trouble comin'
The cartoon killers and the rag cover clones
Stack heels kickin' rhythm of social circumcision
Can't close the closet on a shoe box full of bones Kangaroo lady with her bourbon in a pouch
Can't 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 ain't gonna die Slim intoxicado drinkin' dime store hooch
Is always in a circle with his part-time pooch
Little creepy's playing dollies in the New York rain
Thinkin' Bowie's just a knife
Ooh the pain
I ain't seen the sun since I don't know when
The freaks come out at nine and it's twenty to ten
What's this funk
That you call junk
To me it's 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 tongue
For a cool place to stand
Where's this shade
That you've got it made
To me it's just monkey business
Monkey business
Slippin' on the track
Monkey business
Jungle in black
Ain't your business if I got
No monkey on my back Monkey business
Slippin' on the track
Monkey business
Jungle in black
Ain't your business if I got
No monkey on my back The vaseline gypsies and silicone souls
Dressed to the society
Hypocrite heartbeat and cheap alibis
Can't get you by that monkey

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>

