

Your Monkey Won't Be Home Tonight

Buck Owens

You treat me just as if
I were a monkey in a cage
Your friends all think it's clever
They think it's the latest rage.

They point at me behind my back
And say now ain't that cute
But when you get home tonight
You'll find your monkey's flew the coop.

And I'll be walkin' the dog
A livin' high on the hog
Blowin' goin' roarin' every night
You'll find me struttin' my strut
Yes, I'll be cuttin' the rug
Don't wait up
'Cause your monkey won't be home tonight.

Whatever suits you fancy
It's why you think I should do
Jump up and down
Turn round and round.

And then jump through the hoop
But I should swing from limb to limb
So everyone can see
Well, I may do some swingin'
But it won't be from a tree.

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Blowin' goin' roarin' every night
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