

What Makes the Monkey Dance

Chuck Prophet

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Birds and bees
Chimpanzees
Buzzing 'round my head
Swinging from trees
She's a deep dish pie
A precious flower
Wrapped like candy
Primped and powdered
While the creepers creep
And the willows weep
In the dead of the night
I'm counting sheep
All night long
I toss and turn
I wonder what
It's gonna take to learn
What makes the monkey dance
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We got brand new drugs
For the same old blues
Satellites peaking
Into your room
A machine to tell me
If you're lying
Sheep for cloning
Eggs for frying

I can meet for lunch
With the man on the moon
Do almost anything
I want to do
Makes no difference
Where you go
Everybody's got a theory
But nobody knows
What makes the monkey dance
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I've peeked through keyholes
On my knees
For clues to life's
Mysteries
From daytime soaps
To late-night cable

Round the corner
Under the table
I'm looking for a love
That can't be named
Looking for a love
That knows no shame
Big or round
Short or tall
I got to get it
Or nothing at all
What makes the monkey dance
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