

Green Monkeys

Graham Parker

In a distant street a distant beat repeats machine gun like
In a forest grows a sweet fruit filled with poison
In a clear blue sky a plane bursts into flames high above us
In an office blind machines blink out data in a rush

Whatever they say they say it isn't true what they say
It didn't come from the gays the blacks the haitians or the who
res or

Green monkeys ya ya ya yah or green monkeys ya ya ya yah
Green monkeys ya ya ya yah or green monkeys ya ya ya yah