

The Monkey

Greg Brown

The room was dark and short of breath
And smelled like some poor junkie's death
All had been dreamed, all had been tried
The monkey's long arms opened wide

And now at last we all get to make love to
the monkey

A glow beneath A bang above
A whimper at the end of love
No one has slept and sweetly dreamed
Not since the monkey bucked and screamed

And now at last we all get to make love to
the monkey

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The monkey's breath is sweet and strong  
The monkey's tongue is wet and long  
He neither speaks nor understands  
He's got the whole world in his hands--

And now at last we all get to make love to  
the monkey