

Monkey and His Cat

John Wesley Harding

Monkey keeps his cat up in a cage upon the stage
And the crowned heads of Europe cheer the wonder of the age
Cos the cat's just like a bird and good old monkey grinds the tune
And the cat will dance fandangos just above the footlight moon
And then he'll make a very birdlike sound
And monkey makes him flop upon the ground
As though he's flying
Some people he's dying
Man got his monkey, monkey got his cat
Cat got his flea, flea's got me
And everybody's free to work on their act
Monkey and his cat
The cat hisses at monkey as he milks all the applause
Above the clank of change that ricochets across the floor
And monkey says I love you and returns him to the cage
And bows to all the ladies as they exit from the stage
The cat is dressed up as a Puss In Boots

And monkey wears a sparkling new suit
Just like a human
All the girls are swooning
Man got his monkey, monkey got his cat
Cat got his flea, flea's got me
And everybody's free to work on their act
Monkey and his cat
Monkey and his cat retrieve the key and go within
The humble home sweet home where they quietly live in sin
A man will bring their supper as they sit before the fire
Once he was the grinder, now he has to work for hire
He didn't keep his finger on the pulse
The audience demanded something else
A new distraction
Some cat and monkey action
Man got his monkey, monkey got his cat
Cat got his flea, flea's got me
And everybody's free to work on their act
Monkey and his cat