

Monkey Feelings

Spoon

You were a fly-by-night
No life, no plans
I was a practiced mark
Listening to the weatherman
And you said cool it babe
Oh, it can't be figured out
You better cool it down now
You gonna wear it out
Mmm, out and down on my luck
Need a release, 'cause the heat comes down on our back
I been good too long

Come on
Come on

I wanna live down where
I gotta move
I gotta move
I wanna live nowhere

Aw, you move back down South
With your new headband
Before the word's even out
Knew 'bout the rotating fans
And we said cool it babe
You said what's it to me
Said you gotta fight even when you know you're wrong
We all act like we knew what that means
Shake, spittin', down on my life
I know that scene, no I'm not a fake
I'm a critic [?]
Come on, oh come on
Come on, oh come on
I've been good too long
I've been good too long

Come on
Well come on
I wanna live nowhere
I got to move
I got to move
Oh no, out to the sticks