

# Gorilla

James Taylor

He's got arms like legs  
He's got hands on his feet  
He's got a nose like a doughnut  
He's got a tendency to over eat  
He don't use tools or weapons  
He don't eat meat  
He likes to stick to the bushes  
Tends to avoid the street

But he rides my El Dorado  
When he comes to town  
You know he's out there somewhere  
Tryin' to track you down  
Look up in the sky  
Mama that's the one  
See the mighty profile  
Block the noonday sun

He comes from the heart of darkness  
A thousand miles from here  
That's the land where they understand  
What a woman might like to hear  
You know that he loves you baby  
For what you really are  
His love is a burning hot  
As a big old ten cent cigar

Now most of y'all  
Have seen a gorilla  
In a cage at the local zoo  
He mostly sits around contemplating  
All the things that he'd prefer to do  
He dreams about the world outside  
From behind those bars of steel  
And no one seems to understand  
About the heartache the man can feel

The people stop and stare  
But nobody seems to care  
It don't seem right somehow  
It just don't seem fair  
He's still a gorilla