

Fire

That Handsome Devil

Now I'm the king of the swingers
The jungle VIP
I've reached the top and had to stop
And that's what botherin' me
I wanna be a man, mancub
And stroll right into town
And be just like the other men
I'm tired of monkeyin' around!

Oh, oobee doo
I wanna be like you-ooh-ooh
I wanna walk like you
Talk like you, too
You'll see it's true-ooh-ooh
An ape like me-e-e
Can learn to be hu-ooh-man too-ooh-oh

Now don't try to kid me, mancub
I made a deal with you
What I desire is man's red fire
To make that dream come true
Give me your secret, mancub
Clue me what to do
Give me the power of man's red flower
So I can be like you

Oobee doo
I wanna be like you-ooh-ooh
I wanna walk like you
Talk like you, too
You'll see it's true-ooh-ooh
An ape like me-e-e
Can learn to be hu-ooh-man too-ooh-oh

Oobee doo
I wanna be like you-ooh-ooh
I wanna walk (like you)
Talk (like you,) too
You'll see it's true-ooh-ooh
(Da da daa da da)
An ape like me-e-e
(Da daa daa)
Can learn to be hu-ooh-man too-ooh-oh

Boom-doom doom
Ba-doomba daboom
Boom-doom doom
Ba-doomba daboom boom
Boom-doom doom
Ba-doomba daboom
Boom-doom doom
Ba-doomba daboom
(Bopiity bobbity bom bom)
Bada bada
Bada boom bom
...

(No more fire! No more comfort. No more heat. No more of all the conveniences that it fuels
Meandering through the ash and rubble of burnt out excess. Rags and matted hair, foraging through nostalgic scraps, a lumbering Bear, void of connection
. Breathe. Sleep. Eat. The rest had been burnt away)