

# Ready For The Monkeyhouse

The Waterboys

Your face is like the moment when the sexist hero traps  
The slippery villain with the weasel face, you don't have to speak

Your expression is the truth that your words don't say  
And the truth won't go away

In many dark corners  
I have thought myself about this  
Did you do it out of malice  
Did you fall or were you kissed

Could you ask your friend in the cowboy jacket  
And those boots up to his knee  
Would he shut his mouth for me  
I've heard just enough

All I want to hear about pipes and drums  
And how little time it takes the klutz to come  
The golden gift of silence is I don't have to hear you speak  
So would you take him out yourself before I put you both back in the street

Now the story shifts and we see a young man  
Standing in the wings too old before his time  
Collecting gray hairs  
He's proud and he's scared and he says "I don't care"

How can he be so blind so how did you corrupt him  
You must have got him where it counts  
Now he's so numb he's ready to freeze  
And you're ready for the monkey house

Ready for the monkey house  
The monkey house but you won't take me