

# Rock You Monkeys

Therapy?

I want the high life  
I want bananas  
I want a brother and sister in Havana  
I wanna get laid by the C.I.A.  
I'm on my way to the U.S.A.

I want a green card  
I want freedom  
Take me to your leader 'cos I wanna meet him  
My people are cold  
My country is old  
But my drugs are cool  
And the prices are good so

Rock you monkeys  
Rock you monkeys  
Rock you monkeys  
Now get your things and go  
Away

I want cocaine by the barrel  
I trade it for oil and top camel  
Life's a gas  
Life's a bitch  
Fucked in the ass by a pinko snitch

So rock you monkeys  
Rock you monkeys  
Rock you monkeys  
Now get your things and go

Rock you monkeys  
Rock you monkeys  
Rock you monkeys  
Now get your things and go

Now I'm the president  
And I like it  
A fully fledged bible black-belt tyrant  
The F.B.I. the C.I.A.  
Oh, fuck me, fuck me U.S.A.

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Rock you monkeys  
Rock you monkeys  
Now get your things and go

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Now get your things and go  
Now get your things and go  
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