

The Monkey That Became President

Tom T. Hall

I was there on the day the monkey came into this world
His face was round and reddish and his hair was slightly curled
He didn't look too different from the others I had seen
Who'd-a-thought he was the answer to the nation's dream?

At first he didn't seem to be intelligent at all
Each time he'd start to walk about he'd stumble and he'd fall
My first impression was to be a most mistaken thought
Lord a'mighty, what's this little hairy monkey wrought?

Because I witnessed his departure from his mother's womb
I felt inclined to check his progress every afternoon
One day the keeper of the zoo called in the live TV
"Frankly said, I think you'll be amazed at what you see".

The monkey walked and talked and waved his arms about his head
In the corner was the stack of books that he had read
"An educated monkey!" said the papers 'cross the land
It was more than weary sociologists could stand

Oh, his fame was universal, he was on the carson how
People talked about him kindly everywhere he'd go
His insight was amazing, his philosophy was fair
He became a politician welcome everywhere

His wit was not to be compared with any mind intact
He'd lace a phrase with irony and blend it all with fact
Conservatives applauded and the liberals were entranced
The bigots and the integrationists were in his camp

Nobody dared to meet him in an open press debate
He was nominated by the folks from every state
Yes, a monkey was the president, though maybe not the first
And there was peace and harmony throughout the universe

The dream I had last night has been related as it came
As for interpretation, well, it's really very plain
Would you rather have a monkey up in washington, d.c.
Or have those people making monkeys out of you and me?