

Monkey Suit

Elton John

If you're looking for the glory
You think that you might find
In a bullet-riddled stolen car
On a back road in the pines
If it's round just like a medal
On a tired old man of war
Or hidden like that Burma Star
In my dad's bottom drawer

Look at you in your monkey suit
Driving south, nothing left to prove
You come back here in your cowboy boots
Dressed to kill in your monkey suit
Every pose you strike, every frame they shoot
Shows you dressed to kill in your monkey suit

Build your ladder to the moon
Beat on that sacred drum
Trample on the hands of those
That cling to every rung
Every seed you crush beneath
Like stone ground in a mill
You never drew a decent breath
But you're just dressed to kill

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