

# 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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