

# Space Monkey

Patti Smith

Blood on the T.V., ten o'clock news  
Souls are invaded, heart in a groove  
Beatin' and beatin', so outta time  
What's the mad matter with the church chimes?

Here comes a stranger up on Ninth Avenue  
Leanin' green tower, indiscreet view  
Over the cloud, over the bridge  
Sensitive muscle, sensitive ridge of my

Space monkey, sign of the time, time  
Space monkey, so outta line, line  
Space monkey, sort of divine  
And he's mine, mine, all mine

Pierre Clementi, snot full o' cocaine  
The sexual streets, why it's all so insane?  
Humans are running lavender room  
Hoverin' liquid, move over moon for my

Space monkey, sign of the time, time  
Space monkey, so outta line, line  
Space monkey, sort of divine  
And he's mine, mine, oh he's mine

A stranger comes up to him  
Hands him an old, rusty Polaroid  
It starts crumbling in his hands  
He says, "Oh man, I don't get the picture  
This is no picture, this is just, this just a, this just a"

"This is my jack-knife, this is my jack-knife  
This is my jack-knife, this is my jack"

Rude excavation, landin' site, boy hesitatin', jack-knife  
He rips his leg open, so out of time  
Blood and light runnin', it's all like a dream  
Light of my life, he's dressed in flame  
It's all so predestined, it's all such a game for my

Space monkey, sign of the time, time  
Space monkey, so outta line, line  
Space monkey, sort of divine  
And it's all just space, just space

There he is, up in a tree  
Oh, I hear him callin' down to me  
That banana-shaped object ain't no banana  
It's a bright, yellow U.F.O.  
And he's coming to get me, here I go

Up, up, up, up, up, up, up, up, up  
Oh, goodbye mama  
I'll never do dishes again  
Here I go from my body  
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha help