

Me and My Monkey

Robbie Williams

There was me and my monkey
And with his dungarees and roller blades smoking filter tips
Reclining in the passenger seat of my super-charged jet black Chevrolet
He had the soft-top down (he liked the wind in his face)
He said 'Son, you ever been to Vegas?' I said 'no'
He said 'that's where we're gonna go - you need a change of pace'
And we hit the strip with all the wedding chapels and the neon signs
He said 'I left my wallet in El Segundo' and proceeded to take two grand of mine
We made tracks to The Mandalay Bay Hotel
Asked the bell boy if he'd take me and my monkey as well?
He looked in the passenger seat of my car and with a smile he said
'If your monkey's got that kind of money sir, then we've got a monkey bed!'

Me and my monkey
With a dream and a gun
I'm hoping my monkey don't point that gun at anyone
Me and my monkey
Like Butch and the Sundance Kid
Trying to understand why he did what he did
Why he did what he did

We got the elevator, I hit the 33rd floor
We had a room up top with the panoramic views like nothing you'd ever seen before
He went to sleep in the bidet and when he awoke
He ran his little monkey fingers through yellow pages
Called up some escort services and ordered some okey doke
Forty minutes later there came a knock at the door
In walked this big bad ass baboon into my bedroom with three monkey whores
'Hi! My name is Sunshine - these are my girls
Lace my palm with silver baby and oh yeah, they'll rock your world'
So I watched pay-per-view and polished my shoes and my gun
Was diggin' old Kurt Cobain singing 'bout lithium
There came a knock at the door and in walked Sunshine
'What's up? You'd better get your ass in here boy, your monkey's having too much of a good time!'

Me and my monkey
Drove in search of the sun
Me and my monkey
Don't point that gun at anyone
Me and my monkey
Like Billy The Kid
Trying to understand why he did what he did
Why he did what he did

Got tickets to see Sheena Easton, the monkey was high
Said it was a burning ambition to see her before he died
We left before encores, he couldn't sit still
Sheena was a blast baby but my monkey was ill
We went to play black-jack, kept hitting twenty three
Couldn't help but notice this Mexican just staring at me
Or was it my monkey? I couldn't be sure
It's not like you'd never seen a monkey in rollerblades and dungarees before
Now don't test my patience 'cause we're not about to run

That's a bad ass monkey boy and he's packing a gun
'My name is Rodriguez', he says with death in his eye
'I've been chasing you for a long time amigos, and now your monkey's gonna die!'

Me and my monkey
drove in search of the sun
Now me and my monkey
We don't wanna kill no mexican
But we've got ten itchy fingers
and one thing to declare
When the monkey is high
you do not stare, you do not stare
you do not stare...

Looks like we've got ourselves a mexican standoff here boy
huh...
And I ain't about to run
Put your gun down, boy
huh huh...
How did I get mixed up with this fucking monkey anyhow?