

# Dance Monkey

Sage Francis

Right

I got two left hooks, who want to test?

Well, since no one's steppin' to me

Huh

Take me to your cult leader

Ah Huh huh

Take me to your local drug dealer

Yeow

Take me to the man in the mirror

When you stand and deliver

With your hand on the trigger

I'm an emotional terrorist

I double M-you-N-E

Never make my enemy public

I'm a private dancer

Dancing for money

(Let's get together, let's rock!)

D-d-d-d-dance Monkey

Dance you god damn Monkey

Do that thing that's funny

Do I make you want to laugh?

I make you want to move

I make you want to do do do do dodo

D-d-d-d-dance Monkey

Dance you god damn Monkey

Do that thing that's funny

Do I make you want to laugh?

I make you want to move

I make you want to (rock this motherfucker)

Huh

Case one

Carries a paint gun

She's unafraid of waivin' when she's getting her face done

Her favorite radio station's a permanent paid vacation

Burning her face in the sun

She loves repetative songs that keep playin'

You know the repetative songs that keep playin'

She learned all the words and she works it baby

Dangerously catchy and she feels it in her cervix lately

Cause the rhythm is a cancer

She's on a secret diet

A private viewing disease free TV pilot

She saw the future in a group study

They threw money in her pants

D-d-d-d-dance Monkey

Dance you god damn Monkey

Do that thing that's funny

Do I make you want to laugh?

I make you want to move

I make you want to do do do do dodo

Dance Monkey

Dance you god damn Monkey

Do that thing that's funny

Do I make you want to laugh?

I make you want to move

I make you want to (rock this motherfucker)

Don't

Live for the moment  
Live for the constant  
Die for what's right or get killed by your conscience  
There's a difference between conscience, conscious, and conscientious  
Contrary to popular belief  
You're none of these  
There's plenty to feed empty mouths of the nest bound  
The kept down and apes won't be banging on their chests now  
When pacemakers are fragile  
They hate the taste of capsules  
They feed their face with Paxil  
Females hate their dad still  
Police sons got mommy issues on deck at the podium  
Holding tongues with the rituals more complex than Napoleon  
I told em  
It isn't his job  
To live in a fog  
I don't have a god complex, you gotta simple god  
Huh  
Take me to your cult leader  
Come on man  
Take me to your local drug dealer  
Come on man  
Take me to the man in the mirror  
When you stand and deliver  
With your hand on the trigger  
And a can of miller in the other  
You can't kill me motherfucker  
I got your number  
You best disconnect before I call it  
The bumper sticker on your forehead's the wrong fit  
When the bomb hits  
(Who's music will you look to for shelter)  
When the bomb hits  
(Who's music will you look to for shelter)  
When the bomb hits  
(Who's music will you look to for shelter)  
Not that mine will help ya!  
D-d-d-d-Dance!  
(We're gonna rock this motherfucker!)  
Fucking Francis!!!!