

This is the story of the Trou Macacq
The Pine Box Derby, the monkey track
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Not what I heard or saw on TV
But what I witnessed entirely
Each bend in the road was infact
Another curve on the monkey track

Once upon a time we thought we were free
And had control over destiny
We saw ourselves a competent band
Able to reason, prosper and plan

But we had a chamber up in the moon
Circumstance made us change our tune
When the veil was torn from our face
We became the monkeys riding the race

Monkey

You think you got the stuff it takes to break away
Boy you'll be on the track every day
Talent, vigor, drive
You'll eat peanut butter, the rest of your life

And these last things you can arrange
Find other people equally strange
Stuff yourselves in the van and ride
The Pine Box Derby to the finish line

I said, Chris P. rides on a serious plan
He's going to finish as fast as he can
The Escalator takes it personally
And does not drive professionally

Charming Enchantress and Bones can run
Even if the windshield wipers are on
I the Broadcaster avoid police
But the Bat was led into custody