

Monkey Dance

T-Bone Burnett

She slides across the floor
Puts her head on his shoulders
His eyes search for the door
Even as he pulls her closer

She is a raging beauty
He writes I love you truly
In lipstick on her mirror
Which leaves her in a furor

I wanna make you happy
I wanna make you happy
I wanna make you happy
I wanna make you happy

His fingers brush her face
She quivers like a fawn
He's lost in her embrace
She turns around he's gone

She knows his lies are barefaced
As she descends the staircase
Her clothes are falling off her
He can't resist her offer

You wanna make me happy
You wanna make me happy
You wanna make me happy
You wanna make me happy

We do the monkey dance, it's a crazy feeling
Monkey dance, what we are concealing
Monkey dance, we shall be revealing

We do the monkey dance, when the blows all glance
Monkey dance, we do the monkey dance

She has a will of iron
He reads her Keats and Byron
Till she can go no further
He starts to read her Thurber

I wanna make you happy
I wanna make you happy
You wanna make me happy
You wanna make me happy

We do the monkey dance, it's a crazy feeling
Monkey dance, what we are concealing
Monkey dance, we shall be revealing

We do the monkey dance, when the blows all glance
Monkey dance, we become advanced
Monkey dance, we do the monkey dance