

Monkey Man

The Rolling Stones

I'm a fleabit peanut monkey
And all my friends are junkies
That's not really true

I'm a cold Italian pizza
I could use a lemon squeezer
What you do?

I've been bit and I've been tossed around
By every she-rat in this town
Have you?

And I am just a monkey man
I'm glad you are a monkey woman too

I was bitten by a boar
I was gouged and I was gored
But I pulled on through

Yeah, I'm a sack of broken eggs
I always have an unmade bed
Don't you?

And I hope we're not too messianic
Or a trifle too satanic
But we love to play the blues

And I am just a monkey man
I'm glad you are a monkey woman too

I'm a monkey man
I'm a monkey man
I'm a monkey man
I'm a monkey, monkey man

I'm a monkey man
I'm a monkey man

I'm a monkey, m-m-monkey
I'm a monkey, m-m-monkey
I'm a monkey, m-m-monkey
Monkey, monkey man