

# Tweeter And The Monkey Man

## Headstones

Tweeter and the Monkey Man  
Were hard up for cash  
They stayed up all night  
Selling cocaine and hashTo an undercover cop  
Who had a sister named Jan  
For reasons unexplained  
She loved the Monkey ManTweeter was a Boy Scout  
'Course he went to Vietnam  
Found out the hard way  
Nobody gives a damnThought that they'd find freedom  
Just across the Jersey line  
Hopped into a stolen car  
Took Highway 99And the walls came down  
All the way to hell  
Never saw them when they standin'  
Never saw them when they fellThe undercover cop  
He never liked the Monkey Man  
Even back in high school  
Wanted to see him in the canJan got married at fourteen  
To a racketeer named Bill  
Made secret plans with the Monkey Man  
From a mansion on the hillIt was out on Thunder Road  
Tweeter at the wheel  
Pulled into paradise  
You could hear the tires squealIt was Jan who'd told him many times  
"It was you to me who'd taught  
In Kingston everything's legal  
As long as you don't get caught"And the walls came down  
All the way to hell  
Never saw them when they standin'  
Never saw them when they fellSome place by Rahway prison  
They ran out of gas  
The undercover cop cornered 'em  
Said, "You didn't think that this could last"Jan jumped up out of bed  
Said, "There's some place I gotta go"  
She took the gun out of the drawer  
And said, "It's best that you don't know"An ambulance rolled up  
State Trooper close behind  
Tweeter pulled his gun away

And messed up his mindThe undercover cop was found  
Face down in a field  
The Monkey Man was on the bridge  
Using Tweeter as a shieldAnd the walls came down  
All the way to hell  
Never saw them when they standin'  
Never saw them when they fellThe town of Jersey City  
Is quieting down again  
I'm sitting in a gambling club  
Called The Lion's DenThe TV set is blown up  
Every bit of it is gone  
Ever since the night  
When they showed  
That the Monkey Man was onMaybe I'll go to Florida  
Set myself some sun  
There ain't no more opportunity here  
And everything's been doneSometimes I think of Tweeter  
Sometimes I think of Jan  
Sometimes I don't think about nothin'  
But the Monkey ManAnd the walls came down  
All the way to hell  
Never saw them when they standin'  
Never saw them when they fell

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