

# Tweeter and the Monkey Man

## Traveling Wilburys

Tweeter and the Monkey Man were hardup for cash

They stayed up all night selling cocaine and hash

To an undercover cop who had a sister named Jan

For reasons unexplained she loved the Monkey Man Tweeter was a boy scout course he went to Vietnam

And found out the hard way, nobody gives a damn

They knew that they found freedom just across the Jersey line

So they hopped into a stolen car, took Highway 99 And the walls came down

    All the way to hell

    Never saw them when they're standing

Never saw them when they fell The undercover cop never liked the Monkey Man

    Even back in childhood he wanted to see him in the can

    Jan got married at fourteen to a racketeer named Bill

She made secret calls to the Monkey Man from a mansion on the hill It was out on Thunder Road, Tweeter at the  
    wheel

    They crashed into paradise, they could hear them tires squeal

    The undercover cop pulled up and said "Everyone of you is a liar

    If you don't surrender now, it's gonna go down to the wire" And the walls came down  
        All the way to hell

    Never saw them when they're standing

Never saw them when they fell An ambulance rolled up, a State-Trooper close behind  
    Tweeter took his gun away and messed up his mind

    The undercover cop was left tied up to a tree

Near the souvenir stand, by the old abandoned factory Next day the undercover cop was hot in pursuit  
    He was taking the whole thing personal, he didn't care about the loot

    Jan had told him many times, "It was you to me who taught

    In Jersey anything'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're standing

Never saw them when they fell Some place by Rahwey Prison they ran out of gas

    The undercover cop had cornered them, said

    "Boy, you didn't think this could last?"

    Jan jumped out of bed, said, "There's someplace I gotta go"

She took the gun out of the drawer, said, "It's best that you don't know" The undercover cop was found face  
    down in a field

    The Monkey Man was on the river bridge using Tweeter as a shield

    Jan said to the Monkey Man, "I'm not fooled by Tweeter's curl

    I knew him long before he ever became a Jersey Girl" And the walls came down  
        All the way to hell

    Never saw them when they're standing

Never saw them when they fell Now the town of Jersey City is quieting down again

I'm sitting in a gambling club called the Lion's Den

The TV set was blown up, every bit of it was gone

Ever since the nightly news showed that the Monkey Man was on I guess I'll go to Florida to get myself some sun

There ain't no more opportunity here, everything's been done

Sometimes I think of Tweeter, sometimes I think of Jan

Sometimes I don't think about nothing but the Monkey Man And the walls came down

All the way to hell

Never saw them when they're standing

Never saw them when they fell

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