Run Red Run

The Coasters

Oh, Red went and bought himself a monkey
Got him from a pawn shop broker
Taught that monkey how to guzzle beer
And he taught him out to play stud poker
Last night when they were gambling in the kitchen
The monkey he was taking a beating
The monkey said Red, "I'm going to shoot you dead
Because I know that well, you been a cheating."

[Chorus:]

Well, run Red run, because he's got your gun
And he's aiming it at your head.
Run Red run, because he's got your gun,
And he's aiming it at your head.
You better get up and wail,
You better move your tail before he fills it full of lead.

Oh, Red jumped up and started to move like a P80-Saber Jet.
He zoomed around the corner, and he disappeared
And everybody started to stare.
The race was on, you know the chase was on
And Red he was all shook up
But, let me tell you sport, don't sell that monkey short,
Because he's a traveling son of a gun.

Monkey trapped Red in a parking a lot.
Down along the Avenue,
Monkey said, "Red, you've made a man out of me,
Now I'm going to make a monkey out of you.
Give me your car keys, give me your wallet
Give it to me here, or I'll shoot
Going to put on your brand new Stetson hat
And go to town in your new brown suit."

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