Monkey

John Lord Fonda

Oh, my, my, little white lie
I swear I'm gonna make it right this time
It's like a radio turning way down low
Telling me things I do not know I know
Tonight, you will be mine
Tonight, the monkey dies
Tonight, you will be mine
Tonight, the monkey dies
Now who's to blame? We used to be the same
Now you won't let me speak your name, what a shame
It's a suicide, shut up and drive
We're never gonna make the light but it's alright
'Cause tonight you will be mine
Tonight the monkey dies
Tonight you will be mine
Tonight the monkey dies
Tonight you will be mine
Tonight the monkey dies
Tonight you will be mine
Tonight the monkey dies
Tonight you will be mine, oh
Tonight the monkey dies, oh

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