

Tweeter And The Monkey Man

The 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 Rahway 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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