Monkey Man

The Rolling Stones

I'm a fleabit peanut monkey
And all my friends are junkies
That's not really true

I'm a cold Italian pizza
I could use a lemon squeezer
What you do?

But I've been bit and I've been tossed around
By every she-rat in this town
Have you babe?

But I am just a monkey man
I'm glad you are a monkey woman too

I was bitten by a boar
I was gouged and I was gored
But I pulled on through

Yeah, I'm a sack of broken eggs
I always have an unmade bed
Don't you?

Well I hope we're not too messianic
Or a trifle too satanic
But we love to play the blues

But well I am just a monkey man
I'm glad you are a monkey woman too
Monkey woman too babe

I'm a monkey man
I'm a monkey man
I'm a monkey man
I'm a monkey man
I'm a monkey
I'm a monkey
I'm a monkey
I'm a monkey
Monkey,Â monkey

Monkey

Monkey
I'm a monkey

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