

Dance Monkey

RacketEar

ride.

i got two left hooves, two on test.

well, since nobody's steppin' to me

(huh) take me to your cult leader

(huh huh) take me to your local drug dealer

take me to the man in the mirror

when you stand and deliver with your hand on the trigger

an emotional terroristI double-M U N E

never make my enemy public

i'm a private dancer, dancin' for moneydance monkey, dance you goddamn monkey

(do that thing that's funny)

do i make you wanna laugh?

i make you wanna move

i make you wanna dodo dododo do(repeat)case one carries a paint gun

she's unafraid of wavin' when she's gettin' her face done

her favorite radio station's a permanent paid vacation

burnin' her face in the sun

she loves repetitive songs that keep playin'you know the repetitive songs that keep playin'

she learned all the words and she works it baby

dangerously catchy and she feels it in her cervix lately

'cause the rhythm is a cancer

she's on a secret diet

a private viewing disease-free tv pilot

she saw the future in a group study

they threw money in her pants(do that thing that's funny)

dance monkey, dance you goddamn monkeydo i make you wanna laugh?

i make you wanna move

i make you wanna dodo dododo do

(repeat)don't live for the moment -- live for the constant

die for what's right or get killed by your conscience

there's a difference between conscience, conscious and conscientious

contrary to popular belief

you're none of these

there's plenty to feed

empty mouths've been nest bound

and kept down and apes won't be bangin on the chest pound

when pacemakers are fragile

they thate the taste of capsules

they feed their face with paxilfemales hate their dads still

holy son's got mommy issues on deck at the podium
holdin' tongues with the rituals
more complex than napoleon
i told'em
"it isn't his job to live in a fog"

i don't have a god complex, you've got a simple god(huh) take me to your cult leader

(c'mon) take me to your local drug dealer

(c'mon man) take me to the man in the mirror

when you stand and deliver with your hand on the trigger

and a can of miller in the otheryou can't kill me motherfucker

i got our number, you best disconnect before i call it

the bumper sticker on your forehead's the wrong fitwhen the bomb hits (what music will you look to for
shelter?)

when the bomb hits (what music will you look to for shelter?)

when the bomb hits (what music will you look to for shelter?)

not that mine'll help yadance!

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