Monkey Business

Mr. Fish

Well, outside my window there's a whole lot of trouble comin'
The cartoon killers and the rag cover clones
Stack heels kickin' rhythm of social circumcision
I can close the closet on shoe box full of bones, come on
Kangaroo lady with her bourbon in a pouch
She can't afford the rental on a bamboo couch
Collecting back her favors 'cause her well is running dry
I know her act is terminal but she ain't gonna die, no
Slim intoxicado drinkin' dime store hooch
Is always in a circle with his part time pooch
And little creepy's playing dollies in the New York rain
Thinkin' Bowie's just a knife oh, the pain
I ain't seen the sun since I don't know when
The freaks come out at nine and it's twenty to ten
What's this funk that you call junk?
To me it's just monkey business, get back
Blind man in the vox that will probably die
The village kids laugh as they walk by
A psycho is on the edge of this human garbage dump
And the vultures in the sewers are telling him to jump
Into the fire from the frying pan
Tripping on his tounge for a cool place to stand
Where's this shade that you've got it made
To me it's just monkey business
Monkey business slippin' on the track
Monkey business jungle in black
Ain't your business
If I got no monkey on my back
Monkey business slippin' on the track
Monkey business jungle in black
Ain't your business
If I got no monkey on my back
The vaseline gypsies and silicone souls
Dressed to the society
The hypocrite heartbeat and cheap alibis
Can't get you by that monkey, oh ma-ma-ma-monkey, monkey
Monkey business slippin' on the track
Monkey business jungle in black
Ain't your business

If I got no monkey on my back
Monkey business slippin' on the track
Monkey business jungle in black
Ain't your business
If I got no monkey on my back
Monkey business you can't tell me I got the business
(Monkey business)
(It's your business)
The monkey on my back, yeah yeah, cool
Monkey business, ness, business
Don't get me no business, oh aay

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