

# Gorilla (gorilla)

## Ookla the Mok

Well my girlfriend and I went to the zoo  
On a Sunday afternoon  
We hadn't been there since we were seven or eight  
She had her notebook and pen, she was all set  
To work on her masters project  
On the dating routines of the higher primates  
She was studying how the monkeys lived  
From an arch-feminist perspective  
I was the king of the jungle in my mind  
One theory was that anything with muscles that big  
Had to be a sexist pig  
You know gorillas aren't pigs, they still can be swine  
Gorilla gorilla, my girlfriend explained condescendingly  
Gorilla gorilla, this was their genus and their species  
Gorilla gorilla, yes that is their name  
But I was thinking, Gorilla gorilla, me Tarzan you Jane  
She was writing this neat information down  
I was beating my chest making OO OO sounds  
Hanging upside down off the gibbon exhibit  
She dropped her notebook and put her pen behind her ear  
And said in a voice all the monkeys could hear  
"Young man, you get down from that cage this minute!"  
I was feeding my shoe to a marmoset  
And my girlfriend got real upset  
She said "I've only one thing to say to you."  
Paraphrasing two of her books which still sit on my shelves  
Origin of Species and Our Bodies, Ourselves  
She said, "I guess that it's true, monkey see, monkey do."  
"Gorilla gorilla," she said as she walked out the room  
"Gorilla gorilla, you're not a mandrill or a big baboon you're a  
Gorilla gorilla" That's not my name  
But she called me Gorilla gorilla just the same  
She called me Gorilla gorilla but then she changed her mind  
"Cause I've never seen a gorilla who smoked or drank or lied  
I thought you were a gorilla, but that isn't true  
Cause I've never seen a gorilla as ugly as you"

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