

# Evolution

## Clockwork Monkey

Cocoa beans, flat screens,  
Things that go BANG!  
A thousand singers  
Neatly in the palm of my hand.All-wheel, "No deal!"  
Electric 'n' gas.  
The rain comes down  
And then it drips from a tap.All gather around  
The vowels and the nouns  
The lights and the noise  
All the girls, all the boysDescended from the apes  
Wound-up to become  
Clockwork Monkeys,  
Each his own little drum,  
With a head full of wishes,  
A mouth full of kisses  
Bright bright spark, out...Sweet stuff cool stuff  
Things that go fast  
Get it real quick  
Coz it's never gonna last.It's a good feel, feel good  
Keeping my eyes  
One forever forward  
And the other behind.Your dreams are recurring  
That hand that keeps stirring you  
Moving, arousing you  
Turning you, wearing youDown from the apes  
Wound-up to become  
Clockwork Monkeys,  
Each his own little drum,  
With a head full of wishes,  
And a mouth full of kissesSee none, hear none,  
Speak none too,  
But it's underneath the nails  
And it sticks to the shoes.Sit down, stand up,  
Learn to say "please",  
When you're old enough to perish  
Then we'll give you the keys.Your dreams are beautiful  
Your rhythm impeccable  
Marching the hollow men  
Into the strawDescended from the apes

Wound-up to become  
Clockwork Monkeys,  
Clanging on their drums,  
With head full of wishes,  
Wishes full of heading  
Down from the apes  
Wound-up to become  
Clockwork Monkeys,  
Clinging to their drums,  
With head full of wishes,  
Wishing and wishing...

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