

# Green Monkeys

Graham Parker

Pre>

E b

In a distant street a distant beat repeats machine gun like

In a forest grows a sweet fruit filled with poison

In a clear blue sky a plane bursts into flames high above us

In an office blind machines blink out data in a rush C#m g#m a b

Whatever they say they say it isn't true what they say

C#m g#m a b

It didn't come from the gays the blacks the haitians or the whores or Chorus

E a b e a b

Green monkeys ya ya ya yah or green monkeys ya ya ya yah Instrumental (then) repeat chorus (and fade) /pre>

Lyrics provided by

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