

# Space Monkey

## Interstellargroove

Space monkey, space monkey, what you doing out there?

Why it's dark as a dungeon, way up in the air

Come gather 'round me you little monkeys and a story I'll tell  
About a brave young primate, outer space knew him well

He was born at the top of a big old tree

Way back in 1953

He could swing through the jungle and hang by his toes  
Till they took him to Russia 'cause they could I suppose  
They dressed him up in a spacesuit and it started to snow

Shot him off in a rocket where no man would go

Space monkey, space monkey, what you doing out there?

Why it's dark as a dungeon way up in the air

There'll be no one to greet you when you get back home

Well, no hammer or sickle, you'll be on your own

He had plenty of Cuban bananas and loads of Spam

But he found great difficulty trying to open the can

One day he slipped on a banana peel and the ship lost control

It spun out of orbit and shot out the black hole

It's been four decades now, that's nine monkey years

That's a long time for a space monkey to confront all his fears

Space monkey, space monkey, what you doing out there?

Why it's dark as a dungeon way up in the air

But there'll be no one to greet you when you get back home

No hammer or sickle, you'll be all on your own

Space monkey, space monkey, it's time to get real

The space race is over, how does it feel

Cold War's had a heatwave, Iron Curtain's torn down

They've rolled up the carpet in space monkey town

Now Leningrad is Petersburg and Petersburg's hell

For a card-carrying monkey with a story to tell

The space monkey was reportedly last sighted about

A half a block off of Red Square

In a karaoke bar having a few drinks with some of his friends

There was the dog that flew Sputnik

And a blind red-headed, one legged parrot

Who had done some minor research for Dow Chemical

They were drinking American Vodka

Imported all the way from Paducah, Kentucky

And reportedly had their arms around each other's shoulders singing  
"Those were the days, my friend, we thought they'd never end"  
    Space monkey, space monkey, there's nothing to do  
        But it's better than living in a Communist zoo  
    There'll be no one to greet you when you get back home  
        No hammer or sickle, you'll be all on you own  
            Space monkey

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>