

## Me And My Monkey - 1/3

Interprété par Robbie Williams.

It was me and my monkey  
And with his dungarees and roller blades  
Smokin' filtered tips,  
Reclining in the passenger seat of my super-charged  
Jet-black Chevrolet  
He had the soft top down  
He liked the wind in his face  
He said, "Son, you ever been to Vegas."  
I said, "No."  
He said, "That's where we're gonna go.  
You need a change of pace."

And when we hit the strip  
With all the wedding chapels and the neon signs  
He said, "I left my wallet in El Segundo."  
And proceeded to take two grand of mine

We made tracks to the Mandalay Bay Hotel  
Asked the bellboy if he'd take me and my monkey as  
well  
He looked into the passenger seat of my car  
And with a smile he said,  
"If your monkey's got that kind of money, sir  
Then we've got a monkey bed"

Me and my monkey  
With a dream and a gun  
I'm helpin' my monkey  
Don't point that gun at anyone  
Me and my monkey, like Butch and the Sundance Kid  
Tryin' to understand why he did what he did  
Why he did what he did

And at the elevator  
I hit the 33rd floor  
He had a room up top with the panoramic views  
Like nothing you've ever seen before

He went asleep in the bidet  
And when he awoke  
He ran his little monkey fingers through the yellow  
pages  
Called up escort services and ordered some  
Okie Doke

Forty minutes later,  
There came a knock at the door

## Me And My Monkey - 2/3

In walked this big, bad-ass baboon into my bedroom  
With three monkey whores

"Hi, my name is Sunshine  
These are my girls  
Lace my palm with silver, baby  
Oh yeah, and then I'll rock your world"

So, I watched pay-per-view  
And polished my shoes and my gun  
Was diggin' on Kurt Cobain sing about Lithium  
There came a knock at the door and in walked Sunshine

"What's up?"  
"You'd better get you ass in here, boy  
Your monkey's havin' too much of a good time"

Me and my monkey  
Drove in search of the sun  
Me and my monkey  
Don't point that gun at anyone  
Me and my monkey  
Like Billy the Kid  
Tryin' to understand  
Why he did what he did  
Why he did what he did

Got tickets to see Sheena Easton  
The monkey was high  
Said it was a burnin' ambition to see her  
Before he died  
We left before encores  
He couldn't sit still  
Sheena was a blast, baby  
But my monkey was ill

When I played blackjack  
Kept hittin' 23  
Couldn't help but notice  
This Mexican just starin' at me  
Now was it my monkey  
I couldn't be sure  
It's not like he'd ever seen a monkey in roller blades

And dungarees before

Now don't test my patience  
'Cause we're not about to run  
That's a bad ass monkey, baby

## Me And My Monkey - 3/3

And he's packin' a gun  
"My name is Rodriguez," he says  
With death in his eye  
"I've been chasin' you for a long time amigos  
And now your monkey's gonna die"

Me and my monkey  
Drove in search of the sun  
Me and my monkey  
We don't wanna kill no Mexican  
But we've got  
Ten antsy fingers and walked into the kill  
When the monkey is high  
You do not stare,  
You do not stare

You do not stare

Looks like we got ourselves a Mexican stand-off here,  
boy  
And I ain't about to run  
Put your gun down boy  
How did I get mixed up with this fuckin' monkey anyhow