

Mark Knopfler, Punish The Monkey

They're driving long nails into coffins
You've been having sleepless nights
You've gone as quiet as a church mouse
And checking on your rights
The boss has hung you out to dry
And it looks as though
Punish the monkey
And let the organ grinder go

You've been talking to a lawyer
Are you going to pretend
That you and your employer
Are still the best of friends
Somebody's gonna take the fall
There's your quid pro quo
Punish the monkey
Punish the monkey, yeah
Punish the monkey
And let the organ grinder go

Here comes a police man
He won't be side-tracked.
He's asking about a smoking gun
He's after the bad

It's a quiet life from here on in
You dropped your poisoned cup
The telephone is ringing
But you're not picking up
Times I've said are funky
And everybody knows
Punish the monkey
Punish the monkey, yeah
Punish the monkey
And let the organ grinder go

Punish the monkey
Punish the monkey, yeah
Punish the monkey
And let the organ grinder go