

# Skid Row, Monkey Business (Edited Version)

Outside my window theres a  
Whole lot of trouble comin  
The cartoon killers and the  
Rag cover clones  
Stack heels kickin rhythm  
Of social circumcision  
Cant close the closet on  
Shoe box full of bones

Kangaroo lady with her bourbon  
in a pouch  
Cant afford the rental on  
a bamboo couch  
Collecting back her favors cause her  
well is running dry  
I know her act is terminal,  
But she aint gonna die

Slim intoxicado drinkin dime  
store hooch  
Is always in a circle with his  
part-time pooch  
Little creepys playing dollies in the  
New York rain  
Thinkin Bowies just a knife  
Ooh the pain

I aint seen the sun since I dont  
know when  
The freaks come out at nine  
And its twenty to ten  
Whats this funk  
That you call junk  
To me its just monkey business

Blind man in the vox that will  
probably die  
The village kids laugh as they walk by  
A psycho is on the edge of this human  
garbage dump  
And the vultures in the sewers  
are telling  
Him to jump

Into the fire from the frying pan  
Tripping on his tounge  
For a cool place to stand  
Wheres this shade  
That youve got it made  
To me its just monkey business

Monkey business  
Slippin on the track  
Monkey business  
Jungle in black  
Aint your business if I got  
No monkey on my back

Monkey business  
Slippin on the track  
Monkey business  
Jungle in black

Aint your business  
If I got  
Monkeys on my back

The vaseline gypsies and silicone souls  
Dressed to the society  
Hypocrite heartbeat and cheap alibis  
Cant get you by that monkey