

Dance Monkey

Sage Francis

Right
I got two left hooks, who want to test?
Well, since no one's steppin' to me
Huh
Take me to your cult leader
Ah Huh huh
Take me to your local drug dealer
Yeow
Take me to the man in the mirror
When you stand and deliver
With your hand on the trigger
I'm an emotional terrorist
I double M-you-N-E
Never make my enemy public
I'm a private dancer
Dancing for money
(Let's get together, let's rock!)
D-d-d-d-dance Monkey
Dance you god damn Monkey
Do that thing that's funny
Do I make you want to laugh?
I make you want to move
I make you want to do do do do dodo
D-d-d-d-dance Monkey
Dance you god damn Monkey
Do that thing that's funny
Do I make you want to laugh?
I make you want to move
I make you want to (rock this motherfucker)
Huh
Case one
Carries a paint gun
She's unafraid of waivin' when she's getting her face done
Her favorite radio station's a permanent paid vacation
Burning her face in the sun
She loves repetative songs that keep playin'
You know the repetative songs that keep playin'
She learned all the words and she works it baby
Dangerously catchy and she feels it in her cervix lately
Cause the rhythm is a cancer
She's on a secret diet
A private viewing disease free TV pilot
She saw the future in a group study
They threw money in her pants
D-d-d-d-dance Monkey
Dance you god damn Monkey
Do that thing that's funny
Do I make you want to laugh?
I make you want to move
I make you want to do do do do dodo
Dance Monkey
Dance you god damn Monkey
Do that thing that's funny
Do I make you want to laugh?
I make you want to move
I make you want to (rock this motherfucker)
Don't

Live for the moment
Live for the constant
Die for what's right or get killed by your conscience
There's a difference between conscience, conscious, and conscientious
Contrary to popular belief
You're none of these
There's plenty to feed empty mouths of the nest bound
The kept down and apes won't be banging on their chests now
When pacemakers are fragile
They hate the taste of capsules
They feed their face with Paxil
Females hate their dad still
Police sons got mommy issues on deck at the podium
Holding tongues with the rituals more complex than Napoleon
I told em
It isn't his job
To live in a fog
I don't have a god complex, you gotta simple god
Huh
Take me to your cult leader
Come on man
Take me to your local drug dealer
Come on man
Take me to the man in the mirror
When you stand and deliver
With your hand on the trigger
And a can of miller in the other
You can't kill me motherfucker
I got your number
You best disconnect before I call it
The bumper sticker on your forehead's the wrong fit
When the bomb hits
(Who's music will you look to for shelter)
When the bomb hits
(Who's music will you look to for shelter)
When the bomb hits
(Who's music will you look to for shelter)
Not that mine will help ya!
D-d-d-d-Dance!
(We're gonna rock this motherfucker!)
Fucking Francis!!!!