We're driving north on Highway 1
Toward Santa Barbara, lots of sun
Pacific Ocean on our left hand side
Tough Sata Barbara's on our mind, our love can't wait
till after nine
So she says, 'Can't we let the monkey drive?'

Let the monkey drive, we can have our fun As we hop in back, out on Highway 1
Let him take the wheel, 'neath the setting sun Let the monkey drive, out on Highway 1

He's passing cars and passing trucks
And swigs some coffee from Starbucks
And in the backseat everything is fine
He never pries in our affairs
He never listens, never stares
And we three are enjoying our long ride

Let the monkey drive, we can have our fun As we hop in back, out on Highway 1
Let him take the wheel, 'neath the setting sun Let the monkey drive, out on Highway 1

Let the monkey drive, and it's only fair It's the monkey's car and he hates to share Let him chauffeur us, while we have our fun Keep our love alive on Highway 1

With obscene gestures, learned from me
He works off some hostility
Toward drivers who might cut him off or slide
I think his license has expired, he seems to be a little wired
He has some trouble staying on our side

But you and me are doing fine
We couldn't wait till after nine
Impossible, our love is way too strong
He hits the brakes a couple times, but everything is
superfine
I'm glad the monkey asked to come along

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