

I Am an Ape

St. Vincent

In a garden stands a statue
Of the man who won the war
His expression, tender yearning
Every nation near and far

Oh sad and ancient father
Sweet as honey, tough as leather
Running down the hill
On Christmas day

I am an ape, I stand and wait
A masterpiece, a hairy beast
I move so fast but take a chance
And come up close, I'm not a ghost

Navigator when you wake up
And you step outside your door
Shoes and panties washed and folded
Taking off your dirty clothes

This garden tells a story
Amber close up, faded glory
Running through the streets
On Christmas day

I am an ape, I stand and wait
A masterpiece, a hairy beast
Try not to laugh, just take a chance
I visited inside your head

If you trespass in this garden
To a place you should not go
If you step out from the shadows
See the city far below

I am an ape, I stand and wait
A masterpiece, a hairy beast
No need to hide, come on inside
I will not last, I too shall pass