

# Monkey Dance

T-Bone Burnett

She slides across the floor  
Puts her head on his shoulders  
His eyes search for the door  
Even as he pulls her closer

She is a raging beauty  
He writes I love you truly  
In lipstick on her mirror  
Which leaves her in a furor

I wanna make you happy  
I wanna make you happy  
I wanna make you happy  
I wanna make you happy

His fingers brush her face  
She quivers like a fawn  
He's lost in her embrace  
She turns around he's gone

She knows his lies are barefaced  
As she descends the staircase  
Her clothes are falling off her  
He can't resist her offer

You wanna make me happy  
You wanna make me happy  
You wanna make me happy  
You wanna make me happy

We do the monkey dance, it's a crazy feeling  
Monkey dance, what we are concealing  
Monkey dance, we shall be revealing

We do the monkey dance, when the blows all glance  
Monkey dance, we do the monkey dance

She has a will of iron  
He reads her Keats and Byron  
Till she can go no further  
He starts to read her Thurber

I wanna make you happy  
I wanna make you happy  
You wanna make me happy  
You wanna make me happy

We do the monkey dance, it's a crazy feeling  
Monkey dance, what we are concealing  
Monkey dance, we shall be revealing

We do the monkey dance, when the blows all glance  
Monkey dance, we become advanced  
Monkey dance, we do the monkey dance