

# Porcelain Monkey

Warren Zevon

He was an accident waiting to happen  
Most accidents happen at home  
Maybe he should've gone out more often  
Maybe he should've answered the phone

Hip-shakin' shoutin' in gold lame'  
That's how he earned his regal sobriquet  
Then he threw it all away  
For a porcelain monkey

He threw it away for a porcelain monkey  
Gave it all up for a figurine  
He traded it in for a night in Las Vegas  
And his face on velveteen

From a shotgun shack singing Pentecostal hymns  
Through the wrought iron gates to the TV room  
He had a little world, it was smaller than your hand  
It's a rockabilly ride from the glitter to the gloom

Left behind by the latest trends  
Eating fried chicken with his regicidal friends  
That's how the story ends  
With a porcelain monkey

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