

Me and my Monkey
Robbie Williams

Intro: Hm **F#m B C#m** (2x)

C#m

It was me and my monkey

F#m

Him with his dungarees and rollerblades

B

Smoking filter tips reclining in the passenger seat of my

C#m

supercharged jet black Chevrolet

He had the soft top down

F#m

He liked the wind in his face

C#m

He said Son, you ever been to Vegas?? I said No? he said That?s
where we?re gonna go, you need a change of place?

F#m

And when we hit the strip with all the wedding chapels and the neon
signs he said

C#m

I left my wallet in El Segundo? and proceeded to take two grand of
mine

F#m

B

We made tracks to the Mandalay Bay hotel

C#m

B

Asked the bell boy if he?d take me and my monkey as well

F#m

He looked in the passenger seat of my car and with a smile he said

B

If your monkey?s got that kind of money sir, and we?ve got a monkey

C#m

bed?

Chorus:

C#m

Me and monkey

F#m

With a dream and a gun

B

Hoping my monkey

C#m

Don?t point that gun at anyone

Me and monkey

F#m

Like Butch and the Sundance Kid

B

C#m

Trying to understand

Why he did what he did
Why he did what he did

C#m **F#m**
And at the elevator I hit the 33rd floor
He had a room up top with a panoramic view it's like nothing you've
C#m
ever seen before

F#m
He went to sleep in the bidet and when he awoke
He ran his little monkey fingers through the yellow pages

C#m
Called up escort services and ordered some oki doke

F#m
Forty minutes later there came a knock at the door
In walked this big, bad-ass baboon into my bedroom with 3 monkey

C#m
whores

F#m
Hi, my name is Sunshine. These are my girls. Lace my palm with
silver baby oh yeah and they'll rock your world?

B **C#m** **B**
So I watched pay per view and polished my shoes and my gun

C#m **B**
Was sticking on Kurt Cobain sing about lithium

C#m **B**
There came and knocked at the door and in walked Sunshine
What's up?? - You better get your ass in here boy your monkey is

C#m
having too much of a good time?

Chorus:

C#m
Me and my monkey

F#m
Drove in search of the sun

B
Me and my monkey

C#m
Don't point that gun at anyone
Me and my monkey

F#m
Like Billy the Kid

B **C#m**
Trying to understand
Why he did what he did
Why he did what he did
(no chords)
Got tickets to see Sheena Easton
The monkey was high
Said it was a burning ambition to see her before he died
We left before encores
He couldn't sit still

Sheena was a blast baby
But my monkey was ill
When I played black jack
Kept hittin? 23
Couldn?t help but notice this Mexican just staring at me
Or was it my monkey
I couldn?t be sure
It?s not like you?ve never seen a monkey in rollerblades and
dungarees before

B **C#m** **B**
Now don?t test my patience cause we?re not about to run

C#m **B**
That?s a bad-ass monkey boy and he?s packing a gun

C#m **B**
My name is Rodriguez? he says with death in his eye

C#m **B**
I?ve been chasing you for a long time amigos

C#m
And now your monkey is gonna die?

C#m
Me and my monkey

F#m
Drove in search of the sun

B
Me and my monkey

C#m
We don?t wanna kill no Mexican

F#m
But we got ten itchy fingers
One thing to declare

B **C#m**
When the monkey is high

F#m
You do not stare

You do not stare
You do not stare

C#m **F#m**
Looks like we got ourselves a Mexican stand off here boy

B
And I ain?t about to run

Put your gun down boy

C#m
How did I get mixed up with this fucking monkey anyhow