

# Tweeter and the Monkey Man

## Headstones

Tweeter and the Monkey Man  
Were hot up for cash  
They stayed up all night  
Smoking cocaine and hash  
With an undercover cop  
Who had a sister named Jan  
For reasons unexplained  
She loved the Monkey Man  
Tweeter was a Boy Scout  
'Course he went to Vietnam  
Found out the hard way  
Nobody gives a damn  
You know that they'd find freedom  
Just across the Jersey line  
Hopped into a stolen car  
Took Highway 99  
When the walls came down  
All the way to hell  
Never saw them when they standin'  
Never saw them when they fell  
The undercover cop  
He never liked the Monkey Man  
Even back in high school  
Wanted to see him in the can  
Jan got married at fourteen  
To a racketeer named Bill  
Made secret plans with the Monkey Man  
From a mansion on the hill  
Was out on Thunder Road  
Tweeter at the wheel  
Pulled into paradise  
You could hear the tires squeal  
It was Jan who'd told me many times  
"It was you to me who'd taught  
In Kingston everything's legal, man  
As long as you don't get caught"  
When the walls came down  
All the way to hell  
Never saw them when they standin'  
Never saw them when they fell  
A place by Rahway prison  
We ran out of gas  
The undercover cop cornered us  
Said he didn't think that this would last  
Jan jumped up outta bed  
Said, "There's some place I gotta go"  
Took the gun out of the drawer  
Said, "It's best that you don't know"  
An ambulance rolled up  
State Trooper close behind  
Tweeter pulled his gun away  
And messed up his mind  
The undercover cop was found

Face down in a field  
The Monkey Man on a river bridge  
Using Tweeter as a shieldWhen the walls came down  
All the way to hell  
Never saw them when they standin'  
Never saw them when they fellThe town of Kansas City  
Quieting down again  
I'm sitting in a gambling club  
Called The Lion's DenThe TV set is blown up  
Every bit of it is gone  
Ever since the night when they showed  
That the Monkey Man was onMaybe I'll go to Florida  
Set myself some sun  
Ain't no more opportunity here  
And everything's been doneSometimes I think of Tweeter  
Sometimes I think of Jan  
Sometimes I don't think about nothin'  
But the Monkey ManWhen the walls came down  
All the way to hell  
Never saw them when they standin'  
Never saw them when they fell

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