

Tweeter and the Monkey Man were **hard** up for cash
 They stayed **up** all night selling **cocaine** and hash
 To an **undercover** cop who had a **sister** named Jan
 For **reasons** unexplained, she **loved** the Monkey Man
 / Am G / F Am / :

Tweeter was a boy scout before she went to Vietnam
 And found out the hard way nobody gives a damn
 They knew that they found freedom just across the Jersey Line
 So they hopped into a stolen car, took Highway 99

And the **walls** came down, **all** the way to hell
 Never **saw** them when they're standing, never **saw** them when they fell
 / Am Em7 / D Am /

The undercover cop never liked the Monkey Man
 Even back in childhood he wanted to see him in the can
 Jan got married at fourteen to a racketeer named Bill
 She made secret calls to the Monkey Man from a mansion on the hill

It was out on Thunder Road, Tweeter at the wheel
 They crashed into paradise, they could hear them tires squeal
 The undercover cop pulled up and said "Everyone of you's a liar
 If you don't surrender now, it's gonna go down to the wire ...

An ambulance rolled up, a state trooper close behind
 Tweeter took his gun away and messed up his mind
 The undercover cop was left tied up to a tree
 Near the souvenir stand by the old abandoned factory

Next day the undercover cop was hot in pursuit
 He was taking the whole thing personal, he didn't care about the loot
 Jan had told him many times it was you to me who taught
 In Jersey anything's legal as long as you don't get caught ...

Someplace by Rahway Prison they ran out of gas
 The undercover cop had cornered them said
 "Boy, you didn't think that this could last"
 Jan jumped out of the bed, said "There's someplace I gotta go"
 She took a gun out of the drawer and said "It's best if you don't know"

The undercover cop was found face down in a field
 The monkey man was on the river bridge using Tweeter as a shield
 Jan said to the Monkey Man, "I'm not fooled by Tweeter's curl
 I knew him long before he ever became a Jersey girl"

Now the town of Jersey City is quieting down again
 I'm sitting in a gambling club called the Lion's Den
 The TV set been blown up, every bit of it is gone
 Ever since the nightly news show that the Monkey Man was on

I guess I'll go to Florida and get myself some sun
 There ain't no more opportunity here, everything's been done
 Sometime I think of Tweeter, sometime I think of Jan
 Sometime I don't think about nothing but the Monkey Man

a|----0-|-3---0--0-0-----|-----0-|-3--0--0-0-----|
e|--3---|-----3-----|-----0-3---|-----3-----|
C|-----|-----|-----|-----|
g|-----|-----|-----|-----|