There's Just A Little Bit of Monkey
(Still Left in You and Me)

Words by
GRANT CLARKE

Allegro Moderato

Music by
JIMMIE V. MONACO

I heard a story and it opened my eyes, All about monkeys in
Look at a salesman when he's selling his goods, Look at the motions he

Somebody told me that our ancestors were chimpanzees,
Think of an acrobat in the circus, what jumps he takes,

Old Mister Darwin said we came from a monkey, May-be, Darwin knew,
Look at the people when they ride on a car, Hang-ing from the straps,

I've been pondering, thinking and wondering, I guess it's true.
Don't you agree with me, That it's a certainty, There's no perhaps.

Copyright MCMXVI by LEO FEIST, Inc. Feist Building, N.Y.
International Copyright Secured and Reserved
- London - Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Limited
CHORUS

There is just a little bit of monkey, A bit of monkey in us all,
We eat peanuts, and bite our nails, I know people that carry tales,
Mister Darwin he sure was right, A girl made a monkey of me last night,
Ev'ry married man is like a monkey, Because he's always up a tree,
Lots of times we call each other monkeys, There's a reason, can't you see?

I've got a girl, and the day I found her, I kinda wanted to monkey 'round her? Don't you see,
I lost my wife and I can't find her, She ran away with an organ grinder.

There's just a little bit of monkey still left in you and me.