

# The Ark, Hey Modern Days

Hey modern days, here we come  
But our feet are swollen and we got no place to stay  
But we hope it would still be okay  
'cos we brought champagne  
and we thought that there must be sleeping bags  
(in this very modern day)

But we're all very proud to be here today  
The first of a thousand million modern days

'Cos it's a scam, it's a royal kind of wham-bam figure  
It's abrieved in the sense of being up-john and senseless  
It's a see-saw sickness, it's a snake-bite, low-chant jive  
on the century's crime

Well, it's a scam, it's a royal kind of wham-bam figure  
It's abrieved in the sense of being up-john and senseless  
It's a see-saw sickness, it's a snake-bite, low-chant jive  
on the century's crime

Hey modern days, we are taken a-back  
We're a flame and a-gog, aloof and inhaled  
with a don-don briefcase, oh, wait for our call  
And I therefore shall declare  
that the stores shall be locked no more  
(no more), no more, (no more)

Why shall men suffer, why shall there be freaks?  
Why am I still rehearsing a song when I oughta sleep?

'Cos it's a scam, it's a royal kind of wham-bam figure  
It's abrieved in the sense of being up-john and senseless  
It's a see-saw sickness, it's a snake-bite, low-chant jive  
on the century's crime

Well, it's a scam, it's a royal kind of wham-bam figure  
It's abrieved in the sense of being up-john and senseless  
It's a see-saw sickness, it's a snake-bite, low-chant jive  
on the century's crime

Oh, chin-batty dour face, why did you go there?  
Sitting on a cold stone, waiting for the train home  
Hoping it would carry me home  
hoping you would carry me home

Well, it's a scam, it's a royal kind of wham-bam figure  
It's abrieved in the sense of being up-john and senseless  
It's a see-saw sickness, it's a snake-bite, low-chant jive  
on the century's crime

It's a scam, it's a royal kind of wham-bam figure  
It's abrieved in the sense of being up-john and senseless  
It's a see-saw sickness, it's a snake-bite, low-chant jive  
on the century's crime

Chin-batty dour face, why did you go there?  
Sitting on a cold stone, waiting for the train home  
Hoping that the wind blows in the right direction  
Hoping someone's calling, offering protection

Chin-batty dour face, why did you go there?  
Sitting on a cold stone, waiting for the train home  
Hoping that the wind blows in the right direction  
Hoping someone's calling, offering erection

