

The Ark, Rock City Wankers

New York's a goldmine for Rock City Wankers
Pilgrims of sleaze and of nocturnal pancake
Are you a poet, electrical junkie?
Or are you just another little rock city wankie?

Saying: I'm gonna have a no-life, low-life 'til I get out
Then I get highlife O-o-oh
Hope they stare at me while the vicodine is kicking in, kicking in...

Oh no! You put a spike into your vein
Oh no! (Does it make you think you've got)
The blood of thunders in your brain
You ought to know
Just because you're full of it
it doesn't mean that you're the shit
So take a good look at me
Now, here's some good advice:
Try some manners, fuck-face!

(I mean it, baby...)

Oh, spare me your sunglass-protected analysis
Elegant vices - midlife crisis
We wanna go wanna see Ligeti-Ligeti, Yeah!
Gonna slip outta here in your limousine-dream, said Yeah!

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I'm gonna have a no-life, low-life 'til I get out
Then I get highlife O-o-oh
I'm gonna have a no-life, low-life 'til I get highlife
I'm gonna have a no-life, High-life is my life