

# The Ark, Vendelay

Well it's been half a year  
Since my ball was properly stocked  
And relations on whole  
Hasn't quite been "oh so clock!"

But though you're not the key  
To this emotional lock  
That still doesn't change  
The value of your stocks

Now I hear that people  
Talking garbage about you  
And as goes with such things  
The most of it ain't true  
So I write this song just to say to you  
I believe in you, - I do, Vendelay

Well, the word's on the street  
That your ball gets properly stocked  
And by word you consider it being  
"Oh so clock!"  
Well now I'm not your spokesman  
But still a man of words  
And no matter how untrue  
I know garbage always hurts

I don't know nowadays  
What it takes to get bewitched  
For a person like me  
Who's just starving to get ditched  
Let's just hope that our ropes  
Ain't so firmly fixed  
And if you'd ask me I'd say:  
- Nix, Vendelay

I know that life is very bad  
When you're picking up the pieces  
Of what you had  
And people say:  
I want you, I want you, I want you!  
Yeah, they want you all right  
- But just for a while  
But hang on in there  
And you'll pull it through  
'Cause I believe in you, I do  
And there's a reason why I do, Vendelay