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!
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