

The Ark, Joy Surrender

I was born to start a revolution
it would be my contribution
to a worldwide resurrection
I was born to start a million fires
the joy of mens' desires
was laid in my hand
But I was born a weak and worried thinker
with an eagerness to know myself
that throws it all away
'Cause all I can think of is:
-Love
And saturday
and how the golden road can seize to glare
Oh, man! What if I just don't give a damn?
-How wonderful!
But after all the worst can't be that bad
Oh, man...What if I knew how to say:
- Stop
- No
- Let go?

- Oh, the angelheaded demons-tongue
who thought he knew
why some mirrors crack so easily
- now, he ain't got a clue
And every now and then
it seems to me it's come to this
-that promises and prophecies
was all i had to give
'Cause all I can think of is:
Love...

Oh, Love...

But after all the worst can't be that bad
Oh, man...
Seems like a joy surrender