

# The Ark, Little Dysfunk You

I know many who are worse off than you  
But you stick to your fuck-ups like they're made out of glue  
Little Dysfunk You  
Now What You gonna do?  
Your eyes are watery, a mouth made for joy  
Always quoting Morrissey but did you ever do it with a boy?  
I've got a mouth for joy

And I can take you on  
I can take you on  
I'll be your next-door neighbour  
your mother and your savior  
I can take you on  
I can take you on  
I'll be the murder on the Rue Morgue  
you're trying to solve  
Oh, I can't wait too long  
I can't wait too long  
Hear me calling out for you  
Calling out for you  
Please don't wait too long  
Please don't wait too long  
Makes me crazy  
hearing you go on about the  
"So much for bleached nostalgia..."

You're not afraid of pain,  
I know what you did  
But now the question is do you really dare to live?  
Pretty Dysfunk Kid?  
It's better to be bitter than to seem like a fool  
you say and hide behind your beer-glass but I'm not so impressed  
by your dysfunk moves  
'Cause I'm a dysfunk too

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