

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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