

Ark Of The Envious

The Verve Pipe

I hear the driving of the nail
I hear the rain I hear the hail
I hear the laughter of the
People dancing 'round him
As he forces his poor family to set sail

If you don't care you will not cry
If you don't dare you will not try
And now I'm drowning in the dark
With thoughts of building my own ark

I feel my baby's on the rise
Sits there examining her thighs
In he comes all drenching clean
And lays upon her hard and lean
She comes when he never even tries

I'm sitting and wishing I were young
The best lines they'd flow right off my tongue
I'd believe that school is social banging in
And banging out and hanging in
And hanging out until we're hung

Of the envious
I am one

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