Rock City Wankers

The Ark

New York?s a goldmine for Rock City Wankers
Pilgrims of sleaze and of nocturnal pancake
Are you a poet, electrical junkie?
Or are you just a another little rock city wankie?
Saying: ?I?m gonna have a no-life, low-life ?til I get out
Then I get highlife O-o-oh.
Hope they stare at me while the vicodine is kicking in, kicking in??

Oh no! You put a spike into your vein
Oh no! (Does it make you think you?ve got)
The blood of Thunders in your brain
You ought to know: Just because you?re full of it
It doesn?t mean that you?re the shit
So take a good look at me
Now, Here?s some good advice:
Try some manners, fuck-face!

(I mean it, baby?)
Oh, spare me your sunglass-protected analysis
Elegant vices ? midlife crisis
We wanna go wanna see Ligeti-Ligeti, Yeah!
Gonna slip outta here in your limousine-dream, said Yeah!

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I?m gonna have a no-life-low-life ?til I get out
Then I get Highlife -O-o-oh!

I?m gonna have no-life, ?til I get highlife
I?m gonna have a no-life, Hi-Life is my life

Lyrics submitted by Nick.

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