

# Rock City Wankers

## The Ark

New Yorkâ€™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: â€•Iâ€™m gonna have a no-life, low-life â€™til I get out  
Then I get highlife O-o-oh.  
Hope they stare at me while the vicodine is kicking in, kicking inâ€™!â€™•

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

(I mean it, babyâ€™!)

Oh, spare me your sunglass-protected analysis  
Elegant vices â€“ midlife crisis  
We wanna go wanna see Ligeti-Ligeti, Yeah!  
Gonna slip outta here in your limousine-dream, said Yeah!

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The blood of Thunders in your brain  
You ought to know: Just because youâ€™re full of it  
It doesnâ€™t mean that youâ€™re the shit  
So take a good look at me  
Now, Hereâ€™s some good advice:  
Try some manners, fuck-face!

Iâ€™m gonna have a no-life-low-life â€™til I get out  
Then I get Highlife -O-o-oh!

Iâ€™m gonna have no-life, â€™til I get highlife  
Iâ€™m gonna have a no-life, Hi-Life is my life

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Lyrics submitted by Nick.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>