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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You ought to know: Just because youâ€™re full of it
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So take a good look at me
Now, Hereâ€™s some good advice:
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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

Lyrics submitted by Nick.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/