

The Ark "Modern Days"

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Hey modern days, here we come
But our feet are swollen and we got no place to stay
But we hope it would still be okay
'cos we brought champagne
and we thought that there must be sleeping bags
(in this very modern day)

But we're all very proud to be here today
The first of a thousand million modern days

'Cos it's a scam, it's a royal kind of wham-bam figure
It's abrieved in the sense of being up-john and
senseless
It's a see-saw sickness, it's a snake-bite, low-chant jive
on the century's crime

Well, it's a scam, it's a royal kind of wham-bam figure
It's abrieved in the sense of being up-john and
senseless
It's a see-saw sickness, it's a snake-bite, low-chant jive
on the century's crime

Hey modern days, we're taken a-back
We're a flame and a-gog, aloof and inhaled
with a don-don briefcase, oh, wait for our call
And I therefore shall declare
that the stores shall be locked no more
(no more), no more, (no more)

Why shall men suffer, why shall there be freaks?
Why am I still rehearsing a song when I oughta sleep?

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on the century's crime

Oh, chin-batty dour face, why did you go there?
Sitting on a cold stone, waiting for the train home
Hoping it would carry me home
hoping it would carry me home

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It's abrieved in the sense of being up-john and
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It's a see-saw sickness, it's a snake-bite, low-chant jive
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...

Chin-batty dour face, why did you go there?
Sitting on a cold stone, waiting for the train home
Hoping that the wind blows in the right direction
Hoping someone [?] offering protection

Chin-batty dour face, why did you go there?
Sitting on a cold stone, waiting for the train home
Hoping that the wind blows in the right direction
Hoping someone [?] offering erection

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