

Ark, The "Hey Modern Days"

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Hey modern days
Here we come!
But our feet are swollen
And we've got no place to stay

But we hope
It would still be OK
'Cause 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

'Cause 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 are 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 ought to sleep?

'Cause 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

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!

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

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

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's calling
Offering protection
(x2)

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