

Ark, The "Joy Surrender"

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I was born to start a revolution
It would be my contribution
To a worldwide resurrection

I was born to start a million fires
The joy of man's desires
Was laid in my hand

But I was born a weak and worried thinker
With an eagerness to know myself
That throws it all away
'Cause all I can think of is:

Love
And Saturday
And how the golden road can seize to glare
Oh, man! What if I just don't gave a damn?
-How wonderful!
But after all the worst can't be that bad
Oh, man...What if I knew how to say:
- Stop
- No
- Let go?

- Oh, the angelheaded demons-tongue
Who thought he knew
Why some mirrors crack so easily
- Oh now, he ain't got a clue

And every now and then
It seems to me it's come to this
- That promises and prophecies
Was all I had to give
'Cause all I can think of is:

Love
And Saturday
And how the golden road can seize to glare
Oh, man! What if I just don't gave a damn?
-How wonderful!
But after all the worst can't be that bad

Oh, man...What if I knew how to say:

- Stop
- No
- Let go?

Oh, Love...

The worst can't be that bad

Ooooh

Love

And saturday

And how the golden road can seize to glare

Oh, man... What if I just don't gave a damn?

-How wonderful!

But after all the worst can't be that bad

Oh, man

Seems like a joy surrender

Love...

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