

## Ark, The "Rock City Wankers"

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New York's a goldmine for Rock City Wankers  
Pilgrims of sleaze and of nocturnal pancake  
Are you a poet, electrical junkie?  
Or are you just another little rock city wankie?

Saying: I'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 in...

Oh no! You put a spike into your vein  
Oh no! (Does it make you think you've got)  
The blood of Thunders in your brain

You ought to know  
Just because you're full of it  
It doesn't mean that you're the shit  
So take a good look at me  
Now, here's some good advice:  
Try some manners, fuck-face!  
(I mean it, baby...)

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

Oh no! You put a spike into your vein  
Oh no! (Does it make you think you've got)  
The blood of Thunders in your brain

You ought to know: Just because you're full of it  
It doesn't mean that you're the shit  
So take a good look at me  
Now, Here's some good advice:  
Try some manners, fuck-face!

Try some manners  
Fuck-face!

Listen

I'm gonna have a no-life-low-life Â´til I get out

Then I get Highlife -O-o-oh!

(...)

I said I'm gonna have a no-life-low-life Â´til I get out

Then I get Highlife -O-o-oh!

(...)

I'm gonna have a no-life, Â´til I get highlife

I'm gonna have a no-life, Hi-Life is my life

(...)

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