

Ark, The "Vendelay"

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Well it's been half a year
Since my ball was properly stocked
And relations on whole
Hasn't quite been "oh so clock!"

But though you're not the key
To this emotional lock
That still doesn't change
The value of your stocks

Now I hear that people's
Talking garbage about you
And as goes with such things
The most of it ain't true
So I write this song just to say to you
That I believe in you, - I do, Vendelay

Well, the word's on the street
That your ball gets properly stocked
And by word you consider it being
"Oh so clock!"
Well now I'm not your spokesman
But still a man of words
And no matter how untrue
I know garbage always hurts

I don't know nowadays
What it takes to get bewitched
For a person like me
Who's just starving to get ditched
Let's just hope that our ropes
Ain't so firmly fixed
And if you'd ask me I'd say:
- Nix, Vendelay

Lalalalalala...

I know that life is very bad
When you're picking up the pieces
Of what you had
And people say:

I want you, I want you, I want you!
Yeah, they want you all right
- But just for a while
But hang on in there
And you'll pull it through
'Cause I believe in you, I do
And there's a reason why I do
Oh Vendelay

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