

## Rock City Wankers

Ark

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 a another little rock city wankie?  
Saying: "I'm gonna have a no-life, low-life '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 limousine-dream, 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!  
I'm gonna have a no-life-low-life 'til I get out  
Then I get Highlife -O-o-oh!  
I'm gonna have no-life, 'til I get highlife  
I'm gonna have a no-life, Hi-Life is my life