

Nick Lowe, I Want To Build A Jumbo Ark

I want to build a jumbo ark
A stretch 747
And with the grace of God
I will win my place in heaven

Mr. Boeing can you hear me now?
Way up there in Seattle
You better sit your big self down
Cause Im about to make your phone line rattle

Get busy with your peppy team
And your compass and protractor
Cause Im sent here to contract ya
To construct this winged thing

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A stretch 747
And with the grace of God
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Were talking bout an aquaplane
With its floats made out of liners
And a hold like Carolina
For the load it must contain

Dont tell me that it cant be done
Cause were living in the eighties
Boy we will not me mateys
Unless we do this winged thing

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A stretch 747
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Information I have received
From lets say higher sources
That leads me to believe
That heavy weather is around the bend

The clouds are gonna bump and grind
And down will rain destruction
But with the aid of our construction
Well survive and thrive again

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I want to take the ape and the kangaroo
From out the wild and out of the zoo
Im gonna have to take extra cattle and swine
Cause the beasts on each other do love to dine
Every fish, fowl, thing that howl
Will all be kicking up a hell of a row

When I build a jumbo ark
A stretch 747
And with the grace of God
I will win my place

I want to build a jumbo ark
A stretch 747

And with the grace of God
I will win my place in heaven

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