

# (I Want to Build a) Jumbo Ark

Nick Lowe

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 I'm about to make your phone line rattle

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

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A stretch 747  
And with the grace of God  
I will win my place in heaven

We're talking 'bout an aquaplane  
With its floats made out of liners  
And a hold like Carolina  
For the load it must contain

Don't tell me that it can't be done  
'Cause we're living in the eighties  
Boy we will not me mateys  
Unless we do this winged thing

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Information I have received  
From let's 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  
We'll 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  
I'm 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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