

(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

I want to build a jumbo ark
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

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

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

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

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

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