

Adam And The Ants, Press Darlings

We are guilty
We are beyond hope
We beg to differ
We are a terminal case

CHORUS

Press darlings
Press darlings
Press darlings
Press darlings
Press darlings
We depress the press, darlings

We're on the outside
But we're not looking in
We are the vaseline gang
We don't play your little games

CHORUS

And if evil be the food of genius
There aren't many demons around
If passion is in fashion
Nick Kent is the best dressed man in town

Are we different? (no)
We are exactly the same
There are no boxes for us
The ones you love to hate, so read on

CHORUS

And if evil be the food of genius
There aren't many demons around
If passion is in fashion
Marshall is the best dressed man in town

CHORUS

CHORUS

We are the press darlings
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Press darlings
Press darlings
Press darlings

Oo

And they told fibs