

Adam And The Ants, Scorpio Rising

Adam ant/marco pirroni

The greek, the gypsy, the italian
And the pole, took a look around
Chewed up the gauntlet,
Spat it out
Raised them to the ground

Scorpio rising
Scorpio rising
Scorpio rising
Scorpio rising

Four young men, greasy hair
Don't know zip
Leather jackets, big packets

Into it, into it.

Knock 'em dead sweetie, then sock four
My body, cha-cha, and orf
Four young men on big bad bikes
Ben hur daddy argent!

Give me a flash of white white skin
Above the stocking part
Cool it with the jewels, appreciate
The world finest work of art.

Four young men a-come through hot
The last of the moccasins
Don't sit around with their chi-chi friends
And talk....