

Adam Ant, Tabletalk

don't like your stare
don't like the arm in the air
your style is so brash
and that silly moustache
it was, tabletalk
the evil I see
sends bad vibrations through me
and oh what a square
with your diagonal hair
it was, tabletalk
I said to gilly
'how do you do tabletalk?'
'how do you do tabletalk?'
and this is what she said;
'love love love love...'
the love of his life
too close to become a wife
and the death of this girl
came close to saving the world
from his tabletalk