

# Adam & The Ants, Bright Lights Black Leather

Adam ant

There they go the buccaneers  
Hand and hand in leather glove  
So fast so crazy  
With a creepy kind of love

Bright lights, black leather  
Bright lights, black leather

Some towns make me anxious  
Others sane but sad  
But west berlin's by far the strangest time  
I ever had

All night town of punks and art

All saying look at me  
Never seen so much black leather  
Even on car hoods  
Surrounded by east germany  
So

They want to know just who you are  
Or how they can amuse you  
Squatters freaks mohicans  
Or even a wall of voodoo

If I had to sum it up  
Without sounding too clever  
I'd have to say my life has been  
A case of bright lights  
Black leather