

# Adam & 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....