

Adam And The Ants, Puerto Rican

Unos, dos, tres, cuatro
Arrrrrrrrrrriba

I seen you walkin' down the street
What's that big dog by your feet?
Whatever it is, it could do with a beatin'
It looks to me like a Puerto Rican

A chick like you is oh so rare
You get off on his greasy hair
You got a smart appartement, you got central heatin'
Why go waste it on a Puerto Rican?

I'm gonna light up a beacon on a Puerto Rican
Gonna strike a matchstick on his head
Light up a beacon on a Puerto Rican
Watch me smile as he drops down dead, yeah

Me and the boys don't think it's right
You stay out with HIM all night
Don't go making such a fuss
Come and burn him up with us

*Well, I'm here standing at Tierra del Fuego
While you're out playing with that dago
One day, girl, you're gonna make me cry
I won't let that day go by

I'm gonna light up a beacon on a Puerto Rican
Gonna strike matchstick on his head
Light up a beacon on a Puerto Rican
Watch me smile as he drops down dead

Light up a beacon on a Puerto Rican
Gonna-
Light up a beacon on Puerto Riiaaaaaaaaa ...
Arriba

* alternative verse, as featured on the Jubilee demos and some live versions:

Now if you drag him he will flee
Don't you pull him on that lead
We can have his eight pints a-leaking
Even if he's a Puerto Rican

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