

Adam Ant, 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
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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