

# 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