

Adam Ant, Kiss The Drummer

In for a penny in for a pound
If she walks by you better turn around
She wants sparkle and she don't give a damn
As well be hung for
A sheep than a lamb
So be her Daddy
She hits back
Kiss the Drummer
Rat-a-tat-tat
Got to learn to laugh at this
Laugh and enjoy herself
Miss Fierce Kiss the Drummer
Little by little, bit by bit
Love stood laughing at this locksmith
She may be wrong, and she may be right
But barking dogs they
Seldom bite
In the panic and the traumas
Miss Fierce puts a bee
Fierce Legwarmers
When men think big
And by golly they do
Don't wanna go crying
Boo-hooing at you