

# Adam Ant, Vanity

Adam Ant/Marco Pirroni  
I cannot speak of what I feel  
And yet I feel so much  
I know that woman's arms can heal me  
Like an angel's touch  
She says she likes the accent  
She thinks it's so polite  
I think she going to like it more  
When we're alone tonight  
She cannot speak of what she feels  
And yet she feels so much  
Except her lover's arms can heal her  
Like an angel's touch  
Money's money my little honey  
A rich man's jokes are always funny  
Build them walls but I'm coming through  
Don't trouble trouble till it troubles you  
Money's money my little honey  
A rich man's jokes are always funny  
Ring came off in heights of passion  
Wear it now, and that's not fashion  
You open up your heart heart behold  
Another door slams shut  
And tongues are not of steel  
But take a look how deep they cut