

Adam & the Ants & Adam Ant, Antmusic

Well, I'm standing here looking at you

What do I see?

I'm looking straight through

It's so sad

When you're young

To be told

You're having fun

So unplug the jukebox

And do us all a favor

That music's lost its taste

So try another flavor

Antmusic

Antmusic

Antmusic

Antmusic

Well, I'm standing here what do I see?

A big nothing

Threatening me

It's so sad

When you're young

To be told

You're having fun

So unplug the jukebox

And do us all a favor

That music's lost its taste

So try another flavor

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Don't tread on an ant he's done nothing to you

There might come a day

When he's treading on you

Don't tread on an ant you'll end up black and blue

You cut off his head

Legs come looking for you

So unplug the jukebox

And do us all a favor

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