

Adam & the Ants & Adam Ant, Stand and Deliver

I'm the dandy highwayman who you're too scared to mention
I spend my cash on looking flash and grabbing your attention
The Devil take your stereo and your record collection
The way you look you'll qualify for next year's old age pension
Stand and deliver your money or your life
Try and use a mirror, no bullet or a knife
I'm the dandy highwayman so sick of easy fashion
The clumsy boots, peek-a-boo roots that people think so dashing
So what's the point of robbery when nothing is worth taking?
It's kind of tough to tell a scruff the big mistake he's making
Stand and deliver your money or your life
Try and use a mirror, no bullet or a knife
And even though you fool your souls
Your conscience will be mine, all mine

We're the dandy highwaymen so tired of excuses
Of deep meaning philosophies where only showbiz loses
We're the dandy highwaymen and here's our invitation
Throw your safety overboard and join our insect nation
Stand and deliver your money or your life
Try and use a mirror, no bullet or a knife
And even though you fool your souls
Your conscience will be mine, all mine
Stand and deliver your money or your life
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