

Adam & The Ants, 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