

# Adam & The Ants, Whip In My Valise

When I met you you were just sixteen  
Pulling the wings off flies  
When an old lady got hit by a truck  
I saw the wicked gleam in your eyes

Your sadistic suits my masochistic  
And there's a whip in my valise on yeah

Who taught you to torture?  
Who taught ya?  
Who taught you to torture?  
Who taught ya?  
Who taught you to torture?  
Who taught ya?  
Who taught ya?  
Who taught ya?  
Who taught you?

Describe the special punishment room  
Over my garage,  
There's a whipping post, a vertical beam  
You have to be in charge\*

I paid a packet  
For a new straight jacket  
There's a whip in my valise oh yeah

Who taught you to torture?  
Who taught ya?  
Who taught you to torture?  
Who taught ya?  
Who taught you to torture?  
Who taught ya?  
Who taught ya?  
Who taught ya?  
Who taught you?

You put my head into the stocks  
And then you went to choose a cane  
But hey, your cat has got nine tails  
You like to leave me lame

I can't thank her, my Sunday Spanker  
There's a whip in my valise oh yeah

Who taught you to torture?  
Who taught ya?  
Who taught you to torture?  
Who taught ya?  
Who taught you to torture?  
Who taught ya?  
Who taught ya?  
Who taught ya?  
Who taught you?

\*in some live versions the following verse and chorus should be inserted here:

I was your favourite  
Rubber slave  
There's a whip in my valise oh yeah

Who taught you to torture?  
Who taught ya?  
Who taught you to torture?

Who taught ya?  
Who taught you to torture?  
Who taught ya?  
Who taught ya?  
Who taught ya?  
Who taught you?

You gave me punishment, it lasted an hour  
It made marks on my skin  
I'm just a bundle of misery girl  
Since you kicked my cheekbones in

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