

Jester, Enemy

I wanna live the life
I wanna breathe the air
I wanna a shiny car
And greasy hair
Live in mansions
All those pretty girls, aye

And I say
I don't wanna be your Enemy
I don't wanna be your Enemy

So I roll on with my circus
And I work it while you jerk it
With your ash trays and your phoney fake smiles :)

And I say, And I say
I don't wanna be your Enemy
I don't wanna be your Enemy

On magazines I plot the schemes
I write my dreams that run away
When all is done I'll be the one, one

Chorus x 3