

King of the Jungle

Bananarama

Lurking, he knows your face
He waits and bides his time
Mind clocks your every move
'Till you step out of line
Stalking streets by night
Pushing guns by day
He knows it isn't right
But he wants to make his name
He's working harder
Gotta make another, make another martyr

Hide your eyes
They're moving closer
But you know you're not allowed to look them in the face
Hide your eyes
Cos' you're the loser
Before you even start to run you've lost the race

You'll never know the place
Until your time has come
It'll be a sunny day
Until his work is done
Doesn't care what pain you feel
Can't see your mother's tears
As she counts the cost of the life that's lost
And twenty wasted years
He thinks he's smarter
Gone and made another, made another martyr

Hide your eyes
They're moving closer
But you know you're not allowed to look them in the face
Hide your eyes
Cos' you're the loser
Before you even start to run you've lost the race

He's working harder
Gotta make another, make another martyr

Hide your eyes
They're moving closer
But you know you're not allowed to look them in the face
Hide your eyes
Cos' you're the loser
Before you even start to run you've lost the race

Hide your eyes
They're moving closer
Hide your eyes
Cos' you're the loser