

Adam ant/marco pirroni  
Well I'm standing here looking at you  
What do I see?  
I'm looking straight through  
It's so sad  
When you're young  
To be told  
You're having fun

So unplug the jukebox  
And do us all a favor  
That music's lost its taste  
So try another flavor  
"Antmusic"

Well I'm standing here what do I see?  
A big nothing  
Threatening me  
It's so sad  
When you're young  
To be told  
You're having fun

Don't tread on an ant he's done nothing to you  
There might come a day  
When he's treading on you  
Don't tread on an ant you'll end up black and blue  
You cut off his head  
Legs come looking for you