

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