

# Marrying The Gunner's Daughter

Adam and the Ants

There was a boy, a frightened boy  
Grew up to be some kind of man  
Lived in a wood, tried to be good  
Unlike his bad old man  
Found a scheme, learned to dream  
Just to get through the days  
Before long he grew so strong  
He didn't care either way  
He wanted death, but his last breath  
They sentenced him to life  
Anarchy and girl's bodies  
Epiphany for life  
(Nice...dream)  
There was a man, a frightened man  
Grew up to be some kind of boy (nice)  
Ate scraps from people's laps  
Made dream reality  
He got to be a tough monkey  
And look them in the eye  
Death by fashion, strapped to a cannon  
So keep your powder dry  
Marrying the Gunner's Daughter  
You know me, I go too far  
Like a heifer to the slaughter  
Here he comes, the Blueblack Hussar  
Strapped to a gun ain't much fun  
But it's all that he had left  
Got a number one, just for fun  
Started playing Russian roulette  
He got to be a tough monkey  
So look them in the eye  
Death by fashion, strapped to a cannon  
So keep your powder dry  
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Nice dream  
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Hussar