

The Magnificent Five

Adam and the Ants

Long ago in London town
A man called Ant sat deeply sighing
He was wondering
Which side of the fence he was on
Prick up your ears...

Time went by and soon
The one was five young hombres
Burning fire
They were in no doubt
Which side of the fence they were on
Prick up your ears (mag-nificent five)...

He who writes in blood
Doesn't want to be read
He must be learned by heart
He's got to be learned by heart

They believed in sex and looking good
With their own brand of music
They weren't pandering
So which side of the fence
Are you on?