

Antmusic

Adam Ant

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, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, that music's lost its taste
So try another flavor
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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

So unplug the jukebox
And do us all a favor, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, that music's lost its taste
So try another flavor
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So unplug the jukebox
And do us all a favor, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, that music's lost its taste
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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

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