

## Man Called Marco

Adam Ant

You think that I'm made of money  
You've got something coming, honey  
This ain't no land of milk and honey  
My accountant thinks that's funny

Instead of trying to use your brains  
You sit 'round and suck my veins  
Your kind of rat belongs in drains  
You're gonna get around

You like all those big fancy cars  
Trendy people and their wine bars  
But your lying will leave its scars  
Get around, get on your horse

You think that I'm made of reddie's  
That makes me choke on my Shreddies  
I may smile and act so sunny  
But this boy is not your dummy