

Marrying The Gunner's Daughter

Adam Ant

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

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Nice dream
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Hussar