

## Scorpio Rising

Adam Ant

The Greek, the Gypsy, the Italian  
And the Pole, took a look around  
Chewed up the gauntlet, spat it out  
Raised them to the ground

Scorpio rising  
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Four young men, greasy hair  
Don't know zip  
Leather jackets, big packets  
Into it, into it

Knock 'em dead sweetie, then sock four  
My body cha-cha, and Orf  
Four young men on big bad bikes  
Ben Hur daddy argent!

Give me a flash of white white skin  
Above the stocking part  
Cool it with the jewels, appreciate  
The worlds greatest work of art

Four young men a-come through hot  
The last of the moccasins  
Don't sit around with their chi-chi friends  
And talk...