The Magnificent Five

Adam Ant

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, prick up your ears
Prick up your ears, 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
(Magnificent five)
Prick up your ears
(Magnificent five)
Prick up your ears
(Magnificent five)
Prick up your ears
(Magnificent five)
Prick up your ears
He who writes in blood
Don't want to be read
He who writes in blood
Don't want to be read
He who writes in blood
Don't want to be read
He who writes in blood
Don't want to be read
He must be learned by heart
He must be learned by heart
He must be learned by heart
He must 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?
(Magnificent five)
Prick up your ears
(Magnificent five)
Prick up your ears
(Magnificent five)

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(Magnificent five)
Prick up your ears
He who writes in blood
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(Magnificent five)
He must be learned by heart
(Magnificent five)
(Magnificent five)
Prick up your ears
(Magnificent five)
Prick up your ears
(Magnificent five)
Prick up your ears
...

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