

Punkyoungirl

Adam Ant

Punk young girl you're a piece of work
Designed to make a body hurt
Punk young girl, well what do you know
Got ourselves a new BardotPunk young girl needs a middle aged man
Whose midlife crisis you began
Punk young girl, such a work of art
Licensing each body partOoh, don't wanna go yet
Lift up your skirt, let me lick the alphabetPunk young girl needs a Terence Stamp
Perfect at swinging sixties vamp
Punk young girl in it for the craic
Pack all your best times lying on your backOh, Punky young girl what's under there
I hope to christ it's lingerie
If it goes wrong, don't you look at me
My brain don't carry responsibilityOoh, Punky young girl your state of mind
Men kneel down, in front of your behind
Punk young girl, in it for the craic
Our work is such an aphrodisiacOoh, don't want, don't wanna go yet
Lift up your skirt, lick the alphabetWe are, we are
We are what we wear
All the big names, don't have a clueShe said, she said...She said nothing tastes as good as skinny feels
She said nothing tastes as good
She said nothing tastes as good as skinny feels
She said nothing tastes as good
She said nothing tastes as good as skinny feels
She said nothing tastes as good
She said nothing tastes as good as skinny feels
She said nothing tastes as good as skinny feels
She said nothing tastes as good as skinny feels
She said nothing tastes as good, as good
She said nothing, she said nothing
She said nothing tastes, nothing, no no no nothing
As good

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