

Press Darlings

Adam and the Ants

We are guilty, we are beyond hope
We beg to differ, we are a terminal case
Press darlings, press darlings, press darlings
Press darlings, press darlings
We depress the press, darlings
We're on the outside, but we're not looking in
We are the Vaseline gang, we don't play your little games
Press darlings, press darlings, press darlings
Press darlings, press darlings
We depress the press, darlings
And if evil be the food of genius
There aren't many demons around
If passion ends in fashion
Nick Kent is the best-dressed man in town
Are we different? No
We are exactly the same
There are no boxes for us
The ones you love to hate, so read on
Press darlings, press darlings, press darlings
Press darlings, press darlings
We depress the press, darlings
And if evil be the food of genius
There aren't many demons around
If passion ends in fashion
Bushel is the best-dressed man in town
Press darlings, press darlings, press darlings
Press darlings, press darlings
We depress the
Press darlings, press darlings, press darlings
Press darlings, press darlings
We are the press, darlings
The press darlings, the press darlings
The press darlings, press darlings
Press darlings, press darlings
And I tell Fibbs

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