Press Darlings

Adam and the Ants

We are guilty, we are beyond hope
We beg to differ, we are a terminal casePress darlings, press darlings, press darlings
Press darlings, press darlings
We depress the press, darlingsWe're on the outside, but we're not looking in
We are the Vaseline gang, we don't play your little gamesPress darlings, press darlings, press darlings
Press darlings, press darlings
We depress the press, darlingsAnd 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 townAre we different? No
We are exactly the same
There are no boxes for us
The ones you love to hate, so read onPress darlings, press darlings, press darlings
Press darlings, press darlings
We depress the press, darlingsAnd 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 townPress darlings, press darlings, press darlings
Press darlings, press darlings
We depress thePress darlings, press darlings, press darlings
Press darlings, press darlings
We are the press, darlingsThe press darlings, the press darlings
The press darlings, the press darlings
The press darlings, the press darlings
The press darlings, the press darlings
The press darlings, the press darlings
The press darlings, press darlings
Press darlings, press darlingsAnd I tell Fibbs

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