

# Punkyoungirl

Adam and the Ants

Punky young girl you're a piece of work  
Designed to make a body hurt  
Punky young girl, well what do you know  
Got ourselves a new Bardot

Punky young girl needs a middle aged man  
Whose midlife crisis you began  
Punky young girl, such a work of art  
Licensing each body part

Ooh, don't wanna go yet  
Lift up your skirt, let me lick the alphabet

Punky young girl needs a Terence Stamp  
Perfect at swinging sixties vamp  
Punky young girl in it for the craic  
Pack all your best times lying on your back

Oh, 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 responsibility

Ooh, Punky young girl your state of mind  
Men kneel down, in front of your behind  
Punky young girl, in it for the craic  
Our work is such an aphrodisiac

Ooh, don't want, don't wanna go yet  
Lift up your skirt, lick the alphabet

We are, we are  
We are what we wear  
All the big names, don't have a clue

She said, she said

She said nothing tastes as good as skinny feels  
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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 good  
She said nothing, she said nothing  
She said nothing tastes, nothing, no no no nothing  
As good