

Scorpio Rising

Adam Ant

The Greek, the Gypsy, the Italian
And the Pole, took a look around
Chewed up the gauntlet, spat it out
Raised them to the ground

Scorpio rising
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Four young men, greasy hair
Don't know zip
Leather jackets, big packets
Into it, into it

Knock 'em dead sweetie, then sock four
My body cha-cha, and Orf
Four young men on big bad bikes
Ben Hur daddy argent!

Give me a flash of white white skin
Above the stocking part
Cool it with the jewels, appreciate
The worlds greatest work of art

Four young men a-come through hot
The last of the moccasins
Don't sit around with their chi-chi friends
And talk...