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## Cartrouble "Cartrouble"

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have you ever had a ride in a light blue car? have you ever stopped to think who's the slave and who's the master? have you ever had trouble with your automobile? have you ever had to push push push?

cartrouble

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you might have seen them very busy at the weekends licking and polishing the beepbeeps into shape and then its proudly up the M.1. M.2. M.3. and keep your feet off the upholstery Ronnie cartrouble oh yeah and remember this:you don't need anything after an icecream I used to sit at home silently and wonder why all the preference is polishing the chrome while all the mothers and the sisters and the babies sit and rot at home

cartrouble oh yeah and remember this you don't need anything after an icecream car carcar trouble car carcar trouble ...

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Kick Adam Ant

see a nation on its knees and its heritage dead See a nation needing 'Civilization' like a hole in the head

One Race! Today! One Chant! Kick

so now you're trying it on me but I'm aware of the plan to save the 'man' you have to kill the 'indian' by simply shaking his hand

One Race! Today! One Chant! Kick

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Digital Tenderness Adam Ant

why does this feeling of togetherness always scare me away? why do the feelings that I have for you have to become a word ?

don't say you "love" me-oh no don't ask that from me-oh no no

that alphabet you call love that alphabet you call love that alphabet you call love is just a digital tenderness tenderness

here is the start for so many broken people all with a hard luck story and a sad sad tale

don't say you love me-oh no don't ask that from me-oh no no

that alphabet you call love that alphabet you call love that alphabet you call love is just a digital tenderness tenderness

sometimes I need to be by myself I need to be by your side I need sometimes I need the company of art I ned the company of friends I need you

and my heart is stronger than a four-letter-long word

searching the eyes of so many broken people whose cowardice proved much too strong for vice don't say you "love" me ... oh no don't ask that from me no no no

that alphabet you call "love" that alphabet you call "love"

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Nine Plan Failed Adam Ant

after nine years in the army they took away his brain they tattooed "defect" on his brow and signed him up again

he killed ten thousand germans a hundred japanese a family of hindus and a lot of portugese nine plan failed

I could never see the point of showing them you're boss when they drag you through the city streets and nail you to a cross

they took him to the office they strapped him to the bed they fastened lots of pretty wires securely to his head they wheeled him down the corridor upon a metal trolley now he wears big spectacles and he sings like Buddy Holly nine plan failed

I could never see the point of showing them you're boss when they drag you through the city streets and nail you to a cross

the world declared its armistice and took away his guns and now he satisfies himself on piss-weak tea and buns on piss-weak tea and buns oh oh at the disco Rome is very pretty and Rome is very grand but the Pope lost his four fingers when they gave this boy his hand to kiss when they gave this boy his hand to kiss it wasn't funny no

he wasn't very good at school his highest grade was C but he believed the managers when they said:-"you leave it all to me" they gave him suits from Saville Row the quality so fine so now he sits in the desert wastes just waiting for a sign nine plan failed

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Family Of Noise Adam Ant

a lot of people in this great big-world say "love everybody" a lot of people busy busy busy busy busy being very modern

chorus:

but the family of noise is here and it's come to save everybody the family of noise is here and it's come to save you and me it goes:

the family of noise is here and it's come to save everybody the family of noise is here and it's come to save you and me

a lot of people in the ancient world they loved only quiet and then along came the machine and a new direction

the family of noise is here and it's come to save everybody the family of noise is here and it's come to save you and me it goes:

in the morning last thing at night in the darkness standing in the light

a lot of people in this great big world just searching for the "pure" sound they're just looking to the machine they don't listen to the noise

the family of noise is here and it's come to save you and me

-in Croydon

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Tabletalk Adam Ant

don't like your stare don't like the arm in the air your style is so brash and that silly moustache

it was, tabletalk

the evil I see sends bad vibrations through me and oh what a square with your diagonal hair

it was, tabletalk

I said to gilly 'how do you do tabletalk?' 'how do you do tabletalk?' and this is what she said; 'love love love love...'

the love of his life too close to become a wife and the death of this girl came close to saving the world

from his tabletalk

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Zerox Adam Ant

lock up your brain because I'm here again I'm never bored to steal your chords ooh-ooh Zerox Machine ooh-ooh Zerox Machine

give me a line or a middle eight I've got the best so I want the rest ooh-ooh Zerox Machine ooh-ooh Zerox Machine

lets get together before its too late collect up the ideas, duplicate filling up the forms, send them off tonight and you'll be the owner of the copyright of the copyright, of the copyright

time of the essence get your ears to the ground however else can the hits be found?

I may look happy, healthy and clean a dark brown c voice and suit pristine but behind the smile there is a Zerox Machine

I'm a Zerox Machine

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Cleopatra Adam Ant

Cleopatra did ten thousand in her lifetime now that a wide mouth Cleopatra gave a service with a smile she was a wide mouthed girl a wide mouthed girl

Cleopatra did a hundred(100) Roman Centurions

for after dinner mints Cleopatra used a suction oh so unheard of she was a wide mouthed girl a wide mouthed girl (believe it)

show me a bigger mouth what a weak distorted image Elizabeth and Richard gave you the screen of the wide mouthed girl wide mouthed girl

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Never Trust A Man (With Egg On His Face) Adam Ant

A man and a woman walking down the street with a son and a daughter it was oh so sweet when Mummy turned to Daddy and she said: 'my dear, write out your will the end is near' then she pulled out the gun I saw the sparks messed up the suit that he'd bought from Marks because

she'd heard the voices from Outer Space she'd heard the voices from Outer Space she'd heard the voices from Outer Space saying,'Never trust a man with egg on his face'

three months later Mrs B stands a smile on her face, blood on her hands the kiddies got scared and have run to bed the headlines in the papers said that: 'she was the victim of an awful plan. Announced through the mouthpiece of a little green man she'd heard the voices from Outer Space saying:

'never trust a man with egg on his face'

la-la

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Animals And Men Adam Ant uno, due, tre, quattro ... Marinetti Boccioni, Carra Balla Palasechi! Marinetti Boccioni, Carra Balla Palasechi! Futurist Manifesto! Futurist Manifesto!

war is the worlds lowly hygeine energy and fearlessness racing car the beauteous beast hurl defiance at the stars

Futurist Manifesto!

Voices of animals animals men! Voices of animals animals men!

noises obtained by percussion metal, wood on skin and bone voices of animals and men laugh, shout, scream and moan

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The Idea Adam Ant

I went to the zoo to look at the animals the first thing I saw was a wallfull of handclaps some wearing green hats and all sucking chocky bars so I went and looked at the three horned chameleon

the idea

he walked up and down just trying to get close to me a split little hand scratching at the glass I looked at the snakes and I looked at the crocodiles you'd better show me the man who made all of this

the idea

I could be religious if ... you didn't have to kneel down I could be religious if ... a god would say "hello" I could be religious if ... an angel touched my shoulder I could be religious if ... they set the hymns to disco (like this)

holy holy holy lord god almighty god in three persons beloved trinity

holy holy holy all the saints adore thee christ in three persons belovedtrinity

the idea

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Whip In My Valise Adam Ant

when I met you you were just sixteen pulling the wings off flies when an old lady got hit by a truck I saw the wicked gleam in your eyes your sadistic suits my masochistic and theres a whip in may valise on yeah

who taught you to torture? who taught ya? who taught ya? who taught ya? who taught ya?

describe the special punishment room over my garage, theres a whipping post, a vertical beam you have to be in charge I payed a packet for a new straight jacket and theres a whip in my valise oh yeah

you put my head into the stocks and then you went to choose a cane but hey your cat has got nine tails you like to leave me lame I can't thank her, my Sunday Spanker there's a whip in my valise oh yeah

who taught you to torture? who taught ya?

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