

Adam Ant

"Every Man Likes You"

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Some men like the horses
Some men like to drink
Some men like to scratch their chins and
Sit around and think
Some men like the pulpit
Some men like the pew
But every man, every man likes you

Some men like the money
Some men like the fame
Some men like little letters
Following their name
Different strokes for different blokes
Until you come in view
Cause every man, every man likes you

When we're walking down the street
You're turning every head
Girl your skirts are way too short
And your lipstick's way too red
I don't like it, but I love it
Tell me what's a boy to do
Cause every man, every man likes you

Some men like a red head
Some men like brunettes
Some are fond of a golden blonde
And some could not care less
That all goes out the window
When you walk into the room
Cause every man, every man likes you

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