

## **Adam Ant**

# **"Press Darlings"**

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Adam Ant

We are guilty, we are beyond hope  
We beg to differ, we are a terminal case  
Press darlings, press darlings, press darlings  
Press darlings, press darlings  
We depress the press, darlings

We're on the outside, but we're not looking in  
We are the vaseline gang, don't play your little games  
Press darlings, press darlings, press darlings  
Press darlings, press darlings  
We depress the press, darlings  
And if evil be the food of genius  
There aren't many demons around  
If passion ends in fashion  
Nick kent / bushell is the best-dressed man in town

Are we different? - no

We are exactly the same  
There are no boxes for us  
The ones you love to hate - so read on!

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