

Adam Ant

"Punkyongirl"

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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
She said nothing tastes as good
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
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

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