

Adam And The Ants "Scorpio Rising"

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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
Scorpio rising
Scorpio rising
Scorpio rising

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 world finest 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

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