

Adalruna

"The Magnificent Five"

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Long ago in London town
A man called Ant sat deeply sighing
He was wondering
Which side of the fence he was on

Prick up your ears, prick up your ears
Prick up your ears, prick up your ears

Time went by and soon
The one was five young hombres burning fire
They were in no doubt
Which side of the fence they were on

(Magnificent five)
Prick up your ears
(Magnificent five)
Prick up your ears

(Magnificent five)
Prick up your ears
(Magnificent five)
Prick up your ears

He who writes in blood
Don't want to be read
He who writes in blood
Don't want to be read

He who writes in blood
Don't want to be read
He who writes in blood
Don't want to be read

He must be learned by heart
He must be learned by heart
He must be learned by heart
He must be learned by heart

They believed in sex and looking good
With their own brand of music
They weren't pandering

So which side of the fence are you on?

(Magnificent five)

Prick up your ears

(Magnificent five)

Prick up your ears

(Magnificent five)

Prick up your ears

(Magnificent five)

Prick up your ears

He who writes in blood

Don't want to be read

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(Magnificent five)

He must be learned by heart

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He must be learned by heart

(Magnificent five)

He must be learned by heart

(Magnificent five)

(Magnificent five)

Prick up your ears

(Magnificent five)

Prick up your ears

(Magnificent five)

Prick up your ears

...

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