

Ant Adam "Vanity"

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Adam Ant/Marco Pirroni
I cannot speak of what I feel
And yet I feel so much
I know that woman's arms can heal me
Like an angel's touch
She says she likes the accent
She thinks it's so polite
I think she going to like it more
When we're alone tonight
She cannot speak of what she feels
And yet she feels so much
Except her lover's arms can heal her
Like an angel's touch
Money's money my little honey
A rich man's jokes are always funny
Build them walls but I'm coming through
Don't trouble trouble till it troubles you
Money's money my little honey
A rich man's jokes are always funny
Ring came off in heights of passion
Wear it now, and that's not fashion
You open up your heart heart behold
Another door slams shut
And tongues are not of steel
But take a look how deep they cut

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