

Bruce Lee

Adam Ant

Like to meet a panzer division
Rolling down the autobahn
Like the zones of heading escapers
Of the boom-boom seventies girls

There's something funny going on
I don't know what it is
There's something funny going on
Guess it's just showbizz

Bruce Lee
The fist and the pillow
Bruce Lee
The magical one
Took his body for a work of art
Bruce Lee
Number three son

Like a napalm party on the Mekong
For a number one good time
Like ticket for a ride to the other side
Tune in freak out get beaten

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The magical one
Took his body for a work of art
Bruce Lee
Number three son

Fists of iron, fists of steel
Too much too soon did you bite the spoon
Or rub them up the wrong way

Like the singer who fell from grace with the 'bizz
And turned into a punch bag
Like the samurai ducking the wires
Hiding his head with a fan

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