

Man Called Marco

Adam Ant

You think that I'm made of money
You've got something coming, honey
This ain't no land of milk and honey
My accountant thinks that's funny

Instead of trying to use your brains
You sit 'round and suck my veins
Your kind of rat belongs in drains
You're gonna get around

You like all those big fancy cars
Trendy people and their wine bars
But your lying will leave its scars
Get around, get on your horse

You think that I'm made of reddies
That makes me choke on my Shreddies
I may smile and act so sunny
But this boy is not your dummy