

Sex Pistols, The

"Johnny B. Goode / Roadrunner"

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Paul (?): We'll play Johnny B. Goode; he'll sing Through My Eyes.

Other voice: (???)

Paul (?): Tell John. Tell him.

Johnny: What?

Paul (?): Tell him. (???)

Other Voice: They wanna play Johnny B. Goode while you sing Through my eyes.

Johnny: God! Awright, then.

Paul(?): Ready? Go!

Johnny:

If you could see... oh God, fuck off...

Ayanlousiannayaya New Orleans

Awasabadababyanalittle key

Ayainananananana Johnny B. Goode

Agogogogogogo Johnny B. Goode

Agogo, go Johnny, gogogogogo

I don't know the words!

Gogogogogogogogogogogogyogyuh

Ayayayayastrah yayastrahyayaya

Ayayayayastrah andabanayaya

I wannawannabay, yayayaya

Let's gogo, ago Johnny gogogogo

Agogo, go go go go

gogogogogogogogogogogogogogogogo

Go, Johnny, go, go

Go! Johnny B. Goode

Ayayayayayayayayayagwuah

Oh, fuck, it's awful!

Hate songs like that!

The pits!

Eeeeeeyayayayay eeeee!

Eeyeah!

Brrrrrah!

Brrrrrayayayayay!

Uah!

'ey, I know, oi, oi, Steve -- Roadrunner!

Roadrunner!

Roadrun...!

Should we do roadrunner?

'ey, that's fuckin' awful -- stop it.

Stop it; it's fuckin' awful!
Aaah! Torture.
Duh ug duh duh duh duh mah eyah
I donno the words!
I donno'ow it starts; I've forgotten it!
Hold on; stop the segment. Stop. Stop. Stop. Stop.
Check out what how it starts. What's the first line?
Paul: One, two, three, four, five, six!
Johnny: Alright, can you start at the beginning, then?
Paul: Roadrunner, roadrunner, (???)
Johnny: I can't hear you, Paul.
Paul: Roadrunner, roadrunner, go...
Johnny:
Going faster miles an hour
Euhlalalalala
Awith the radio on
Aroadrunner, roadrunner
Aeuhmuh faster miles an hour
Oh, God, I don't know it...
I drove past the Stop 'n' Shop
And I wah by the Stop 'n' Shop
An' I flarala wahbah Stop Shop
Have the radio on
Have touch with the modern world
I fell in love with the modern world
Fell in love with (???)
Have the radio on
Roadrunner, roadrunner
Agoin' faster miles an hour
Felt in touch with with modern world
In love with the modern world
Alright, here we go now
Goin' twenty-eight watta power
It's all cold here in the dark
Fifty thousand watts of power
Agoin' faster miles an hour
Awith the radio on
Roadrunner, roadrunner
Oh, God, I don't know it
It's fuckin' ridiculous
Wish I had the words...
Roadrunner, roadrunner
Agoin' faster miles an hour
I felt in touch with the modern world
I fell in love with the modern world
Rockin' modern lover, modern sound, ana mosaround
Modern rockin' runner around, mosaround rockin'
modern runner in touch
An' a radio on
I got radio on
A roadrunner, roadrunner

Oh yeah er ah ee ah eh uh
Do we know any other fuckin' Beatles songs?
'Ey? Brrrrrrr!
'Ey? Do we know an...
'Ey? Do we know any other fucking songs that we can
do?
Do we know any other songs that we can do? I can't
think of any.

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