Sex Pistols, The ''New York''

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(J. Rotten, G. Matlock, S. Jones, P. Cook)
An imitation from New York
you're made in Japan from cheese and chalk
you're hippy tarts hero
cos you put on a bad show
oh don't it show

Still oh out on those pills Oh do you remember

You think it's swell playing Max's Kansas you're looking bored and you're acting flash with nothing in your gut you better

keep yer mouth shut you better keep yer mouth shut in a rut

Still oh out on those pills Oh do the sambo

Four years on you still look the same I think about time you changed your brain you're just a pile of shit . you're coming to this . ya poor little faggot You're sealed with a kiss Kiss me

Think it's swell playing in Japan
When everybody knows Japan is a dishpan
you're just a pile of shit
you're coming to this
you poor litle faggot
you're sealed with a kiss

Still out out on those pills cheap thrills Anadins Aspros anything You're condemned to eternal bull-shit You're sealed with a kiss Kiss me

A kiss a kiss you're sealed with a kiss A looking for a kiss you're coming to this

I wanna kiss You do just about anything oh kiss this Eh boy

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