

## Sex Pistols, The

### "Satellite"

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surburban kid and you got no name  
your too dumb baby and you got no brain  
i bet you're all so happy in surburbian dream  
but i'm only laughing  
you ain't in my scheme

baby  
i love you  
i love you  
i love you

i only ever listen when you're on the phone  
from your safety-restricted zone home  
when i got nothing better to do  
then there's always you  
you're good for my shoe

hey babe  
i love you  
i love you  
i love you

you look at me and you just can't tell  
you're looking like you just came outta hell  
acting like a dirty lavatory  
there ain't no bid for your chastity

hey baby  
i love you  
i love you  
i love you  
i'm in love  
i'm really in love

try and join the scene but you're too obscene  
you're looking like a big fat baked bean  
how did you figure that you'd be any use  
when all you're gonna get is my abuse

hey babe  
i love you

i love you  
i love you

you know i don't like where you come from  
it's just a satellite of london  
and when you look me i the eye  
i just remember i wanna die

hey babe  
i love you  
i love you  
i love you

i can't take no more just stop

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