

## Sex Pistols, The "Suburban Kid"

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Suburban kid, you got no name  
Too dumb, baby and you got no brain  
I bet you're all so happy in suburban dreams  
But I'm only laughin' 'cause you ain't in my scheme  
Hey babe, 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  
But when I got nothin' better to do  
Then there's always you 'cause you're good for  
my shoe  
Hey babe, I love you, I love you, I love you  
You try and join the scene but you're too obscene  
You're lookin' like a big, fat, pink, baked bean  
Lookin' like a dirty lavatory  
There ain't no bid for your chastity  
Hey babe, I love you, I love you, I love you  
I'm in love, yeah, yeah I'm in love, oh don't you  
feel that?  
You know I don't like where you come from  
It's just a satellite of London  
But when you look me in the eye  
Just remember that I wanna die  
Hey babe, I love you, I love you, I love you  
[Incomprehensible] but I just can't tell  
You're lookin' like you just came outta hell  
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  
I'm in love, I'm really in love, oh don't you feel it? I'm in  
love

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