

John Lydon

"Public Image"

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You never listen to a word that I said
You only seen me
For the clothes that I wear
Or did the interest go so much deeper
I must have been
The colour of my hair

CHORUS
Public image

What you wanted was never made clear
Behind the image was ignorance and fear
You hide behind this public machine
Still follow same old scheme

CHORUS

Two sides to every story
Somebody had to stop me
I'm not the same as when I began
I will not be treated as property

CHORUS

Public image you got what you wanted
Public image belongs to me
It's my entrance
My own creation
My grand finale
My goodbye

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