

John Lydon "Round"

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Round and around, around, around, round, round...(x3)

Well of course, we've always had it in us.

For a million years, sleeping halliotious.

Deaf ears provide perfect pure protection.

Round...

Mushrooms on the horizon. (x2)

You seem to say to say nothing can be something.

Ignorance now dominates the season.

Cruel fool, idiot and spastic.

Dutch courage talking like an ashtray.

Round...

Mushrooms on the horizon. (x2)

How many of you have seen a factory?

As the boss held high.

And the children die.

Don't lecture here.

Don't spit on my life.

Round...

Mushrooms on the horizon. (x2)

Round... (repeat to fade)

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