

Sex Pistols

"Dolls (New York) [Live]"

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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
You put on a bad show, oh don't it show

Still, out on those pills
Do you remember?

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 your mouth
shut
You better keep your mouth shut in a rut

Still, out on those pills
Do you remember?

Four years on you still look the same
I think it's 'bout time you changed your brain
You're just a pile of shit, you're coming to this
Poor little faggot, you're sealed with a kiss

Four years on you still look the same
I think it's 'bout time you changed your brain
You're just a pile of shit, you're coming to this
Poor little faggot, you're sealed with a kiss

Still, out on those pills
Thought you cahnged

Looking for a kiss
A kiss, a kiss you're looking for a kiss
Looking for a kiss, you're coming to this

Four years on you still look the same
I think it's 'bout time you changed your brain
A kiss, a kiss, looking for a kiss
Now, now, now

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