

Sex Pistols "New York"

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(J. Rotten, P. Cook, Jones, G. Matlock)

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
Oh don't it show

Still oh out on those pills
Oh do you remember

You 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 yer mouth shut you
Better keep yer mouth shut
In a rut
Still oh out on those pills
Oh do the sambo
Four years on you still look the same
I think about time
You changed your brain
You're just a pile of shit .
You're coming to this .
Ya poor little faggot
You're sealed with a kiss
Kiss me

Think it's swell playing in Japan
When everybody knows Japan is a dishpan
You're just a pile of shit
You're coming to this
You poor litle faggot
You're sealed with a kiss
Still out out on those pills
Cheap thrills
Anadins Aspros anything
You're condemned to eternal bull-shit
You're sealed with a kiss
Kiss me
A kiss a kiss

You're sealed with a kiss
A looking for a kiss
You're coming to this

I wanna kiss
You do just about anything
Oh kiss this
Eh boy

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