

## Public Image Limited

### "Same Old Story"

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Some people got: more kicks than halfpence  
and cry for attention, like cracks in the pavement  
And all of this pointed, like perfect TV  
When you're sowing the wind, you reap the whirlwind

CHORUS

Who gets the mansions-we get the ruins  
Same old story

Your flexible nature, serving no purpose  
Like a terrible artist, using no shadow  
And the king of the castle, is pulling new shapes  
Gilding the lilies, and all of them fakes

CHORUS

typical tragic, small house and small street  
Narrow the outlook, small minded complete  
The emperor's new clothes, get clearer and clearer  
Dictate to the fingers, that tighten the trigger

CHORUS

And the king of the castle is pulling new shapes  
Life is a poison, it begins at home  
Pride is a trinket, a security blanket  
You could tangle the spiders on the webs that we  
weave

CHORUS

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