

Public Image Limited

"Worry"

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Don't you worry
Worry no more
Your own holocaust to wallow in
Exaggeration in story telling
Merely a statistic in this latitude

Don't you worry
These words are like bullets
They go straight to my head
And I grow on greed, with the mother of invention

Don't you worry

These words are like bullets
They go straight to my head
The fruits of life
Gave me dysentery

These words are like bullets
They go straight to my head
Keep an ear to the ground
Only flesh is earthbound
Don't you worry no more
Worry no more

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