Public Image Ltd. "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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