

# Protex Blue

## The Clash

Standing in the bog of a west end bar  
Guy on the right leaning over too far  
Money in my pocket gonna put it in the slot  
Open up the pack see what type I got I didn't want to hold you  
I didn't want to use you  
Protex, protex blue  
All I want to do It's a fab protective for that type of a girl  
But everybody knows that she uses it well  
It's a therapeutic structure I can use at will  
But I don't think it fits my V.D. bill I didn't want to hold you  
I didn't want to use you  
Protex, protex blue  
All I want to do Protex, protex blue  
All I want to do Sitting in the carriage of a bakerloo  
Erotica my pocket, got a packet for you  
Advert on the escalator on my way home  
I don't need no skin flicks, I want to be alone I didn't want to hold you  
I didn't want to use you  
Protex, protex blue  
All I want to do, ooh, ooh, ooh Johnny, Johnny!

Lyrics provided by

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