

Sex On 45

Ex Pistols

Hey, hey
Remember that day
In 1976
(?) london town was boring
We (? ?) and dance
You're only 29
You gotta lot to learn
I'm a lazy sod
I'm a lazy sd
A no feelings
A no feelings
For anybody else
Except for my self
Turn the page and it's
The scoop of the century
Dont wanna be I seven I had enough of this
This is brainwash and this is a clue
To the stars who fooled you
There's no point in asking you'll get no reply
Oh just remember a don't decide
I got no reason it's too all much
You'll always find us out to lunch, out on lunch
Oh we're so pretty
Oh so pretty we're vacant
Oh we're so pretty
Oh so pretty we're vacant
Ah but now and we don't care

God save the queen
The fascist regime
They made you a moron
Potential h-bomb
When there's no future
How can there be sin
We're the flowers in the dustbin
We're the poison in your human machine
We're the future for you
I am an antichrist
I am an anarchist

Don't know what I want
But I know how to get it
I wanna destroy the passerby
'cause I wanna be anarchy

In the uk
No future no future
No future for you
No future no future
No future for me
No future no future
No future for you
No future no future
No future for you
No future no future for you
(* ? ? ? ? ?)

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