Satellite

Sex Pistols

Suburban kid, you got no name
Too dumb, baby and you got no brain
I bet you're all so happy in suburbian dreams
But I'm only laughin' 'cause you ain't in my scheme
Hey babe, I love you, I love you, I love you
I only ever listen when you're on the phone
From your safety, restricted zone home
But when I got nothin' better to do
Then there?s always you 'cause you're good for my shoe
Hey babe, I love you, I love you, I love you
You try and join the scene but you're too obscene
You?re lookin' like a big, fat, pink, baked bean
Lookin' like a dirty lavatory
There ain't no bid for your chastity
Hey babe, I love you, I love you, I love you
I?m in love, yeah, yeah I'm in love, oh don't you feel that?
You know I don't like where you come from
It's just a satellite of London
But when you look me in the eye
Just remember that I wanna die
Hey babe, I love you, I love you, I love you
[Incomprehensible] but I just can't tell
You?re lookin' like you just came outta hell
How did you figure that you'd be any use
When all you're gonna get is my abuse
Hey babe, I love you, I love you, I love you
I'm in love, I'm really in love, oh don't you feel it? I'm in love

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