

# Seventeen

## Sex Pistols

You're only twenty nine  
Gotta lot to learn,  
But when your mummy dies  
She will not return We like noise it's our choice  
It's what we want to do,  
We don't care about long hair  
I don't wear flares See my face not a trace  
No reality,  
Oh I don't work, I just paint  
That's all I need I'm a lazy sod  
I'm a lazy sod  
I'm a lazy sod  
I'm so lazy I'm a lazy sod  
I'm a lazy sod  
I'm a lazy sod  
I'm so lazy I can't even be bothered  
Lazy  
Lazy

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