

Stump (Danny Saber Mix)

John Lydon

You can never, ever make a difference
You will always, always be on the defence
Pride and race that don't make no sense
When you couldn't put sense in a sentence

Happy Days

You will condemn in me the things you love the most
Could you ever, ever see the thing right through

Happy days

Or take, maybe an individual point of view
And just what did you ever have to say?

When I look at you, I see sweet F.A!

Old happy days are here again

You will condemn in me, the things you

Love the most

You will condemn and roast the things you want the most
Happy days You could never find an answer inside a book

And this can only be true because you would never look

You can stand on you head and spout the rhetoric

But the only problem you have, is forensic

Happy days

You ignorant twat

You are too proud

You are too loud

And none of it originates from you

You will condemn and roast the things in me

You love the most

Happy days

Don't you love me

The things you love the most

Happy days

Don't you love me

Songwriters

LYDON, JOHN Published by

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