

New York (Lookin' for a Kiss)

Sex Pistols

An imitation from New York
You're made in Japan
From cheese and chalk
You're hippy tarts hero
'cos you put on bad show
Oh don't it show Still oh out on those pills
Oh do you remember Think it is well playing Max's kansas
You're looking bored
And you're acting flash
With nothing in your gut
You better keep yer mouth shut
You better keep yer mouth shut
In a rut
Still oh out on those pills
Do the sambo You four years on
You still look the same
I think about time
You changed your brain
You're just a pile of shit
You're coming to this
Ya poor little faggot
You're sealed with a kiss
Kiss me Think it's well playing in Japan
When everybody knows Japan is a dishpan
You're just a pile of shit
You're coming to this
Ya poor little faggot
You're sealed with a kiss
Still oh out on those pills
Cheap thrills anadins
Aspros anything you're condemned
To eternal bullshit
You're sealed with a kiss
Kiss me A kiss a kiss you're sealed with a kiss
A looking for a kiss you're coming to this
I wanna kiss anything
Oh kiss this gay boy

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