

# Armies

John Lydon

And every scene is seen as obscene  
The spoken word should never be heard  
And every nude is soon subdued  
And every thought should end in noughtAnd every scene is seen as obscene  
The spoken word should never be heard  
And every nude is soon subdued  
And every thought should end in noughtWe're pushing up daisies we're falling apart  
Their armies are marching we're playing the part  
The scissors are coming to cut out your heart  
The sensors are pointing before you can startThe armies are marching  
the sensors are coming  
An end or beginning  
Depend whose defending  
Depend on whose listening  
Depend on whose defending  
Depend on whose listening  
We're pushing up daisies we're falling apart  
Their armies are marching we're playing the part  
The scissors are coming to cut out your heart  
The sensors are pointing before you can start  
We're pushing up daisies we're falling apart  
Their armies are marching we're playing the part  
The scissors are coming to cut out your heart  
The sensors are pointing before you can start

Songwriters

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