

# Stump

## 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  
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.