

John

John Sinclair

Yeah when I go over yonder, I will see my mother
My sister and my father, but my brother is going to hell

Yeah they hung him from the gallows

As the sun turned red from yellow

And the crowd they heard him halting

And they sighed with much relief

The preacher asked him for any last words

My brother spit on to his clean shirt

And he smiled without redemption

And said this is one soul God don't need

Oh yes I loved him but I won't miss him

As he's burning and he's twisting

For his heartless dedication

To the devil and it's creed

Oh as a child we called him rotten

Till he was lonely and forgotten

And he revenged our constant jeering

Oh with his every word and deed

Oh yeah and for my contribution

Oh and the souls lack of retribution

I would ask the Lord's forgiveness on my very bended knee

Oh it's the tale of Johnny Rotten

Yeah who was lonely and forgotten

And it's the tale of my only brother

And it's the tale of one bad seed

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