

# New York (Looking 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 a bad show  
You put on a bad show, oh, don't it show Still out on those pills  
Oh, do you remember? Think it's swell playing Max's Kansas  
You're looking bored and you're acting flash  
With nothing in your gut you better keep your mouth shut  
You better keep your mouth shut, in a rut Still out on those pills  
Do the sambo You're four years on, you still look the same  
I think it's about time you changed you brain  
You're just a pile of shit, you're coming to this  
You poor little fagot  
You're sealed with a kiss  
Kiss me Think it's swell playing in Japan  
When everybody knows Japan is a dishpan  
You're just a pile of shit, you're coming to this  
You poor little fagot  
You're sealed with a kiss Still 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 You do just about anything  
Oh, kiss this  
Eh, boy

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