

Johnny B. Goode / Road Runner

Sex Pistols

Duh ug duh duh duh duh mah eyah
I donno the words!
I donno'ow it starts; I've forgotten it!
Hold on; stop the segment. Stop. Stop. Stop. Stop.
Check out what how it starts. What's the first line?
[Paul:] One, two, three, four, five, six!
[Johnny:] Alright, can you start at the beginning, here?
[Paul:] Roadrunner, roadrunner, it's not 'ard!
[Johnny:] I can't hear you, Paul.
[Paul:] Roadrunner, roadrunner, go...
[Johnny:] Going bout thousand miles an hour
Euhlalalalala
Awith the radio on
Aroadrunner, roadrunner
Aeuhmuh faster miles an hour
Oh, God, I don't know it...
I drove past the Stop 'n' Shop
And I wak by the Stop 'n' Shop
An' I flarala wahbah Stop Shop
Had the radio on
Have touch with the modern world
I fell in love with the modern world
Fell in love with (WTF)
Have the radio on

Roadrunner, roadrunner
Agoin' bout a thousand miles an hour
Felt in touch with with modern world
In love with the modern world
Alright, here we go now
Goin' twenty-eight miles an hour
It's all cold here in the dark
Fifty thousand watts of power
Agoin' bout a thousand miles an hour
Awith the radio on
Roadrunner, roadrunner
Oh, God, I don't know it
It's fuckin' ridiculous
Wish I had the words...

Roadrunner, roadrunner
Ago in' bout thousand miles an hour
I felt in touch with the modern world
I fell in love with the modern world
Rockin' modern lover, modern sound, ana mosaround
Modern rockin' runner around, mosaround rockin' modern runner in touch
An' a radio on
I got radio on
A roadrunner, roadrunner
Oh yeah er ah ee ah eh uh
Do we know any other fuckin' peoples songs?
'Ey? Brrrrrrr!
'Ey? Do we know an...
'Ey? Do we know any other fucking songs that we can do?

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