

New York

Sex Pistols

An imitation from New York
You're made in Japan from cheese and chalk
You're hippy tarts hero
'Cause 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 You 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 yer mouth shut you
You better keep yer mouth shut
In a rut Still out on those pills
Do the sambo Four years on you still look the same
I think about time
You changed your brain
You're just a pile of shit
You're coming to this
Ya poor little faggot
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 faggot
You're sealed with a kiss Still out on those pills
Cheap thrills
Anadins Aspros anything
You're condemned to eternal bull-shit
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 want to kiss
You do just about anything
Oh kiss this
Eh boy

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