Union

Neurotic Outsiders

Tell me mirror, mirror on the wall
Who's the sickest Sex Pistol of them all?

Is it Johnny Rotten? I don't know
I'd really like to ask him, but he drives me up the wall

Now take old Sidney Vicious, he's a clown
He'd turn his mother in for less than half a crown

But I wish I had a union
I wish I had a union

But I wish I had a union
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Now take my mate, old Cookie, he's off his head
Just give him his Daily Mirror and a pint of Whatney's red

Now here comes Stevie Jonesy, He's a slag
He loves to get his knob sucked wrapped in a Union Jack

But I wish I had a union
I wish I had a union
I wish I had a union
I wish I had a union

Never trust a hippie, they killed Bambi
We gave a little filth and fury for all your mugs to see
There's nothing like the real thing, so they say
Just like a creepy cockroach, we'll never fade away

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