John

Dream Police

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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