

I Wanna Be Me

Sex Pistols

Turn the page and its the scoop of the century
Don't wanna be L7, I had enough of this
This is brainwash and this is a clue
To the stars who fool you Tell me why you can't explain
You're only looking for vinyl
Yeah, didn't they fool you
They wanna be you Gimme world war three, we can live again
You didn't fool me, well, I fooled you
You wanna be me, yeah, you wanna be me
You wanna be someone, ruin someone Yeah, didn't I fool you
I ruined you
Yeah, didn't I fool you
I sussed you out I got you in the camera
And I got you in my camera
A second of your life
Ruined for life You wanna ruin me in your magazine
You wanna cover us in margarine
And now is the time
You got the time, to realize
To have real eyes Down, down, down, down
And I'll take you down on the underground
Down in the dark and down in the crypt
Down in the dark where the typewriter fit Down with your pen and pad
Ready to kill, to make me ill
Down, wanna be someone, wanna be someone
Need to be someone, you wanna be me Ruin me, a typewriter god
A black and white king, PVC
Blackboard books, Black and white
Wanna be me

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