

# The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle

## Sex Pistols

God save the Sex Pistols, they're a bunch of wholesome blokes  
They just like wearing filthy clothes and swapping filthy jokes  
God save television, keep the programs pure  
God save William Grundy from falling in manure  
Ronnie Biggs was doing time until he done a bunk  
Now he says he's seen the light and he sold his soul for punk  
God save Martin Boorman and Nazis on the run  
They wasn't being wicked, God, that was their idea of fun  
God save Myra Hindley, God save Ian Brady  
Even though he's horrible and she ain't what you call a lady  
Ronnie Biggs was doing time until he done a bunk  
Now he says he's seen the light and he sold his soul for punk  
Ronnie Biggs was doing time until he done a bunk  
Now he says he's seen the light and he sold his soul for punk  
God save politicians, God save our friends, the pigs  
God save Idi Amin and God save Ronald Biggs  
God save all us sinners, God save your blackest sheep  
God save the good Samaritan and God save the worthless creep  
Ronnie Biggs was doing time until he done a bunk  
Now he says he's seen the light and he sold his soul for punk  
Ronnie Biggs was doing time until he done a bunk  
Now he says he's seen the light and he sold his soul  
He sold his soul, he sold his own soul, soul for punk

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>