

# John

## Inge Thomson

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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