

# 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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