

Seattle

John Lydon

Don't like the look of this old town
What goes up must come down
Character
Is lost and found
On unfamiliar playing ground

Get out of my
World
What in the world

Shoeboxed around the rifle range
Have all
Your functions rearranged
Your mind and body gagged and bound
On a new
Familiar playing ground
The ordinary will ignore
Whatever they cannot
Explain
As if - nothing ever happened
And everything remained the same
Again

What in the world
What in the world
What in the world
Get
Out of my world
Get out of my world
Get out of my world
Get up, get
Out, get out of my world
Get up, get out, get out of my world
Get up, get
Out, get out of my world
Get up, get out, get out of my world
Get up, get
Out, get out of my world
Get up, get out, get out of my world
Get up, get
Out, get out of my world
Get up, get out, get out of my world
Open your
Mouth now

Secret signs and knowing looks
These sunny days will cook
The books
Happy to take the misery
This mortal life can bring to
Me
Don't like the look of this town
What goes up must come
Down
Character is lost and found on unfamiliar playing ground
What

In the world
What in the world
What in the world
What in, get out, get
Out, get out of my world
What in the world
Palaces, palaces, barricades,
Barricades, threats, threats, meet promises, meet promises
Palaces, palaces,
Barricades, barricades, threats, threats, meet promises, meet
Promises
Palaces, palaces, barricades, barricades, threats, threats, meet
Promises, meet promises
Palaces, palaces, barricades, barricades, threats,
Threats, meet promises, meet promises
Palaces, palaces, barricades,
Barricades, threats, threats, meet promises, meet promises
Palaces, palaces,
Barricades, barricades, threats, threats, meet promises, meet
Promises
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