

Stump

John Lydon

You can never, ever make a difference
You will always, always be on the defence
Pride and race that don't make no sense
When you couldn't put sense in a sentence
Happy Days
You will condemn in me the things you love the most
Could you ever, ever see the thing right through
Happy days
Or take, maybe an individual point of view
And just what did you ever have to say?
When I look at you, I see sweet F.A!
Old happy days are here again
You will condemn in me, the things you
Love the most
You will condemn and roast the things you want the most
Happy days

You could never find an answer inside a book
And this can only be true because you would never look
You can stand on you head and spout the rhetoric
But the only problem you have, is forensic
Happy days
You ignorant twat
You are too proud
You are too loud
And none of it originates from you
You will condemn and roast the things in me
You love the most
Happy days
Don't you love me
The things you love the most
Happy days
Don't you love me