

Public Image Limited, Banging The Door

Hallo.

What do you want

You're irritating, go away, its not my fault

That you're lonely.

Just look around

I think you'll find that everyone has the same problem

This is not a real home

The walls are so thin, the neighbours listen in

Keep the noise down, they're complaining

Humiliated, you were born and bred

Humble to the spoon fed

Why worry now, you're not dead yet

You've got a whole lifetime to correct it

You're wasting

Admiring hating

This lot are not happy heroes

Just better actors

A hundred and one dilations

And fifty seven varieties

Outside with the empties

Keep banging the door

Keep banging the door

Keep banging the door

I won't answer the phone

I won't answer the door

Reptilians

I won't let you in

If he knew we were here, I'm sure he'd let us in

I won't let you in

Alright, stop Nick

This is not a real home

The walls are so think

The neighbours listen in
Keep the noise down
They're complaining
I won't let you in
If he knew we were here, I'm sure he'd let us in
I won't let you in
I won't let you in
Won't let you in
If he knew we were here, I'm sure he'd let us in
I won't let you in
If he knew we were here, I'm sure he'd let us in
Keep banging the door
Keep banging the door
Keep banging the door
I won't answer the phone, I won't answer the door
Keep banging the door