

Public Image Limited, Same Old Story

Some people got: more kicks than halfpence
And cry for attention, like cracks in the pavement
And all of this pointed, like perfect TV
When you're sowing the wind, you reap the whirlwind

CHORUS

Who gets the mansions - we get the ruins
Same old story
Your flexible nature, serving no purpose
Like a terrible artist, using no shadow
And the king of the castle, is pulling new shapes
Gilding the lilies, and all of them fakes

CHORUS

Typical tragic, small house and small street
Narrow the outlook, small minded complete
The emperor's new clothes, get clearer and clearer
Dictate to the fingers, that tighten the trigger

CHORUS

And the king of the castle is pulling new shapes
Life is a poison, it begins at home
Pride is a trinket, a security blanket
You could tangle the spiders on the webs that we weave

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