

Sex Pistols, Einmal War Belson Bortrefflich

Belson was a gas I heard the other day
In the open graves where the jews all lay
Life is fun
I wish you were here
They wrote on postcards to those held here
Oh dear
Sergeant majors on the march
Wash their bodies in the starch
See them all die one by one
Guess it's dead guess it's glad
So bad
Belson was a gas I heard the other day

In the open graves where the jews all lay
Life is fun
I wish you were here
They wrote on postcards to those held here
Oh dear
Be a man
Kill a man
Be someone
Kill someone
Be a man
Kill yourself