

Same Old Story

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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

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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

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

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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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