

Serve Yourself

John Lennon

You say you found Jesus Christ;
He's the only one.
You say you've found Buddha,
Sittin' in the sun.
You say you found Mohammed,
Facin' to the East.
You say you found Krishna,
Dancin' in the streets.

Well there's somethin' missing in this God Almighty stew,
And it's your mother, (your mother, don't forget your mother, lad.)
You got to serve yourself,
Ain't nobody gonna do it for you.
You got to serve yourself,
Ain't nobody gonna do it for you.

Well you may believe in devils, and you may believe in lords,
But if you don't go out and serve yourself, lad, ain't no room service here.
It's still the same old story,
A bloody Holy War,
A fight for love and glory.
Ain't gonna study war no more.
A fight for God and country.

We're gonna set you free,
We'll put you back in the Stone Age,
If you won't be like me, get it?
You got to serve yourself,
Ain't nobody gonna do for you.
You got to serve yourself,
Ain't nobody gonna do for you.

Well you may believe in devils, and you may believe in lords,
But Christ, you're gonna have to serve yourself, and that's all there is to
it.
So get right back here; it's in the bloody fridge. God, when I was a kid,
Didn't have stuff like this; TV-fuckin' dinners and all that crap.
You fuckin' kids are all the fuckin' same! Want a fuckin' car now
Lucky to have a pair of shoes!

You tell me you found Jesus Christ,
Well that's great, and he's the only one.
You say you just found Buddha,
Sittin' on his ass, in the sun.
You say you found Mohammed,
Kneeling on a bloody carpet, facin' the East.
You say you found Krishna,
With a bald head, dancin' in the street.
(Well, Christ, now you're being heard.)

You got to serve yourself,
Ain't nobody gonna do for you.
You got to serve yourself,
Ain't nobody gonna do for you.
(That's right, lad, you better get that straight into your fuckin' head.)
You got to serve yourself. (You know that; who else is gonna do it for you?)

It ain't me I tell you that.)

Well, you may believe in Jesus, and you may believe in Marx,
And you may believe in Marks and Spencer's, and you may believe in bloody

Woolworths,

But there's something missing in this whole bloody stew.
And it's your mother; your poor, bloody, mother. (She worked for you in the
Back bedroom, full of piss, and shit, and fuckin' midwives. God, you can't
Forget that awful moment, you know. You should have been in the bloody
War, lad, and you would know all about it. Well, I'll tell you something...)

It's still the same old story.

A Holy, bloody, War, you know, with the Pope and all that stuff.

A fight for love and glory.

Ain't gonna study no more war.

A fight for God and country, and the Queen, and all that.

We're gonna set you free;

Bomb you back into the fuckin' Stone Age

If you won't be like me, you know, get down on your knees and pray.

Well there's somethin' missing in this God Almighty stew,

And it's your goddamn mother you dirty little git, now.

Get in there and wash yer ears!