

Armies

John Lydon

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The spoken word should never be heard
And every nude soon subdued
Every thought end in nought

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And every nude soon subdued
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We're pushing up daises, we're falling apart
Their armies are marching, we're playing the part
The censors are coming to cut at your heart
The censors are pointing before you can start

And every scene is seen as obscene
The spoken word should never be heard
And every nude soon subdued
And every thought should end in nought

Their armies are marching, the censors are coming
A little beginning, depend who's defending
Depend on who's listening
Depend who's defending
Depend on whose listening