

Bad Life

John Lydon

Call me up after midnight.
Tell me I'm wrong, tell me I'm right.
What do you want, what do I get?
Did you just need the argument?
Well, bad life.
Cockroach city, lucky for some.
Richest island in the sun.
That's life.

Name of the game, it's competition.
Top of the pile, net demolition.

This is what you want.
This is what you get.
Bad, bad, bad, bad, bad life.
Bad life.

Now, this machine is on the move.
Now, looking out for number one.
The open road and getting gasoline.
Well, bad life. bad, bad, bad life.
(missing lyrics for this line)
Well, that's life! (well, that's life.)

Call me up after midnight.
Tell me I'm wrong, tell me I'm right.
What do you want, what do I get?
Did you just need the argument?
Well, bad life.

Bad life.

Bad

(bad life.)
Bad life.

Now, looking out for number one.
The open road, getting gasoline.
(missing lyrics for this line)

Well, that's life.
Bad life.

Now, looking out for number one.
The open road, getting gasoline.
(missing lyrics for this line)

Well, that's life.
Bad, bad, bad life.
(missing lyrics for this line)

Well, that's life.
Well, that's life.
(that's life)

This is what you want.

This is what you get.
This is what you want.
This is what you get.