

Sun

John Lydon

Sit in the sun, let nature take me
Lucky for some that nature hates me
I miss the car park, I miss the concrete
I miss the city, I miss the rain and sleet

I want my climate, I want remote control
Plenty of water in every single hole
I'm never happy with what surrounds me
I like the choices
(In the sun, in the sun)
The idiot dance, let me dance, let me dance

I'm never happy with what surrounds me
We're pulling apart at the seams
It's never as good as the dream
I like the chorus and postcard scenery

We're falling apart at the seam
We're falling apart at the seam
(In the sun, in the sun)
The idiot dance, let me dance, let me dance

I'm never happy with what surrounds me
I like the choices and all the scenery
I want my climate, I want remote control
Plenty of water, in every single hole
(In the sun, in the sun)
The idiot dance, let me dance, let me dance
In the sun,
Good natured