Seattle

Public Image Ltd.

Don't like the look of this old town What goes up must come down Character is lost and found On unfamiliar playing ground

Get out of My World What in the world

Shoe boxed around the rifle range Have all your functions rearranged Your mind and body gagged and bound On a new familiar playing ground The ordinary will ignore Whatever they cannot explain As if nothing ever happened And everything remained the same again

What in the world What in the world What in the world Get out of my world Get out of my world Get out of my world

Open your mouth now

Secret sirens and knowing looks these sunny days will cook the books Happy to take the misery This mortal life can bring to me Don't like the look of this old town What goes up must come down Character is lost and found On unfamiliar playing ground

What in the world What in the world What in the world What in, get out, get out Get out of my world What in the world

Palaces, barricades, threats meet promises