

Johnny B Goode

Sex Pistols

We'll play Johnny B. Goode; he'll sing Through My Eyes.

Tell John. Tell him.

What?

Tell him. He can't hear me in here

They wanna play Johnny B. Goode while you sing Through my eyes.

God! Awright, then.

Ready? Go!

If you could see... oh God, fuck off...

Ayanlousiannayaya New Orleans

Awasabadababyanalittle key

Ayainanananananana Johnny B. Goode

Agogogogogogo Johnny B. Goode

Agogo, go Johnny, gogogogogo

I don't know the words!

Gogogogogogogogogogogogyogyuh

Ayayayayastrah yayastrahyayaya

Ayayayayastrah andabanayaya

I wannawannabay, yayayaya

Let's gogo, ago Johnny gogogogo

Agogo, go go go go gogogogogogogogogogogogogogogo

Go, Johnny, go, go

Go! Johnny B. Goode

Ayayayayayayayayayayagwuah

Oh, fuck, it's awful!

Hate songs like that!

The pits!

Eeeeeeyayayayay eeeee!

Eeyeah!

Brrrrrah!

Brrrrrayayayayay!

Uah!

'ey, I know, oi, oi, Steve -- Roadrunner!

Roadrunner!

Roadrun...!

Should we do roadrunner?

'ey, that's fuckin' awful -- stop it.

Stop it; it's fuckin' awful!

Aaah! Torture.