

Ballad of Sid

U.S. Bombs

Dirty invitation is a rotten vacation
Dole heights chelsea hotel dive
Born sick in a spoon shouted out
I'm the last of the true

Sidney, John Beverly, Simon Ritche
Zillion miles away, did it my way yesterday

Then everyone started using you
Just because they were jelouse of you
Now there throwin' tomatoes at you
You're the last of the true.

Sidney, John Beverly, Simon Ritche
Zillion miles away, did it my way yesterday

Sidney, John Beverly, Simon Ritche
Zillion miles away, did it my way yesterday

Sidney, Sidney, Sidney, Sidney

Zillion miles away
Zillion miles away