THE GREAT ROCK 'N' ROLL SWINDLE

Sex Pistols
SEX PISTOLS

The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle

Do it yourself

Anarchy is the key

I wanna be ME

Lonely Boy

No one is innocent

Wanna Be ME

Lonely Boy

No one is innocent
ANARCHY
IN THE U.K.

Right! now ha, ha, (etc.)

I am an an-ti-Christ
don't
know what I want but I know how to get it.
An-ar-chy for the U. K.
com-ing some-time and may be
give a wrong time stop a traf-fi-c line.
Ma-ny ways to get what you want
I use the best I use the rest
e-ne-my.

3 times

© Copyright 1978 by Glitterbest Limited and Glen Matlock.
All rights administered by Warner Bros. Music Limited, 17 Berners Street, London W1P 3DD.
All rights reserved.
I wanna destroy the passer by 'cos
future dream is a shopping scheme 'cause
I use anarchy 'cause want wanna
be anarchy,

F Em Dm C

1 2 3 times

No dogs - body
It's in the city
Guitar solo

C G C Dm7(+9) Em7(+9)

D.S.

3. How

Dm7(+9) G
It's the only way to be

Guitar solo

3 times

Is this the M. P. L. A. or
is this the U. D. A. or
is this the I. R. A. thought it was the

C                     F Em C

U. K. or just an

G

other coun
try

F Em Dm C
Another council tenancy.

I wanna be an anarchist (get)

(Oh what a name) And troy.

C
Einmal war Belsen Vortrefflich

WORDS and MUSIC by
JOHNNY ROTTEN
PAUL COOK
STEVEN JONES and
SID Vicious

(n.c.)

(Drum)

G
C
D
G

1. Belsen was a gas

heard the other day in the open graves where the Jews all lay

life is fun and I wish you were here... they wrote on postcards...

© Copyright 1979 by Glitterbest Limited.
All rights administered by Warner Bros. Music Limited, 17 Berners Street, London W1P 3DD.
All rights reserved.
Verse 2: Sergeant-majors on the march, wash the bodies in their starch,
See them all die one by one, is this dead, isn't glad,
So bad.

Verse: (Repeat Verse 1) + Be a man.

Instrumental verse + ad lib. vocals + be a man.
Bel-sen was a gas.

be a man._
kill some-one._
kill your-self._
be a man._

be some-one._
kill some-one._
be a man._
k ill your-self._
Okay, This time for real.
Belsen vos a gasser...

1. Bel-sen was a gas I heard the oth-er day
2. Dent-ists search their teeth for gold

in the o-pen graves where the Jews all lay
frisk the Jews for bank-notes rolled
desire life when they found out

wish you were there they wrote on post-cards to
got them up and shoot the lot...
CHORUS

Verse: (Sax solo)

Verse: (Sax solo Instrumental)

Chorus: (ad lib. vocals)

Verse 3: Wonder what the Jews would say
If I told them where Boorman
Was Today, would they start a
Vendetta, you’d better ask Ernie
Ledbetter.

Chorus: Ledbetter, Ledbetter,
Ledbetter (x2)

Chorus: (ad lib vocals)
1. There's un-lim-it-ed sup-ply and there is no rea-son why
2. Too ma-ny people had the sus-s too-ma-ny peo-ple sup-port us
3. And you thought that we were fak-ing that we were all just mon-ey mak-ing
4. Don't judge a book just by the cov-er un-less you cov-er just an-oth-er
5. Un-lim-it-ed ed-it-ion with an un-lim-it-ed sup-ply

I tell you it was all a frame
An un-lim-it-ed a-mount
You do not be-lieve we're for real
And blind ac-cept-ance is a sign
That was the on-ly rea-son
they on-ly did it 'cos of fame —Who?
too ma-ny out-lets in and out —Who?
or you would lose your cheap ap-peal? (D.S.)
of stu-pid fools who stand in line like_
we all had to say good-bye (to Coda)
E. M. I.

And sir and friends are crucified

a day they wished that we had died

We are an addition

we are ruled by none
CODA

Un-lim-it-ed sup-ply E. M. I. there is no rea-son
I tell you it was all a frame E. M. I. they only did it 'cos of
I do not need the pres-sure E. M. I. I can't stand the use-less


Hal-lo E. M. I. good-bye A & M.

4 times
Friggin' in the Riggin'

Traditional: arranged by STEVEN JONES

(Spoken)
Ahoy scurvy's listen to this then

on the good ship Venus
by (2) Captain of this lugger he
was a dirty bugger he
fig-ure head was a whore in bed and the

mast was a rampant penis. 2. The one place to an-other.
Frig-gin' in the rig-gin'

frig-gin' in the rig-gin' frig-gin' in the rig-gin' there was fuck all else to do.

(CHORUS)

© Copyright 1979 by Glitterbest Limited.
All rights administered by Warner Bros. Music Limited, 17 Berners Street, London W1P 3DD.
All rights reserved.
Verse 3: (The) Captain's name was Morgan, by Christ he was a gorgon
Ten times a day sweet tunes he'd play
On his fuckin' organ.

Verse 4: The first mate's name was Cooper, by Christ he was a trooper
He jerked and jerked until he worked himself into a stupor.

Chorus: (Repeat)

Instrumental: Hold on, give us some bollocks, bollocks.
(Chord: C)

Verse 5: The second mate was Andy, by Christ he had a dandy
Till they crushed his cock on a jagged rock, for coming
In the brandy.

Verse 6: The cabin boy was Chipper, he was a fuckin' nipper,
He stuffed his ass with broken glass and circumcised the skipper.

CHORUS: (Repeat)

F

(ad lib. vocals)

G

F

(Repeat)

[KEY: D]

Verse 7: The Captain's wife was Mabel, to fuck she wasn't able,
So the dirty shits they nailed her tits
Across the bar-room table.

Verse 8: The Captain had a daughter, who fell in deep sea water.
Delighted squeals revealed that eels had
Found her sexual quarter.

Chorus: Repeat
I wanna Be ME

1. Turn the page... and... it's scoop of the centu-ry don't wanna be L. Seven I had enough of this. This is brain wash and this is a clue...

to the stars... who fooled you. Tell me why... you... can't explain you're

© Copyright 1979 by Glitterbest Ltd. and Glen Matlock.
All rights administered by Warner Bros. Music Limited, 17 Berners Street, London W1P 3DD.
All rights reserved.
Verse: Gimme World War Three, we can live again, you didn't fool me,
But I fooled you, you wanna be me, yeah you wanna be me,
You wanna be someone, ruin someone, yeah, didn't I
Fool you, I ruined you, yeah, didn't I fool you, I
Sussed you out.

Verse: I got you in the camera and I got you in my camera
A second of your life, ruined for life,
You wanna ruin me in your magazine, you wanna cover
Us in margarine, and now is the time, you got the time
To realise, to have real eyes. Now...

(Tacet)

Verse: Down, down, down, down and I'll take you down on the underground,
Down in the dark and down in the crypt, down in the dark where
The typewriter fit. Down with your pen and pad,
Ready to kill, to make me ill, down, wanna be someone,
Wanna be someone, make it as someone, you wanna be me,
Ruin me, a typewriter god, a black and white king
P. V. C. blackboard books,
Black and white
I wanna be me,
LONELY BOY

I'm left in misery
I need her tender touch
a girl I love's gone
oh I need it
cross the sea,
on so much
I'm all alone
I can't forget
oh I'm so
cross the sea,
on so much
I'm all alone
I can't forget
oh I'm so

Mandy was her name
where she's gone I
sleeping was her
game
She didn't
I wanna get her

© Copyright 1979 by Glitterbest Limited.
All rights administered by Warner Bros. Music Limited, 17 Berners Street, London W1P 3DD.
All rights reserved.
care about me  
back to me  

oh God  
but I think she's  
can't you see  
tired of me  

CHORUS

I'm a lonely boy  
I'm a lonely boy  

I'm a lonely boy  
I'm a lonely boy  

I'm a lonely boy.
Repeat Chorus

Verse: Oh my darlin’, can’t you see,
That you’re the one that means so much to me,
I know I need your tender touch,
I can’t wait to feel your crutch,
What a crutch! I can’t wait to
Fuck it.

Repeat Chorus
NO ONE IS INNOCENT

(A PUNK PRAYER BY RONALD BIGGS)

WORDS and MUSIC by
STEVEN JONES and
RONALD BIGGS

Medium rock

F

Bb

Dm

Gm

Bb

F

Bb

(1) God save the Sex Pistols,
They're a bunch of whole-some blokes.
Nazis on the run.

(2) God save Martin Bormann,
They just like wear-ing
Fil-thy cloth-es and swap-ping fil-thy jokes.
Wick-ed, God that was their i-dea of fun.

Copyright 1978 by Guitarmen Limited
All rights administered by Warner Bros. Music Limited, 17 Berners Street, London W1 7BG.
All rights reserved.
God save television,
keep the programmes
pure,
Brady,

God save William Grundy
even though he's horrible and she

CHORUS
falling in manure,
ain't what you call a lady,

Ronnie Biggs was
doing time until he done a bunk,
Now he says he's seen the light and sold his soul for punk.

seen the light and he's sold his soul, he's sold his soul, he's sold his own soul for punk.

3. God save politicians,  
   God save our friends the pigs,  
   God save Idi Amin,  
   And God save Ronald Biggs.

   God save all us sinners,  
   God save your blackest sheep,  
   God save the good samaritan.  
   And God save the worthless creep.
SILLY THING

To Coda

1. What you see you can't get

2. Trouble here trouble there,

nothing's free nothing's set don't be fooled

people stop just to stare what's the use of

by the signs don't read in between the lines

wasting time just move on leave 'em all behind.

© Copyright 1979 by Glitterbest Limited.
All rights administered by Warner Bros. Music Limited, 17 Berners Street, London W1P 3DD.
All rights reserved.
What you gonna say
what you gonna do

and now you've missed out
once again,

but I thought you knew.

Oh

CHORUS

you silly thing
you really gone and done it now
Oh you silly thing
really gone and done it now

Oh you silly thing
nothing but trouble

that you bring
one of these days you're gonna die
and
people will say oh my oh my and people will say oh my my my my.

\[\text{CODA}\]

\[\text{Instrumental}\]

\[\text{Repeat Coda}\]

Photocopying this music is illegal and is expressly forbidden by the Copyright Act 1956.
filthy luc - re aids no - thing new_ but we all get cash from cha - os, the

CHORUS
time is right to do it now_ the great - est rock - 'n-roll swindle._ The

time is right to do it now,
1. People said we couldn't play. They called us foul-mouthed yobs.
but the only notes that really count are the ones that come in wads.

2. They all drowned when the air turned blue 'cos we didn't give a toss.
Verse 3: E.M.I. said you’re out of hand  
And they gave us the boot,  
But they couldn’t sack us, just like that  
Without giving us the loot.

Verse 4: Thank you kindly A & M.  
They said we were out of bounds  
But that ain’t bad for two weeks work, and  
75,000 pounds.

Chorus: (Repeat x2)

Verse 5: I just wanna play with my hand  
Are you good enough for me  
Hiya boys I’m the chosen one  
Can’t you fuckin’ see.

Verse 6: I’m a jealous god and I want everything  
And I love you with a knife  
I’ll take you, if you’re ready for me  
And I’ll give you my life.

Chorus: (Repeat) Lead Vocal Over:  
The time is right for looking special  
The greatest rock 'n' roll star  
The time is right for me, now!

END

I kill rock 'n roll
(ad lib. vocals over)

rock 'n roll!

(etc.)
Who Killed Bambi

1. Gentle pretty thing who only had one spring

you bravely faced the world ready for anything I'm happy that you lived

© Copyright 1979 by Warner Bros. Music Limited, 17 Berners Street, London W1P 3DD. All rights reserved.
for your life is mine, what have I except to cry spirit never die

birds of the air beasts of the earth

overjoyed at Bambi's birth they gambolled in the glade.

CHORUS

Who killed Bambi? Who killed Bambi? Who killed Bambi?
Verse 2  Murder murder murder  Someone should be angry  The crime of the century  Who shot little Bambi  Never trust a hippie  'Cause I love punky Bambi  I'll kill to find the killer  In that rotten roll army  All the spikey punkers  Believers in the ruins  With one big shout  They all cry out  Who killed Bambi?

Chorus  (Repeat)
WE ARE THE SEX PISTOLS.