

## VICIOUS

*MUSIC: 'MY WAY' SUNG BY FRANK SINATRA (Instrumental into "Yes, it was my...")*

*SOUND EFFECT: EXPLOSION, BREAKING GLASS, SOUND OF SOMETHING FALLING HEAVILY DOWN STAIRS PUNCTUATED BY DIFFERENT VOICES SAYING "Sid, Sid, Sid...."*

**Nancy Spungen:** *Sid? Sid!*

*MUSIC: 'RISING THERMAL 14 16' N; 32 28' E' BY BRIAN ENO & JOHN HASSELL PLAYS UNDERNEATH:*

**American radio news report:** ...the Chelsea Hotel on West 23<sup>rd</sup> St... In room 100 Sid Vicious was sitting on the bed near his picture... in the bathroom was the 20 year old American girl he had lived with for two years. Nancy Spungen has been stabbed to death

**Second American radio news report:** Sid Vicious will not have to stand trial for the murder of a girlfriend at the Chelsea Hotel. Sid is no longer Vicious, he's dead

*MUSIC: 'RISING THERMAL' CONTINUES MIXED WITH 'FOREPLAY' BY SID VICIOUS (breathing and grunting sounds)*

**Uptight British man:** My personal view on punk rock is that it's nauseating, disgusting, degrading, ghastly, sleazy, prurient, voyeuristic and generally nauseating. I think that just about covers it as far as I'm concerned. Um I think most of these groups would be vastly improved by sudden death.

*MUSIC: SID VICIOUS PLAYING BASS LIVE*

**Sid:** Who needs the fucking UK? It's a load of fucking shit... Got a lot of wax in my ears today... People have been calling us Punks like since we were 15, you know what I mean like we've looked like this ever since then, like we haven't jumped on any bandwagon.

**Other band member:** We don't plan a year ahead let alone 5 years

**Sid:** We don't even plan for tomorrow, Christ!

**Other band member:** The only reason why we ever got where we have is not through fault

**Sid:** Are we guna rehearse tomorr'a... Get lost Mum, I hate your guts!... Grown-ups are people who have become redundant... The difference between us and them is

we don't care... I'm gonna be dead before I'm anywhere near that age... You see, being, you you don't necessarily a, grown up, you can be grown up at any age you know what I mean? Like there are 16 year old who are grown up, like we will never grow up we're just a bunch of kids you know what I mean? And we always will be kids. That's what we're...that's, that's like why we will never change, we won't change

*MUSIC: 'MY WAY' SUNG LIVE BY SID VICIOUS*

**Sid:** [loud belch] Wanna hear 'My Way' arseholes?

**Audience:** You are a poser!

LYRICS:

And now, the end is near,  
It's time to face the final curtain  
You cunt, I'm not a queer,  
I'll state my case of which I'm certain  
I've lived a life that's full  
And travelled each and every highway  
But more, much more than this,  
I did it my way.

Regrets, I've had a few,  
But then again, too few to mention.  
I did, what I had to do,  
And saw it through,  
Without exemption  
I planned each chartered course,  
Each careful step along the highway  
And more, much more than this,  
I did it my way.

There were times, I'm sure you knew,  
When there was fuck, fuck all else to do,  
But through it all, when there was doubt,  
I shot it up, I kicked it out,  
I faced the wall,  
And did it my way.

I've laughed and been a snide,  
I've had my fill, my share of losing,  
And now the tears subside,  
I find it all so amusing,

To think, I killed a cat,  
And may I say, not in a gay way,  
Oh no, oh no not me,  
I did it my way.

For what is a prat, what has he got,  
When he wears hats and he cannot,  
Say the things he truly feels,  
But only the words of one who kneels,  
The record shows, I fucked a bloke,  
And did it my way.