

Seven Year Scratch

Madness

Buster, he sold the heat with a rock-steady beat

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey you, don't watch that, watch this

Whoa, what?

Two pots of gold

And I'm sailing across the sea to see my Uncle Sam, Sam, Sam, Sam, Sam, Sam

Sailing across the sea to be with my Uncle Sam, Sam, Sam, Sam, Sam, Sam

Sailing across the sea to see my Uncle Sam

I am sailing across the sea to be with my Uncle Sam, Sam, Sam, Sam, Sam, Sam

"Good morning miss"

"Can I help you son?"

"Sixteen today and up for fun"

"I'm a big boy now or so they say so if you'll serve me I'll be on my way"

"Box of balloons, with the feather-light touch"

"Pack of party poppers, that pop in the night"

A toothbrush and hairspray, plastic grin

Mrs Clay on the corner has just walked in

Welcome to the house of fun now I've come of age

Welcome to the house of fun

Welcome to the lion's den, temptation's on it's way

Welcome to the house of...

Naughty boys in nasty schools, headmasters breaking all the rules

Having fun and playing fools, smashing up the woodwork tools

All the teachers in the pub, passing 'round the ready-rub

Trying not to think of when the lunch-time bell will ring again

Oh what fun we had but did it really turn out bad

All I learnt at school was how to bend not break the rules

Oh what fun we had but at the time it seemed so bad

Trying different ways to make a difference to the days

Baggy trousers, baggy trousers, baggy trousers

Baggy trousers, baggy trousers, baggy trousers

One step beyond

Waiter

Our house, in the middle of our street

Our house, in the middle of our street

Blue train taking me from you

Take time for your pleasure and laugh with love

Take the hand of another and sing for the wings of a dove

Whoa, whoa, for the wings of a dove

Whoa, whoa, for the wings of a...

My girl's mad at me, I didn't wanna see the film tonight

I found it hard to say, she thought I'd had enough of her

I tell you I didn't do it, 'cause I wasn't there

Don't blame me, it just isn't fair

You listen to their side now listen to mine
Can't think of a story, sure you'll find me sometime
Now pass the blame and don't blame me
Just close your eyes and count to three (One two three)
Then I'll be gone and you'll forget
The broken window, TV set

Received a letter just the other day
Don't seem they wanna know you no more
They've laid it down given you their score
Within the first two lines it bluntly read
"You're not to come and see us no more
Keep away from our door, don't come 'round here no more
What on Earth did you do that for?"

My name is Michael Caine
What?
My name is Michael Caine

In the morning I awake
My arms, my legs, my body aches
The sky outside is wet and grey
So begins another weary day
So begins another weary day

Tomorrow's just another day, just another day, just another day
Tomorrow's just another day

I think we got it there, don't you?
It must get better in the long run, has to get better in the long run

I think we got it there, don't you?