

7 & 3 Is The Striker's Name

Paul Weller

7 & 3 Is The Striker's Name by Paul Weller
little prick, you're crossing every line
The winds of change and the sands of time
7 & 3 is the striker's name
Washing his hands as he walks away

Come on, come on
The sky has arrived
Wings are clipped
But we still might fly away

Come on, come on
The sky has arrived
Wings are clipped
But we still might fly away

Curse my master, and his slaves
And his soldiers too
Curse those fuckers, in their castle
They're all bastards too

Keep me stable, I may be fine
I don't want to fuck it up this time
She loves me tender, she loves me strong
We're star-cross'd lovers and we sing this song

Come on, come on
The sky has arrived
Wings are clipped
But we still might fly away

Come on, come on
The sky has arrived
Wings are clipped
But we still might fly away

Curse my master, and his slaves
And his soldiers too
Curse those fuckers, in their castle
They're all bastards too

Riding in the night like a thief, although
Not too skinny and not too bold
7 & 3 is the striker's name
Washing his hands as he walks away

She loves me tender and she loves me strong
We're star-cross'd lovers and we sing this song
Here goes...