

I Walk on Gilded Splinters

Paul Weller

Some people think they jive me
But I know they must be crazy
Don't see their misfortune
I guess they're just too lazy

Je suis le grand zombie
My yellow belt of chosen
Ain't afraid of no tomcat
Fill my brains with poison

Walk through the fire
Fly through the smoke
See my enemy
At the end of their rope

Walk on pins and needles
See what they can do
Walk on gilded splinters
With the King of the Zulu

Walk to me, get it, come, come
Walk on gilded splinters
Walk to me, get it, come, come
Walk on gilded splinters

Till I burn up
Till I burn up
Till I burn up
Till I burn up

I roll out my coffin
Drink poison in my chalice
Pride begins to fade
And you all feel my malice

Put gris-gris on your doorstep
And soon you be in the gutter
Melt your heart like butter
And I can make you stutter

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