

Seven Days

Rory Gallagher

Seven days of thunder,
Eight days of rain.
The feeling that I'm under,
Is like a ball and chain.
Like a ball and chain.
Like a ball and chain.
Like a ball and chain.
Just round the corner,
I know a store.
Gonna trade in my razor,
And buy a 44.
And I'll come knocking,
Knocking door to door.
The feeling in my head is like,
All-out-war.
All-out-war.
Third World War.

And if they catch me,
Put me in the chair.
You can sit beside me,
There's plenty room to spare.
You are the reason I am in this fix,
Will you pray for me.
When they throw that switch,
Throw that switch.

This time they'll lock me,
Up for sure.
Throw away the key,
When they slam the door.

City to city, town to town,
Seven day's of running.
Will they track me down,
Will they track me down.
On the ground..yeah....