

7 & 3 Is the Striker's Name

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 starcross'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 starcross'd lovers and we sing this song
Here goes

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