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 awayCome on, come on
The sky has arrived
Wings are clipped
But we still might fly awayCome on, come on
The sky has arrived
Wings are clipped
But we still might fly awayCurse my master and his slaves
And his soldiers too
Curse those fuckers, in their castle
They're all bastards tooKeep 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 songCome on, come on
The sky has arrived
Wings are clipped
But we still might fly awayCome on, come on
The sky has arrived
Wings are clipped
But we still might fly awayCurse my master and his slaves
And his soldiers too
Curse those fuckers, in their castle
They're all bastards tooRiding 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 awayShe loves me tender and she loves me strong
We're starcross'd lovers and we sing this song
Here goes

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