

7 & 3 Is the Strikers Name

[Paul Weller](#)

7 & 3 Is The Striker's Name by Paul Weller
riddle 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...

Songwriters

WELLER, PAUL JOHN / DINE, SIMON
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