

The Magnificent Seven

The Clash

Ring
Ring
It's seven A.M.
Move why'self to go again
Cold water in the face
Brings you back to this awful place
Knuckle merchants and you bankers, too
Must get up an' learn those rules
Weather man and the crazy chief
One says sun and one says sleet
A.M., the F.M. the P.M. too
Churning out that boogaloo
Gets you up and gets you out
But how long can you keep it up?
Gimme Honda, Gimme Sony
So cheap and real phony
Hong Kong dollars and Indian cents
English pounds and Eskimo pence You lot
What?
Don't stop
Give it all you got
You lot
What?
Don't stop
Yeah Working for a rise, better my station
Take my baby to sophistication
She's seen the ads, she thinks it's nice
Better work hard I seen the price
Never mind that it's time for the bus
We got to work an' you're one of us
Clocks go slow in a place of work
Minutes drag and the hours jerk When can I tell 'em wot I do?
In a second, man, o right Chuck Wave bub-bub-bub-bye to the boss
It's our profit, it's his loss
But anyway lunch bells ring
Take one hour and do your thang
Cheesesboiger What do we have for entertainment?
Cops kickin' Gypsies on the pavement
Now the news - snap to attention!

The lunar landing of the dentist convention
Italian mobster shoots a lobster
Seafood restaurant gets out of hand
A car in the fridge
Or a fridge in the car?
Like cowboys do in T.V. land You lot
What?
Don't stop
Huh? So get back to work an' sweat some more
The sun will sink an' we'll get out the door
It's no good for man to work in cages
Hits the town, he drinks his wages
You're frettin', you're sweatin'
But did you notice you ain't gettin'?
Don't you ever stop long enough to start?
To take your car outta that gear
Don't you ever stop long enough to start?
To get your car outta that gear
Karlo Marx and Fredrich Engels
Came to the checkout at the seven eleven
Marx was skint - but he had sense
Engels lent him the necessary pence What have we got?
Yeh-o, magnificence Luther King and Mahatma Gandhi
Went to the park to check on the game
But they was murdered by the other team
Who went on to win fifty-nil
You can be true, you can be false
You be given the same reward
Socrates and Milhous Nixon
Both went the same way - through the kitchen
Plato the Greek or Rin Tin Tin
Who's more famous to the billion millions?
News Flash: Vacuum Cleaner Sucks Up Budgie
Ooh
Bub-bye Magnificence

Songwriters

STRUMMER, JOE / JONES, MICK / HEADON, TOPPER Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>