The Magnificent Seven

The Clash

The magnificent sevenRing, ring, it's 7:00 A.M.
Move yourself to go again
Cold water in the face
Brings you back to this awful placeKnuckle merchants and your bankers too
Must get up and learn those rules
Weather man and the crazy chief
One says sun and one says sleetA.M., the F.M. the P.M. too
Churnin' out that boogaloo
Gets you up and it gets you out
But how long can you keep it up?Gimme Honda, gimme Sony
So cheap and real phony
Hong Kong dollar, Indian cents
English pounds and Eskimo penceYou lot, what?
Don't stop, give it all you got
You lot, what?
Don't stop, yeahYou lot, what?
Don't stop, give it all you got
You lot, what?
Don't stop, yeahWorking for a rise, better my station
Take my baby to sophistication
Seen the ads, she thinks it's nice
Better work hard, I seen the priceNever mind that it's time for the bus
We got to work and you're one of us
Clocks go slow in a place of work
Minutes drag and the hours jerkYeah, wave bye, bye
(When can I tell 'em what I do?)
(In a second, maan, alright Chuck)Wave bub-bub-bub-bye to the boss
It's our profit, it's his loss
But anyway the lunch bells ring
Take one hour, do your thang
CheeesboigerWhat do we have for entertainment?
Cops kickin' gypsies on the pavement
Now the news has snapped to attention
Lunar landing of the dentist conventionItalian mobster shoots a lobster
Seafood restaurant gets out of hand
A car in the fridge, a fridge in the car
Like cowboys do in TV landYou lot, what?
Don't stop, give it all you got
You lot, what?

Don't stop, huhYou lot, what?
Don't stop, give it all you got, yeah
You lot, what?
Don't stopSo get back to work and sweat some more
The sun will sink and we'll get out the door
It's no good for man to work in cages
Hit the town, he drinks his wagesYou're frettin', you're sweatin'
But did you notice, you ain't gettin'
You're frettin', you're sweatin'
But did you notice, not gettin' anywhereDon't you ever stop, a long enough to start
Take your car outta that gear
Don't you ever stop, long enough to start
Get your car outta that gearKarlo Marx and Frederick Engels
Came to the checkout at the seven on eleven
Marx was skint but he had sense
Engels lent him the necessary penceWhat have we got? Yeah, ooh
What have we got? Yeah, ooh
What have we got? Magnificence
What have we got?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-nilYou can be true, you can be false
You'll be given the same reward
Socrates and Milhous Nixon
Both went the same way through the kitchenPlato the Greek or Rin Tin Tin
Who's more famous to the billion millions?
News flash, 'Vacuum cleaner sucks up budgie'
Ooh, bye-bye, bub-bye

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/