

# The Magnificent Seven

## Queen's Own Highlanders

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, huh  
You 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 wages  
You'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' anywhere  
Don'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 gear  
Karlo 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 pence  
What 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-nil  
You 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 kitchen  
Plato 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

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