

# The Magnificent Seven

## Queen's Own Highlanders

The magnificent seven  
Ring, ring, it's 7:00 A.M.  
Move yourself to go again  
Cold water in the face  
Brings you back to this awful place  
Knuckle merchants and your bankers too  
Must get up and 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  
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 pence  
You lot, what?  
Don't stop, give it all you got  
You lot, what?  
Don't stop, yeah  
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  
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 and you're one of us  
Clocks go slow in a place of work  
Minutes drag and the hours jerk  
Yeah, 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  
Cheesboiger  
What do we have for entertainment?  
Cops kickin' gypsies on the pavement  
Now the news has snapped to attention  
Lunar landing of the dentist convention  
Italian 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 land  
You 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 stop So 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

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>