

# Seven Minutes to Midnight

## Pete Wylie & The Mighty WAH!

Seven minutes to midnight and Iâ€™m crawling out my shell  
Seven minutes to midnight and itâ€™s hell  
Seven minutes to analyse, my instinct must be quick  
Seven minutes to midnight, I feel sick

You canâ€™t justify it, not a word  
I donâ€™t believe a thing Iâ€™ve heard  
You canâ€™t justify it with your twisted facts  
Only the coming of the axe

Seven minutes to midnight (seven minutes to midnight)  
Seven minutes to midnight (seven minutes to midnight)  
Seven minutes to midnight and Iâ€™m hungry and Iâ€™m cold  
Seven minutes to midnight (seven minutes to midnight)  
Seven minutes to midnight (seven minutes to midnight)  
Seven minutes to midnight, why so old

I was speechless of looking and it clashes with my views  
Seven minutes to midnight, whatâ€™s the use  
Iâ€™ve got a problem of balance, now there is no right or wrong  
Seven minutes to midnight, thatâ€™s so wrong

You canâ€™t justify it, not a word  
I donâ€™t believe the things Iâ€™ve heard  
You canâ€™t justify it with your twisted facts  
Only the coming of the axe, the axe

Seven minutes to midnight (seven minutes to midnight)  
Seven minutes to midnight (seven minutes to midnight)  
Seven minutes to midnight and Iâ€™m hungry and Iâ€™m cold  
Seven minutes to midnight (seven minutes to midnight)  
Seven minutes to midnight (seven minutes to midnight)  
Seven minutes to midnight, why so old?  
Iâ€™m so old

Lyrics Submitted by Commander Kakapo

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