Throwing Sevens

Mark King

Tormented to destruction by your own success
Compounded when you realise your shallowness
You couldn't get arrested everything's a mess
A curious situation that needs some redressThere's no crime in being a trier
There's no crime in being too small
I don't wanna wee in your fire
There's no crime in being at allThere's no sense in being a liar
It's time that you fell on your swordCome on baby, do it in the oven
It's time to turn the gas on
Come on baby, throw your body over
Count up to three and then jumpYou blew it, you knew it
The bubble has burst
There ain't nobody left to put the blame onCome on baby throw the number seven
I wanna get back homeI wanna climb out of the mire
I wanna come in from the storm
I don't wanna be a livewire
I don't wanna be here at allThere's no sense in being a liar
The fact is I'm totally boredCome on baby, do it in the oven
It's time to turn the gas on
Come on baby, throw your body over
Count up to three and then jumpYou blew it, you knew it
The bubble has burst
There ain't nobody left to put the blame onCome on baby throw the number seven
I wanna get back homeWhen your body hits the floor
All that pain will be no more
Complete the circle left undone
By looking after number oneSee the role that you fulfil
Spoilt child of overkill
How could you have had so much
And not recognise the blessingHow sweet to be
With peace of mind
Don't you see
I'm begging you please

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