Seven years

Lucky Fonz III

Taking on seven years the holy ghost had left alone
Test my arms, kick like crazy
And I've been trying way to long
Only if he could push his way off to fight you
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm not sure
Getting off my chest
The story ends

I would find a way without you
(tell him his eyes see too clear)
That mistake was gold
I know that without you
Its something that I could never do
That was why staple the eyes and
Seven dates for me to sell machines
And tear on

Seven years you assured me
That Id be fine if I complied
Only push the way off to fight you
I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm not sure
Getting my chest the story now ends
I would find a way without you
(tell him his eyes see too clear)

Don't treat me I'm to blame
Don't treat me like I ever accused you

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