

The Magnificent Seven

Billy Strange

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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