

7 Seconds Of Love "Danger Of Death"

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Sitting in a pub on a Thursday night
The beer is flowing fast
I see a man in a danger suit
Stumbling as he walks past

Me and my friends don't know what to do
Around this dangerous presence
He stumbles forth and drops a big black bag
Approach and offer assistance

He says
Whatcha doing?
Whatcha doing, sonny?
Whatcha doing?
Whatcha doing, sonny?
Whatcha doing?
Whatcha doing, sonny?
Whatcha doing, son!

Don't touch the bag
Danger of death
Don't touch the bag
Danger of death

I was surprised, didn't know what to do
It was just a helpful action
I was shaken and quite taken aback
By this over-reaction

Napalm or germ-warfare or a nuclear bomb?

How could this be so important?
I go back to my laughing friends
Happy in their entertainment

You know, he said

Whatcha doing?
Whatcha doing, sonny?
Whatcha doing?
Whatcha doing, sonny?
Whatcha doing?

Whatcha doing, sonny?
Whatcha doing, son!

Don't touch the bag
Danger of death
Don't touch the bag
Danger of death

Listen, son, why can't you see?
This thing is nothing, just let it be
This is bigger than you and me
Think of national security

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