

## **Paul Weller "7 & 3 Is The Striker's Name"**

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Little prick, you're crossing every line  
The winds of change and the sands of time  
7 & 3 is the striker's name  
Washing his hands as he walks away

Come on, come on  
The sky has arrived  
Wings are clipped  
But we still might fly away

Come on, come on  
The sky has arrived  
Wings are clipped  
But we still might fly away

Curse my master and his slaves  
And his soldiers too  
Curse those fuckers, in their castle  
They're all bastards too

Keep me stable, I may be fine  
I don't want to fuck it up this time  
She loves me tender, she loves me strong  
We're starcross'd lovers and we sing this song

Come on, come on  
The sky has arrived  
Wings are clipped  
But we still might fly away

Come on, come on  
The sky has arrived  
Wings are clipped  
But we still might fly away

Curse my master and his slaves  
And his soldiers too  
Curse those fuckers, in their castle  
They're all bastards too

Riding in the night like a thief, although  
Not too skinny and not too bold

7 & 3 is the striker's name  
Washing his hands as he walks away

She loves me tender and she loves me strong  
We're starcross'd lovers and we sing this song  
Here goes

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