

# Autonomadic, Seven

When I was six years old  
Teacher told me I was slow  
&quot;You must learn to count to ten --  
You can't just stop at seven.&quot;

But seven scabie Grahams  
And seven Gevar lambs  
And seven kits with seven cats  
And seven dwarves in seven hats

When I go to work  
The numbers make my head hurt  
My boss says, &quot;A dozen even.&quot;  
I say &quot;No! It must be seven!&quot;

'Cause seven sister stars  
And seven Argives sparred  
And seven streets with seven dials  
And seven horns and seven eyes

I get home from work again  
Flip to Channel Seven  
The girl pulls the balls from the bin  
The next six -- all sevens!

Yeah, seven autumn flowers  
And seven bidding bauers  
And seven champions kneel  
And seven colored wheels

And seven bloody stones  
And seven kings of Rome  
And seven deadly plagues  
And seven floating kegs

The bodies seven lie