

Paul Weller, I Walk On Guilded Splinters

Some people think they jive me
But I know they must be crazy
They don't see dey misfortune
Or else they just a little too lazy

J'suis the Grand Zombie
My yellow belt of choison
I Ain't afraid of no tom cat
That fill my brains with poison

I Walk thru the fire
An I Fly thru the smoke
I wanna see my enemies
At the end of my rope

I Walk on pins and needles
An I See what they can do
I Walk on gilded splinters
With the king of the Zulu

Singing
Come to me giddi come come
Walk on gildid splinters
Come to me giddi come come
Walk on gildid splinters

Till I burn up , Till I burn Up, Till I burn up.

I'm walking to my coffin
Drink poison in my chalice
Pride begins to fade
And y'all will feel my malice

Put gris gris on your doorstep
Soon you'll be in the gutter
I can melt your heart like butter
A-a-and I can make you stutter

Singing
Come to me giddi come come
Walk on gildid splinters
Come to me giddi come come
Walk on gildid splinters

Till I burn up , Till I burn Up, Till I burn up.