

Mark King, Throwing Sevens

Tormented to destruction by your own success
Compounded when you realise your shallowness
You couldn't get arrested everything's a mess
A curious situation that needs some redress

There's no crime in being a trier
There's no crime in being too small
I don't wanna wee in your fire
There's no crime in being at all

There's no sense in being a liar
It's time that you fell on your sword

Come on baby, do it in the oven
It's time to turn the gas on
Come on baby, throw your body over
Count up to three and then jump

You blew it, you knew it
The bubble has burst
There ain't nobody left to put the blame on

Come on baby throw the number seven
I wanna get back home

I wanna climb out of the mire
I wanna come in from the storm
I don't wanna be a livewire
I don't wanna be here at all

There's no sense in being a liar
The fact is I'm totally bored

Come on baby, do it in the oven
It's time to turn the gas on
Come on baby, throw your body over
Count up to three and then jump

You blew it, you knew it
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When your body hits the floor
All that pain will be no more
Complete the circle left undone
By looking after number one

See the role that you fulfil
Spoilt child of overkill
How could you have had so much
And not recognise the blessing

How sweet to be
With peace of mind
Don't you see
I'm begging you please