

# Paul Weller, Walk On Gilded Splinters By Dr. Jo

I Walk On Gilded Splinters  
(Mac Rebennack, a.k.a. Dr. John Creaux)

Some people think they jive me  
But I know they must be crazy  
Don't see dey misfortune  
Guess they just too lazy

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

Walk thru the fire  
Fly thru the smoke  
See my enemy  
At the end of dey rope

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

Kon kon, the kiddy kon kon  
Walk on gilded splinters  
Kon kon, the kiddy kon kon  
Walk on gilded splinters

'Ti Alberta ('ti Alberta)  
'Ti Alberta ('ti Alberta)  
'Ti Alberta ('ti Alberta)  
'Ti Alberta ('ti Alberta)

Roll outta my coffin  
Drink poison in my chalice  
Pride begins to fade  
And y'all 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

Kon kon, the kiddy kon kon  
Walk on gilded splinters  
Kon kon, the kiddy kon kon  
Walk on gilded splinters

'Ti Alberta ('ti Alberta)  
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