

Lyrics: The Magnificent Seven By The Clash

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The magnificent seven
Ring! Ring! It's 7 A.M.!
Move y'self to go again
Cold water in the face
Brings you back to this awful place
Knuckle merchants and you bankers, too
Must get up an' learn those rules
Weather man and the crazy chief
One says sun and one says sleet
A.M. and the F.M. the P.M. too
Churning out that boogaloo
Gets you up and gets you out
But how long can you keep it up?
Gimme Honda gimme Sony
So cheap and real phony
Hong Kong dollars Indian cents
English pounds and Eskimo pence
You lot! What?
Don't stop! Give it all you got!
You lot! What?
Don't stop! Yeah!
You lot! What?
Don't stop! Give it all you got!
You lot! What?
Don't stop! Yeah!
Working for a rise better my station
And take my baby to sophistication
Seen the ads, she thinks it's nice
Better work hard I seen the price
Never mind that it's time for the bus
We got to work an' you're one of us
Clocks go slow in a place of work
Minutes drag and the hours jerk
Yeah wave bye-bye
[Spoken:]
"When can I tell 'em wot I do?
In a second, maaan..."

oright Chuck!"

Wave buh-buh-buh-bye to the boss

It's our profit, it's his loss

But anyway the lunch bells ring

Take one hour do your thanng!

Cheeesboiger!

What do we have for entertainment?

Cops kicking Gypsies on the pavement

Now the news has snapped to attention!

Lunar landing of the dentist convention

Italian mobster shoots a lobster

Seafood restaurant gets out of hand

Car in the fridge

Or fridge in the car?

Like cowboys do in T.V. land

You lot! What? Don't stop give it all you got

You lot! What? Don't stop. Huh?

You lot! What? Don't stop give it all you got

You lot! What? Don't stop.

So get back to work and sweat some more

The sun will sink and we'll get out the door

It's no good for man to work in cages

Hit the town he drinks his wages

You're fretting you're sweating

But did you notice you ain't getting?

You're fretting you're sweating

But did you notice you not getting anywhere?

Don't you ever stop long enough to start?

To take your car outta that gear

Don't you ever stop long enough to start?

To get your car outta that gear

Karlo Marx and Fredrich Engels

Came to the checkout at the 7-11

Marx was skint but he had sense

Engels lent him the necessary pence

What have we got? Yeh-o

What have we got? Yeh-o

What have we got? magnificence!

(Spoken) I say

What have we got?

Luther King and Mahatma Gandhi

Went to the park to check on the game

They was murdered by the other team
Who went on to win 50-nil
You can be true, you can be false
You be given the same reward
Socrates and Milhous Nixon
Both went the same way through the kitchen
Plato the Greek or Rin Tin Tin
Who's more famous to the billion millions?
News Flash: Vacuum Cleaner Sucks Up Budgie
Oooohh oww... buh-bye
Buh bu
Magnificence!
FUCKING LONG, INNIT?

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