

# Throwing Sevens

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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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Come on baby throw the number seven  
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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