

# I Walk on Gilded Splinters

Paul Weller

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

Je suie le grand zombie  
My yellow belt of chosen  
Ain't afraid of no tomcat  
Fill my brains with poison

Walk through the fire  
Fly through the smoke  
See my enemy  
At the end of their rope

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

Walk to me, get it, come, come  
Walk on gilded splinters  
Walk to me, get it, come, come  
Walk on gilded splinters

Till I burn up  
Till I burn up  
Till I burn up  
Till I burn up

I roll out my coffin  
Drink poison in my chalice  
Pride begins to fade  
And you all feel my malice

Put gris-gris on your doorstep  
And soon you be in the gutter  
Melt your heart like butter  
And I can make you stutter

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