

King Of Trash

Gavin Friday

Hey! Sugar Sugar, my sweet honey pie
Baby let me tell ya about the teenage lie
Your lips will be kissed, stories will be told
Just remember 'sick sick' all that glitters is gold.

He's calling now, he's calling...
And the song that he sang, meant everything
"King of Trash"

Me. I'm not young. Me, I'm not old
The revolution failed, so I've been told take me to the
Moon,
Me, I'd like that. I'm no prune.

He's calling now, he's calling...
And the song that he sang, meant everything
"King of Trash"

So pretty children it's time for bed
Keep-a-dreamin' dreamy dreams
What dies aint dead

"The King is dead his coffin a shiny black
Six Angels they hang-out at his back,
Two to sing, two to pray, two to carry his soul away...

He's calling now, he's calling...
And the song that he sang, meant everything
And the song that you sing, don't mean anything
And the song, the song that I sing,
Means everything
"King of Trash"
"The King of Trash"