

The Courtesy of Kings

John Mellencamp

I knew this colorful woman once
She drank and had a roving eye
In the morning she was always mournful
She'd cry and apologize
But she'd always repeat herself
Find comfort with a stranger and sing
She never took much notice
In the courtesy of kings

She had pictures of Cuban artists
And paintings from Rotterdam
Promises that she made
She never could stay true to them
She said she loved me so deeply
Then she'd spit in my face and scream
And she never took much notice
In the courtesy of kings

She had the face of an angel
And a smile no one could deny

But the heart of a devil
Beat deep down in her inside
She spoke of judgment and forgiveness
Her other lovers didn't mean a thing
She never took much notice
In the courtesy of kings

We parted in the middle of nowhere
I haven't seen her since then
She always kept my mind busy
She made her lies sing like a hymn
Sometimes I wonder if I'd see her
If I would still recognize
Or just remember her as a dream
And respect her for the love she used to bring
And if I could show her
The courtesy of kings