

# King Without A Throne

Ken Hensley

Walk on the dusty road  
Without any shoes  
See all the people out there  
Singing the blues  
I've got my trouble but  
I'm paying my dues  
It isn't easy but  
There's too much to lose

Many's the time  
I have wandered alone  
Looking this way and that  
For something unknown

But where can a good king go  
Without his throne?

Many's the good man  
Lost in his prime  
The path of fortune  
Took him well before his time  
He ain't got his trouble  
But I've still got mine  
Got to find some freedom  
Before I start to decline

The moon is rising and  
I'm still on my own  
This must be life I guess  
The seeds have been sown

Where can he go, who can he see  
Is there anybody, it's easy to be  
Find him a stairway, find him a tree  
And while you're doing it  
Please won't you find one for me

The unbeliever says  
It's hard to believe  
I'm told the preacher  
Frowns on those who deceive  
The winds of winter  
Steal leaves from the trees  
The path of fortune  
Is getting closer to me

The snow is falling  
And the thruth is obscured  
I think of all the things  
My soul has endured  
Cursing this loneliness  
That can't be cured