

Is there a king that can do no wrong
The crown that sings its very own song
When I play my fiddle-will I see you dance
You crack the whip-and I'll break the lance

CHORUS

You make me feel like an emperor
You make me feel so proud and sure
So secure from the familiar
Uncommon sense is the great leveller
An emperor-we need you
An emperor-we need you

Best to flatter the devil-than fight him
The weak heart hidden-in weaker sin
An occupation is as good as land
In you I have a kingdom in the palm of my hand

CHORUS

Even a speckle of sand
Can be dangerous in the right hand

Don't want to be no inflexible flake
If I'm standing too brittle-I know that I'll break
And all the doors-I broke inot
And all the doors-I opened for you
I've seen too many crack at the seams
I need the wonder of all my wet dreams
The chance to put heaven back on earth
And lift the hammer-lift the curse

CHORUS

Little fears keep us in chains
And throw away thoughts, flushed down the drains
Sweet poetry

CHORUS