

Man Without A Country

The Chant

I'm a man without a country
A country or a queen
She went to the dogs sometime ago
The king plays with mimes
In the jester's court
The ladies in waiting grow old...

When I was a young man
And walked across this land
Through the fields...
Through the skies of grey...

I'm a man without a country
A country or a queen
She went to the dogs
Sometime ago
The king plays with mimes
In the jester's court
The ladies in waiting
Grow old...