

Last Of The Dreamers

The King Blues

This is for the messed up kids bound like dynamite,
The wandering drunks out on the town tonight,
For the romantic killer that's never been caught,
For the crackpot who hit the jackpot and stopped.

This is those who climb right to the top,
Just to feel what it's like to drop,
For the critical mass that converges,
For the pedophile suppressing his urges.

This is for the soldier in contempt of court,
Cause he believed in freedom of thought.
This is for the baby who struggles to talk,
But can manage to gargle the language of God.

This is for the origami swan,
Who dared to soar up to the sun.
This is for the outcasts, the freaks and the schemers,
This is for the last of the dreamers.