

The Chancer

To Kill a King

Stumbling for to call a space my home
When I do I'd like to think it's with you
Lend me oh a mirror for my soul
Hold it up to see the good you do

And the beat goes on my friend
Life's endless drum
Monkeys on my back again, it's true
Making me a beast of burden
And my legs are good for glue

Angels and demons stood on my shoulders
Like old friends
Through their back and forth,
I see glimpses of the real you

Fumbling for the words I know I need
I'm sure there's some,
I wrote to say what to do
Crawling back against the breaking wind
To find a place
I'm sure I know needs me

And the beat goes on my friend
Life's endless drum
Monkeys on my back again, it's true
Making me a beast of burden
And my legs are good for glue
Angels and demons stood on my shoulders
Like old friends
Through their back and forth,
I see glimpses of the real you

And the beat goes on my friend
Life's endless drum
[x8]

Monkeys on my back again, it's true
Making me a beast of burden
And my legs are good for glue

Angels and demons stood on my shoulders
Like old friends
Through their back and forth,
I see glimpses of the real you

And the beat goes on my friend
Life's endless drum