

The One with the Jackals

To Kill a King

Never have I seen two filthier jackals
Circling around the corpse not that it matters now

Stretching the coat as they try for size
Claiming the boots that once were mine

I don't know
When I've had enough
I don't know
When I've had enough

The devil's in the detail, the devil's in the cup
I've never looked around that much

Bouncing off the rocks the sound of cackles
The only thing left not meant for jackals

And I don't know
When I've had enough
I don't know
When I've had enough

I loved you but I can't read your mind
I can't read your mind, ooh
I loved you but I can't read your mind
I can't read your mind, ooh

Never have I seen two filthier jackals
Picking apart everything that once mattered now

Tipping the rim of their new hat
As they march down to my hometown

And I don't know
When I've had enough
I don't know
When I've had enough

I loved you but I can't read your mind
I can't read your mind, ooh
I loved you but I can't read your mind
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