Castle On The Hill

Ride

The king's been in his bedroom for weeks
In exile from the world, he never speaks
The queen is in the counting house, her fingers in the till
There's something happening to the castle on the hill
The jester's telling jokes to everyone
Says, "Now he's gone, well, ain't it fun"
There's whispers in the courtroom, "Is he crazy, is he ill?"
Nobody has an answer but they keep on asking still
And a friend of mine, one of the few
Has locked himself away like Howard Hughes
They're trying to replace him but they know they never will
It ain't the same without him on the castle on the hill
There's a wind of madness in the air
Since he's gone nobody seems to care
The court is disillusioned, everything is up for sale
And the castle on the hill is like a boat without a sail

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