World Of A King

David Mead

So a man and a woman forked at a baby
The prince of dysfunction boy on a string
From a suburban palace he walked out to freedom
Enslaved to a concept in the world of a kingAnd baby's love he's smoking in a peacoat
A ship on the ocean bird on a wind
With a poem and soul written in his honor
There's a concrete assumption in the world of a kingA guitar and a girlfriend, just off the turnpike
Yeah, the fountain of ego learned how to sing
But the truth shall engage him with heartbreak and cold cots
In an unguarded moment in the world of a kingAnd baby's gone, she's dancing on a big stage
With a tear and a tutu
The phone never rings
And he can't go on, he's banging on a keyboard
There's an E-mail to Jesus from the world of a king

Songwriters
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