The King

Piebald

The king he sat in a chair of gold
and let life let him be
his daughter sat by his side most nights
to keep him company
the wise man and the alcamist
looked over the charts and graphs
inconclusive, they're inconclusive, hopefully this will pass
the jester said, i tried to make him laughThe party was thrown for the king that night
and they tried to raise the dead
the golden chair still occupied
by the king's resting head
the daughter danced with the alcamist
and of course the wise man spoke
the jester said, hey king it's time for a little joke
no response, i think the king is brokesome weeks have passed and his subjects have
all but given up
people were tired of forcing the king
to try and live it up
the morning sun and the alcamist
watched the king make his first move
the king stood up, stretched a bit
said, i've got nothing to prove
listen up, i've got nothing to proveand i, i just need some time off
i need some time off from all of this
yeah
and i, i just need some time off
i need some time off from all of this
yeah

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