

# King Christian

Mew

1577, there was born a king  
Of architectural passion, conquerer and artist  
Placed in dire peril, he would stand tall and erect  
In retrospect  
All I do is run tonight  
Even twice as sweet but half as bright  
I did not intend  
To impersonate a friend  
If I didn't know my luck  
Listen to the clock's last ticking tock  
I shall ascend at last  
Like a question never asked  
Think him not so good natured  
Oh no, not the slightest bit  
Quite the opposite  
Because even though he would build things  
He onto his queen was mean  
Poor Anna Katherine, she's crying  
All I do is run tonight  
Even twice as sweet but half as bright  
I did not intend to impersonate a friend  
I could not remain your friend  
Lest it would have made a difference then  
Could it possibly?  
Well, no thanks to you and me  
Hey, this is the king speaking to ya  
Bet you didn't think I'd make it this far  
But I know you all remember old Christian  
I was number 4, you see  
And people will think of me and say  
"A good king, he" and cry

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