

For We Are the King of the Boudoir

The Magnetic Fields

Should time allow us to describe our prowess

It would be quite hard to overrate

For we are the king of the boudoir old thing

And the king doesn't like to wait One tryst with me and you'll be spinning like a gyroscope

One tryst with me and you'll be pope Should modesty allow us to describe our prowesslessness, lessness

'Twould be hard to overstate

For we are the king of the boudoir it's true

And the king doesn't like to wait One kiss from me and you'll be overjoyed and overawed

One kiss from me and you'll see God For we are the king of the boudoir we are

And the king doesn't like to wait

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