

King of Fools

Poets of the Fall

I worry that I can't give you what you need
That you'll find nothing underneath the peel
That I can't undo the times we disagreed
That I can't ignore the way I feel 'Cos what I feel is the only truth I know
And I get by on this naivete of youth If what I feel is the only truth
And what I give out will make up, what I'll receive
Can I leave behind my naivete of youth?
Will I be crucified for wanting to believe? I believe Could you hold us up if I would drag us down?
Resurrect emotions from our past
And if they had a king for fools, would you wear the crown?
Build us up again and make us last 'Cos what I feel is the only truth for me
And I get by on this naivete of youth If what I feel is the only truth
And what I give out will make up, what I'll receive
Can I still leave behind my naivete of youth?
Will I be crucified for wanting to believe? I believe And if we don't worry about a thing
Will we be sorry when the rain is falling again?
And what does it matter
If fortune should favor? It's never the final Amen If what I feel is the only truth
And what I give out will make up, what I'll receive
Can I still leave behind my naivete of youth?
Will I be crucified for wanting to believe? I believe

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