

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

Songwriters

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