

# The Dancing King

Damon Albarn

We pause and judge  
upon the reigning queen  
Who looks like a ghost  
Upon the money most  
people would agree  
Oh the soulless dance  
upon the English dew  
Across the green fields  
a procession grows  
We are the out-of-time  
people of the rose, sing  
We are the out-of-time  
people of the rose  
The nightingale rejoices  
The hour disapproves  
The morning unrequited  
The moon my heart did choose  
Now the dancing king is the sun.

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