

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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