

King Of The Thing

of a revolution (O.A.R.)

It's been a long, long time since I lost myself.
Put my pride down on the table put my fear on the shelf.
So I bought myself a thrown to reside and let myself go.
But I've traveled much too far, where I've gone I'll never know.

What a long, long time

Long, long time

It's been a little old while since I felt so fine.

Wanderin' in the rain.

Losing my mind.

What a long, long time.

What a long, long time.

My days I've spent relaxing turned to nights relaxin' too.
A thousand eyes upon me, but my sights are missing you.

So this time I swear I will loosen my grip.

On past times, and bad lines, and meaningless trips.

What a long, long time

Long, long time

It's been a little old while since I felt so fine.

Wanderin' in the rain.

Losing my mind.

What a long, long time.

What a long, long time

So, over and over mile signs pass by my side.

The more you try to find yourself the more you tend to hide.

Behind these forest trees and greens that blind your eyes.

To lounge upon that thrown I bought,

Confer there with the wise.

What a long, long time

Long, long time

It's been a little old while since I felt so fine.

Wanderin' in the rain.

Losing my mind.

What a long, long time.

Long time.

So here we appear, the rest lost themselves in a pit of fear.
For who? What can I do? But let them all come through the wall.

And though some oppose many of these things I know.

I'll stay here alone, and lose myself on the riverways of days.

I'm coming home.
What a long, long time.
Long, long time.
It's been a little old while since I felt so fine.
Wanderin' in the rain.
Losing my mind.
What a long, long time.
What a long, long time.

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