

Little Emperor

Steve Earle

Hey little Emperor, come down from your throne
The hourglass is empty, your time has come and gone
The battlements are crumblin the walls are tumblin down
Your counselors and concubines are getting out of town
Some say its an omen, some say its the winds of change
Which every way its going its blowin like a hurricane
Hey little conqueror, where you gonna go?
The world is even smaller than it was when you left home
Emptiness in front of you and detritus behind
Nobody ever told you that history was kind
Standin on the corner, your fortune blowin in the wind
Daddy didnt warn that there aint no going home again
No pomp and circumstance, no more shock and awe
Youre just a little emperor, thats all
Hey little hypocrite, what you gonna say
When you wind up standin naked on the final judgment day
How you gonna justify it, who you gonna call
What if it turns out God doesnt look like you at all
The leaves are in the teacup, the hieroglyphics on the wall
You aint the first to rise up, you sure wont be last to fall
Hey little emperor, come down from your throne
And let another emperor climb on

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