

King of Bohemia

[Linda Ronstadt](#)

Let me rock you in my arms
I'll hold you safe and small
A refugee from the Seraphim
With your rich girl rags and all Did your dreams die young, were they too hard won
Did you reach too high and fall?
And there is no rest for the ones God blessed
And He blessed you best of all Your eyes seem from a different face
They've seen that much that soon
Your cheek's too cold, too pale to shine
Like an old and waning moon And there is no peace, no true release
No secret place to crawl
And there is no rest for the ones God blessed
And He blessed you best of all If tears unshed could heal your heart
If words unsaid could sway
Watch you melt into the night
With adieu and rue the day Did your dreams die young, were they too hard won
Did you reach too high and fall?
And there is no rest for the ones God blessed
And He blessed you best of all

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