

The King Of Oblivion

Seven Nations

The King of Oblivion

(Written by Kirk McLeod, arranged by Seven Nations) Between the refuge of the interstate overpass

And the Sun State building stretching twenty-four stories to the skies

Car tires and cat's eyes sing a lullaby

He walks the sidewalk like he's dancing on fire

He climbs the fire escape like there's no place higher than his room

He can feel all eyes upon him when he moves

If you see me I'll be hypnotized

From the fourteenth row I see rust on his hands

Outside it's Church Street where all the people sing

Hail to the King of oblivion He's born on Friday but he's Saturday's child

From his room down the hall I hear his radio dialed to a

Broadway serenade

As ashes on beer cans make their promenade If you see me I will be mesmerized

From my empty row I feel moved to my feet

Outside it's Church Street where all the people sing

Hail to the King of oblivion And he looks around him

And he finds himself alone

But rewards of unconsciousness

Are yet to be had, to be had If you see me I'll be hypnotized

From the fourteenth row I see rust on his hands

Outside it's Church Street where all the people sing

Hail to the King of oblivion If you see me I'll be mesmerized

From my empty row I feel moved to my feet

When his song is complete I hear the people sing

Hail to the King of oblivion

Of oblivion

Lyrics provided by

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