# Tell The King

## The Libertines

I've got a little secret for ya

Even now there's something to be proud about
You come up the hard way
They remind you every day
You're nothing

Oh my words in your mouth are mumbled all about
You're like a tabloid journalist
The way you cut and paste and twist
You're awful

Go and tell it to your king
Tell him everything
Tell him you know how I feel
Tell him you know how I feel
At the palace gates
When I'm all levered of my face
And I can work out what it's not about
And see snakes in eyes
And a million danger signs

If you were late you mustn't dare complain
And you won't like this at all
There's nothing to break your fall

And you know how I feel out of place
Until I've levered up my face
And I can work out what you're going on about
Let me explain, you have to play the game
Oh

He drinks and smokes his cares away
His heart is in the lonely way
Living in the ruins
Of a castle built on sand

---

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by DOHERTY, PETER/BARAT, CARL
Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/