

# All The King`s Friends

## Soul Asylum

The papers read that the king is dead  
The people said what we need instead  
Is to be on our own  
But people, they do the strangest things  
You never know what they might do  
When they are left alone  
There's men without gods and gods without men  
And a spirit of which none of them can transcend  
But something peculiar is happening  
We should just be happy with just what we've got  
And the problems should be too few to mention  
But they're not Where can I go for some information?  
So tired of the big sensation  
I need to know what's going on  
Oh well you're the well-informed  
Into your world which I was born  
My friend, here's to you  
How would I know if there was something wrong  
When the weak of heart out-survive the strong  
The truth is almost always confidential  
You never know just what you've got until it's gone  
And your friends have never seemed so essential  
When you're wrong Remarkably incredible, incredibly forgettable  
I know this might sound strange, don't ever change Amazingly unfaceable, entirely replaceable  
There's nothing I would rearrange, don't ever change Out of luck, out of space, out of time, out of place  
Don't try to save face my friend There was a time and there was a place  
For your face and for your race but it's been swept away

Songwriters

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