Hail To The King

No Use For A Name

She loves him just enough, to be lad there
Spread eagle exposing her love
Her sighs and moans meant nothing to him
But a girl must do what she must do.
Hail To The King
And his court of love
Was it love? Or self-imposed lust.
Hey, it's not your duty to me

I'm just a boy, not a king
It never felt right from the start
Speak to me, I'll understand
Now it's over and in the past
About the future, should we laugh?
Regret it, try hard to forget it
Learn by our mistakes and try not to forget.

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