

For We Are The King Of The Boudoir

The Magnetic Fields

Should time allow us to describe our prowess
It would be quite hard to overrate
For we are the king of the boudoir old thing
And the king doesn't like to wait
One tryst with me and you'll be spinning like a gyroscope
One tryst with me and you'll be pope
Should modesty allow us to describe our prowesslessness, lessness
'Twould be hard to overstate

For we are the king of the boudoir it's true
And the king doesn't like to wait
One kiss from me and you'll be overjoyed and overawed
One kiss from me and you'll see God
For we are the king of the boudoir we are
And the king doesn't like to wait

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