

# Little King

## Squeeze

When the little king  
Rode on his horse  
Into the darkened wood  
No one believed that he'd return  
They thought he'd gone for good  
As he looked down to see the lake  
He found a secret key  
The little king he couldn't wait  
And he rode off nervously  
In a stolen car on busy streets  
He spun the leather wheel  
He was burning oil in second gear  
As the tyres loudly squealed  
And the bouncers on the kerb  
Jumped right out of the way  
He smashed into a superstore  
And he didn't feel a thing  
Just a quiet night  
Where the fun begins  
For the little king  
Once life was merry going round  
Then time began to rub  
The future looked as clear as day  
But it quickly turned to mud  
It stuck to him like glue  
What can anybody do  
For the little king  
For the little king  
Now the little king  
Is locked away  
To mix with the elite  
In the doghouse now  
He learns new tricks  
From other pedigrees  
It's small town front page news  
The fairy tale your king  
Has scratched his head looking for clues  
He found splinters there  
But one day soon the latch will swing  
For the little king

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