

Kings Black Magic

Angus Stone

Woke up howling at the moon.
Lost and scared,
This place I've never been before.
Like the fear, the voices grew.
You kill the beast, before he kills you. Heard a scream, come on lets run
If they catch us here, we wont live to see the sun
Hang you by morning
Shoot me by gun
This dying beast
Felt his heart been torn Wake up, you've got the blues Her pleasant scent, love with the queen.
Was cast to the shadows, to one frightful dream.
The kings black magic, scream there you'll wait.
They'll die at peace, like my heart did break. Wake up, you've got the blues

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