

# King Of Bohemia

[Richard Thompson](#)

Let me rock you in my arms  
I'll hold you safe and small  
A refugee from the Seraphim  
In your rich girl rags and all Did your dreams die young? Were they too hard won?  
Did you reach too high and fall?  
And there is no rest for the ones God blessed  
And he blessed you best of all Your eyes seem from a different face  
They've seen that much that soon  
Your cheek too cold, too pale to shine  
Like an old and waning moon And there is no peace, no true release  
No secret place to crawl  
And there is no rest for the ones God blessed  
And he blessed you best of all If tears unshed could heal your heart  
If words unsaid could sway  
Then watch you melt into the night  
With Adieu, and rue the day Did your dreams die young? Were they too hard won?  
Did you reach too high and fall?  
And there is no rest for the ones God blessed  
And he blessed you best of all

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