

# The King Is Dead Boring

John Wesley Harding

The king puts on his raiment  
And surveys the royal scene  
And tries to put his finger on  
The source of all his ennuiBut when something goes, it's gone, you know  
Starts at the top, spreads down  
Just check out the faded bodywork  
Beneath his rusted crownThey're waiting for impeachment  
But they can't see the day  
The queen can't give him any heirs  
The word is he's to blameSo he beheads her just for fun  
And now he's quoting Nietzsche  
When you'd think that he would have known  
She was his one redeeming featureBut the king isn't dead, the king's dead boring  
That's the song that the millions sing  
You name it, he's lost it, well he lacks everything  
The king is dead boringHe used to be a Don Juan  
Now he's just the royal slut  
He's knocking up the servant girls  
And he's waking up half-cutHe gets a chance to win us back  
But gives them some old spiel  
And all they see is the ghost  
Of his former sex-appealBut the king isn't dead, the king's dead boring  
That's the song that his millions sing  
You name it, he's lost it, he lacks everything  
The king is dead boringThey used to sing, Long live the King  
He was the man with everything  
But now they shout, Get that dull bastard out  
Get that dull bastard outHe used to be so Carnaby  
So out of all our leagues  
But now it's all that he can do  
To zip up his fatiguesIf only he could make excuses  
Engage with us somehow  
But effort is so out of place  
And failure's not allowedBecause the king isn't dead, the king's dead boring  
That's the song that the millions sing  
You name it, he's lost it, he lacks everything  
No the king isn't deadThe king's dead boring  
That's the song that the millions sing  
You name it, he's lost it, well he lacks everything

Well he lacks everything, the king's dead boring

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