

# King Of The Gutters, Prince Of The Dogs

## Murder By Death

I traveled so long, traveled so long  
'Til I was cold, cold as stone  
My whiskers are gray, they reach to the ground  
My bird's bones make a hollow sound I been lost somewhere  
In the fabric of a world that's going threadbare  
I been down in the gutters without a care I been hunted maligned since before your time  
I been stoned, I been thrown  
To the wolves, to the wolves  
I been starved down to skin and bone I been lost somewhere  
In the fabric of a world that's going threadbare  
I been down in the gutters without a care Throw me a bone, feed me a line  
Pour a hard drink for harder times  
I'm the king of the gutters, the prince of the dogs  
One or the other, a ship lost in the fog The moon pulls the sea and our eyes to the ground  
Our feet pound loud but there's no one around  
The star of the night, the room fills with light  
The sky makes a deafening sound Throw me a bone, feed me a line  
Pour a hard drink for harder times  
I'm the king of the gutters, the prince of the dogs  
One or the other, a ship lost in the fog Nothing can touch me, nothing can touch me  
No force, no sound  
Nothing can touch me, nothing can touch me  
No force, no sound I'm the king of the gutters, the prince of the dogs  
I'm the king of the gutters, the prince of the dogs  
I'm the king of the gutters, the prince of the dogs

Songwriters

Matthew Taylor Armstrong; Adam Michael Turla; Sarah Jackson Balliet; Dagan Thogerson  
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