

Allred

"World Of A King"

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So a man and a woman forked at a baby
The prince of dysfunction boy on a string
From a suburban palace he walked out to freedom
Enslaved to a concept in the world of a king

And baby's love he's smoking in a peacoat
A ship on the ocean bird on a wind
With a poem and soul written in his honor
There's a concrete assumption in the world of a king

A guitar and a girlfriend, just off the turnpike
Yeah, the foundtain of ego learned how to sing
But the truth shall engage him with heartbreak and
cold cots
In an unguarded moment in the world of a king

And baby's gone, she's dancing on a big stage
With a tear and a tutu
The phone never rings
And he can't go on, he's banging on a keyboard
There's an E-mail to Jesus from the world of a king

I took a moment to remember a moonlit night
Conversation by the candlelight was free
Never trying to please yourself
Never happy with nobody else but me
So a man and a woman...

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