

## **Franco Battiato**

# **"The King Of The World"**

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Strange how the rumble of fighter planes once  
Disturbed the rhythm of the balconies' plants  
And after silence then far away  
The sudden cannon's roar.  
And from the radio signals in code  
One day in heaven fires of Bengala  
Peace came back again  
Yet the king of the world  
Keeps our hearts enchained.  
In the full white dresses

Echeos of Sufi dances  
In Japan's undergrounds today  
Oxygen machines;  
The more all becomes useless  
The more we believe it's true  
And in the final days  
English will not help.  
And on our bicycles heading for home  
Life brushed us  
Yet the king of the world  
Keeps our hearts enchained.

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