

## Gavin Friday

### "King Of Trash"

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Hey! Sugar Sugar, my sweet honey pie  
Baby let me tell ya about the teenage lie  
Your lips will be kissed, stories will be told  
Just remember 'sick sick' all that glitters is gold.

He's calling now, he's calling...  
And the song that he sang, meant everything  
"King of Trash"

Me. I'm not young. Me, I'm not old  
The revolution failed, so I've been told take me to the  
Moon,  
Me, I'd like that. I'm no prune.

He's calling now, he's calling...  
And the song that he sang, meant everything  
"King of Trash"

So pretty children it's time for bed  
Keep-a-dreamin' dreamy dreams  
What dies aint dead

"The King is dead his coffin a shiny black  
Six Angels they hang-out at his back,  
Two to sing, two to pray, two to carry his soul away...

He's calling now, he's calling...  
And the song that he sang, meant everything  
And the song that you sing, don't mean anything  
And the song, the song that I sing,  
Means everything  
"King of Trash"  
"The King of Trash"

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