

Golden Earring "Truth About Arthur"

Visit "[Truth About Arthur](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

He's looking at me with his eyes closed and his lips are
moving fast

Little drops are dripping now from his chin upon his
chest

And every time I try to escape, the little dwarf appears
and fades

His glassy hand it touches me, I smell the air of death
and life

Walking through the ballroom of the dead I hear two
ghostly voices and a dark duet

Hearin the music of the minuet
Walkin through the ballroom of the dead
Voices, I wish they were signing glad

His glassy hand, it touches me, I smell the air of death
and life

Walking through the ballroom of the dead I hear two
ghostly voices and a dark duet

Hearin the music of the minuet
Walkin through the ballroom of the dead
Voices, I wish they were signing glad

Hearing the music of the minuet

Ghostly voices, dark duet
Hearing the music of the minuet
Ghostly voices, dark duet
I don't wanna die!

Hearing the music of the minuet
I don't wanna die!

Ghostly voices, dark duet
I don't wanna die!

Hearing the music of the minuet
I don't wanna die!

Ghostly voices, dark duet
I don't wanna die!

I don't wanna die!

