

Goresleeps "Once Upon A Time..."

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Ring my silver little bells
Loudly play my magic lute
Come on listen, what I'll tell.
Thus, I begin my tale.

Strange as it may appear
What I tell is mere truth
For all those tastes differ
Don't like it, don't hear.

Once upon a time there lived
King, who was a true madcap
He would often be so clowned
All the neighbours almost split
Their spides with laughter.

And about his daughter rumoured
That she was a trifle ugly.
Slightly lame, slightly squinf-eyed
But, of course, had heap of money.

Heigh, friend! Pour out the wine!
Somehow throat is parched.
Heigh, innkeeper! Don't be mean!
I know what means much!
Naturally, my mug is empty,
Now it leaves only sigh.
Hear your laughter, see your smiles
There's reward of mine

Yeah! With the bride, like that, even if with tidy dowry
Tell the truth, had met a few reckless lads, inclined to
marry.
If the own courtiers had hid one other another,
So what to tell about all those overseas admirers.

As if it was a problems,
To find a husband for a daughter!
Through the night king couldn't sleep
White it not occured him.

A fiance shall be appoint compelled

Since noone who is wish
As soon as King sent for his suite
They'd been blown as if by wind

Only somewhere either sang
Or still muttered court jester.
Yeah, of course, all night long drank
Hard with the chief cup-bearer.
That's right!

For want of something better
At first time he's that King needs
Let it be although the jester
Daughter shouldn't stay unmarried.

What there so wonderful about that?
Get the crown instead of fool's cap.
Let's just pour out the wine!

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