

## Heads "The King Is Gone"

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M. Hutchence/The Heads  
They came from the second city  
Where the screams came unattached  
Addiction was the latest style  
In the faces they could not match  
There was a blue beat playing  
On the radio left behind  
And a man selling lies as truth  
Like a king who was loved too much  
They made a mess of your only child  
Her innocence was not lost  
While the judge and jury took their dime  
They counted the miles and laughed  
Make way for the way we are  
The fever still burns though the king is gone  
Fever comes to the innocent  
It can make you mad and free  
But you never find a scrap of love

If you don't wanna feel the heat  
A million flames are lickin'  
They lie like dogs at your feet  
Waitin' for the words of wisdom  
From the mouths of the bittersweet  
In the valley of indiscretion  
Where fear plays the piper's tune  
The heroes are the ones who tell the truth  
And break the rules with the courage of love  
Make way for the way we are  
Fever still burns though the king is gone  
Make way for the way we are  
The king is gone  
But the fever lives on.

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