John Wesley Harding "The King Is Dead Boring"

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The king puts on his raiment And surveys the royal scene And tries to put his finger on The source of all his ennui

But when something goes, it's gone, you know Starts at the top, spreads down Just check out the faded bodywork Beneath his rusted crown

They're waiting for impeachment But they can't see the day The queen can't give him any heirs The word is he's to blame

So he beheads her just for fun And now he's quoting Nietzsche When you'd think that he would have known She was his one redeeming feature

But the king isn't dead, the king's dead boring That's the song that the millions sing You name it, he's lost it, well he lacks everything The king is dead boring

He used to be a Don Juan Now he's just the royal slut He's knocking up the servant girls And he's waking up half-cut

He gets a chance to win us back But gives them some old spiel And all they see is the ghost Of his former sex-appeal

But the king isn't dead, the king's dead boring That's the song that his millions sing You name it, he's lost it, he lacks everything The king is dead boring

They used to sing, ?Long live the King? He was the man with everything But now they shout, ?Get that dull bastard out Get that dull bastard out?

He used to be so Carnaby So out of all our leagues But now it's all that he can do To zip up his fatigues

If only he could make excuses Engage with us somehow But effort is so out of place And failure's not allowed

Because the king isn't dead, the king's dead boring That's the song that the millions sing You name it, he's lost it, he lacks everything No the king isn't dead

The king's dead boring That's the song that the millions sing You name it, he's lost it, well he lacks everything Well he lacks everything, the king's dead boring

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